The Saturday Evening
POST
December 29, 1956 — 15¢

INSIDE DANNEMORA PR.

By HAL BURTON

A Short Story by Cameron Hawley

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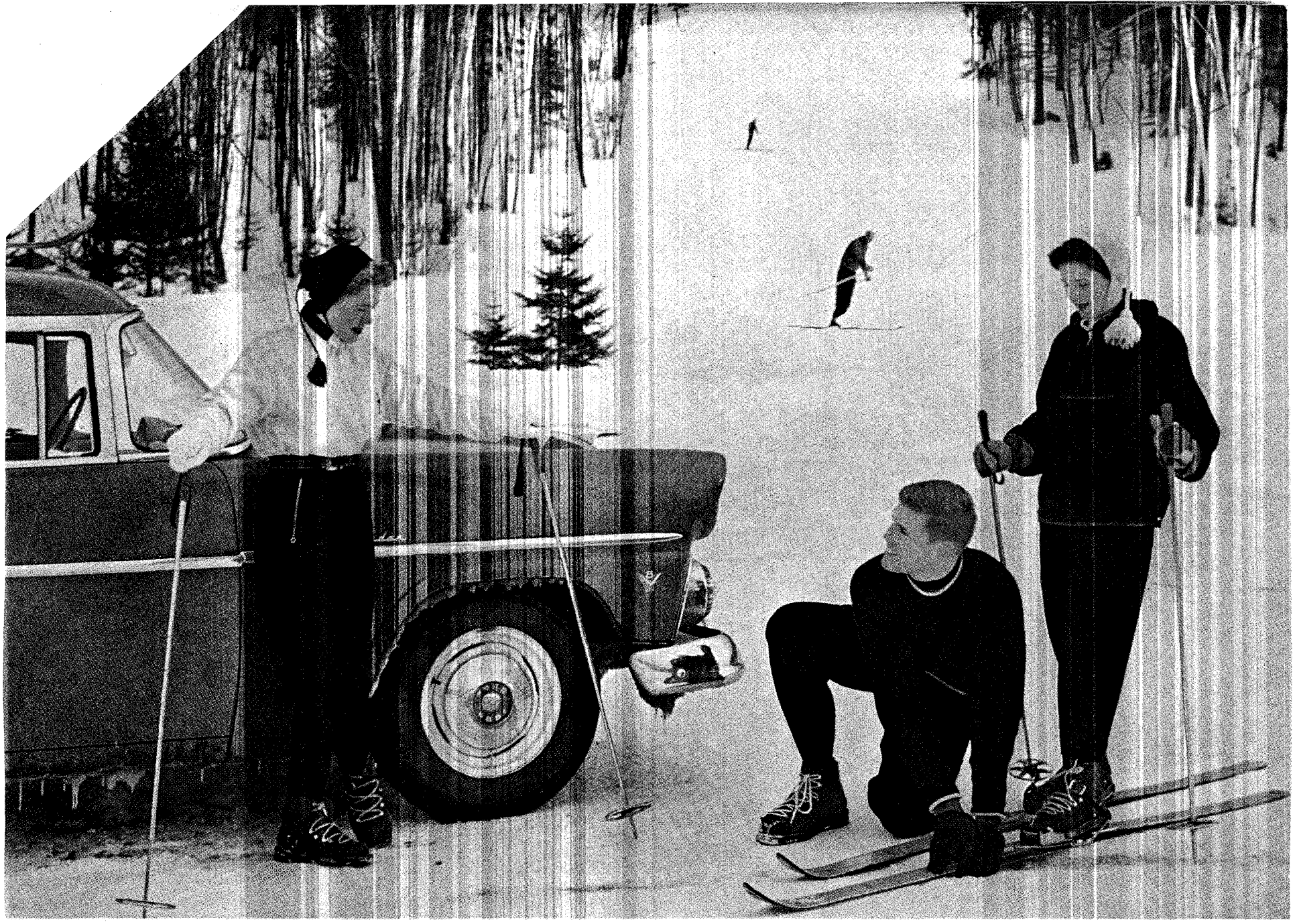

Pleasure is a business in New Hampshire

And good highways are making it easy for more people to enjoy the sports and scenery of the White Mountain area

Have you ever whizzed down the snowy slopes of Cannon Mountain . . . or driven through Franconia Notch and looked up at the majestic profile of the Great Stone Face . . . or seen the red, gold and green of autumn forests mirrored in a New Hampshire lake?

If so you can understand why close to three million visitors travel through the Granite State in the course of a year. That's nearly six times the resident population. Seeing to it that tourists find all the pleasure they're looking for, winter or summer, and keep on coming back for more, is truly an important business in New Hampshire.

Highways play a vital part in the state's hospitality. Starting at the Massachusetts line you can roll north on fine, uncrowded roads all the way to the Canadian border. This excellent highway system has been achieved by careful planning and a thrifty use of funds. The $25,000,000 spent last year by New Hampshire's Department of Public Works and Highways is a small sum compared with the needs of many larger states. But sound judgment and good management make it go a long way.

At present the state is building and improving roads in accordance with a 15-year plan, based on a thorough study of future needs. It calls for a total expenditure of $354,000,000 by 1966. And New Hampshire people know it will be well worth the cost.

Federal Highway Aid will help by speeding up the building of Interstate expressways. But the basic problem of financing *all* road improvement is still the responsibility of the states.

Your own state has a highway program that needs your support. If you want facts about how better roads save money as well as lives—if you want to know what *you* can do to help—write for information to your State Highway Department.

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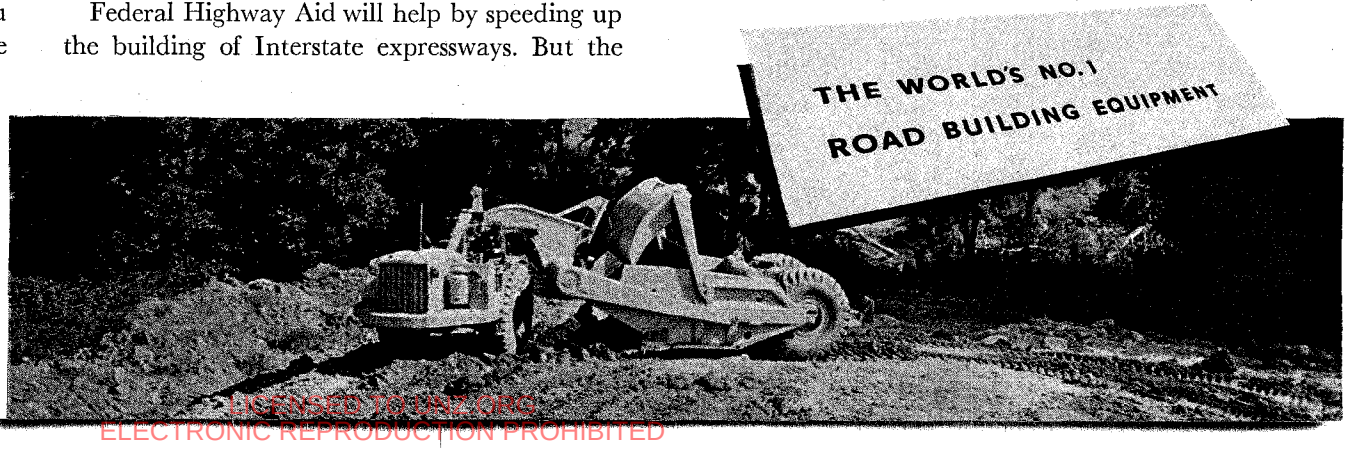

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Plant-wrapping with a Bostitch P6 Stapling Plier is faster and more secure.

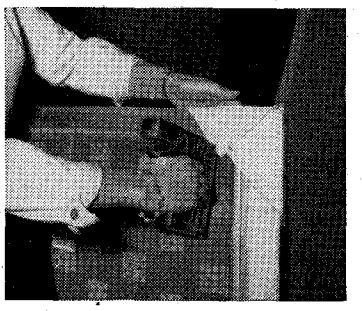
How one of world's largest stores cuts costs

Michigan folks speak of The J. L. Hudson department store, in Detroit, with a degree of affection rare for such a giant. Hudson's merits this in many ways, especially in *service*, an increasingly costly item these days.

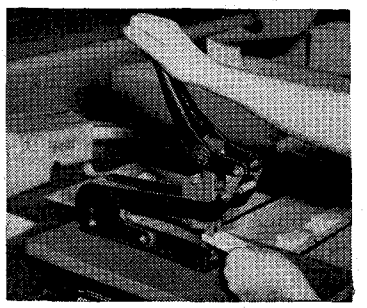
What new methods has Hudson's adopted to meet rising costs? Stapling, for one. A Bostitch Economy Man has found ten activities in the store where stapling either cuts fastening costs or improves the procedures without added cost.

Perhaps *you* have a store or factory or office where untapped savings hide. Over 375 Bostitch Economy Men, working out of 123 U. S. and Canadian cities, are prepared to survey the fastening needs of your business. With over 800 different staplers and 200 different staples, they offer you a fastening service unmatched anywhere in the world.

"Quick and effective," is how users describe the Bostitch H4 Stapling Hammer for sizing and seaming carpets. Staples lift out easily with special remover.



"Twice as fast as hammer and nails," is a frequent report on the Bostitch T5 Tacker. Here a shipping room packer tacks protective corners on picture frames.



Making booklets of inventory control stickers calls for a Bostitch CRL stapler. Famous B8R Desk Staplers are also used to boost efficiency in offices.

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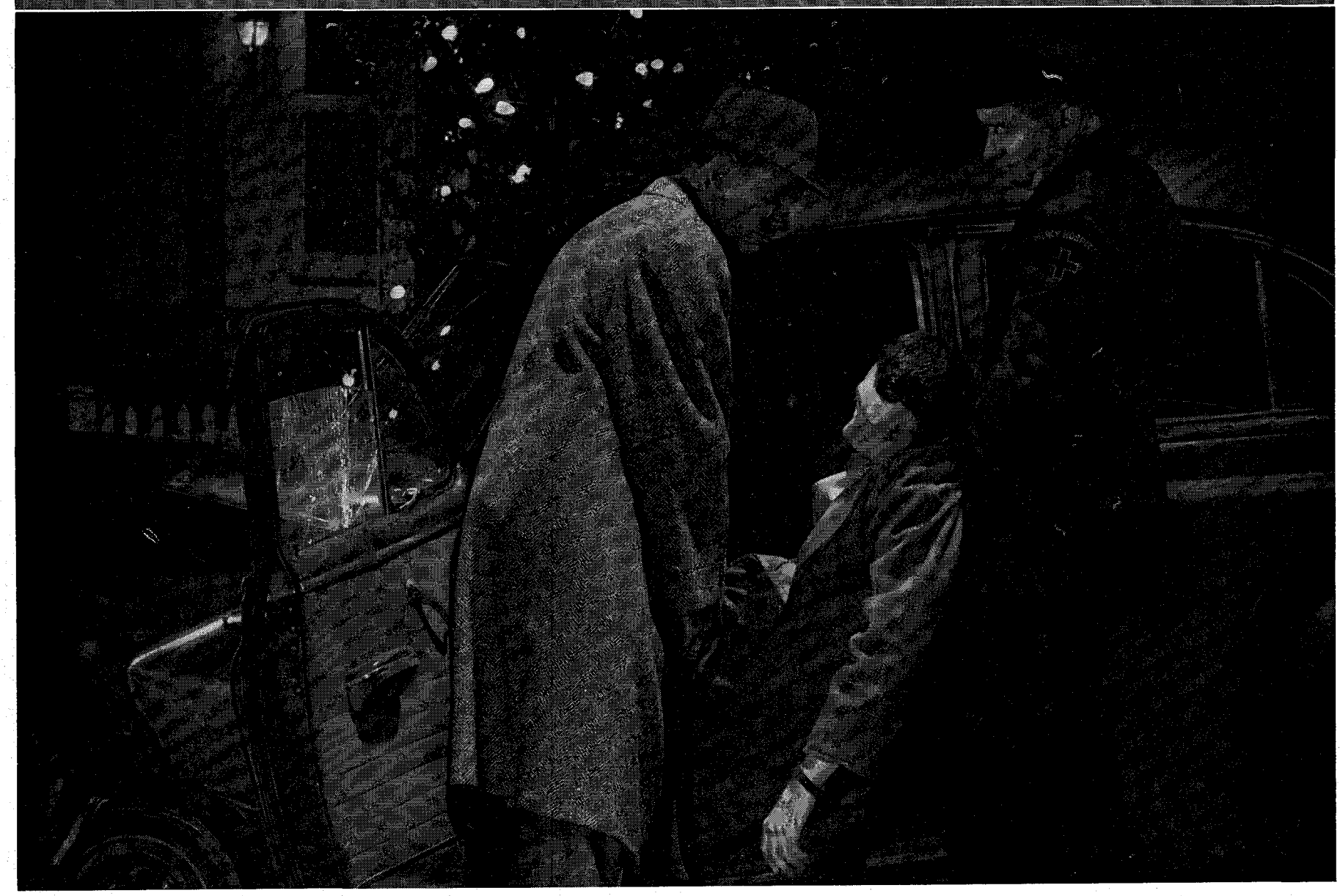

"Bad luck struck me on Christmas Eve

—BUT LIBERTY CAME TO MY RESCUE"

"IT was a year ago that I had that smashup but I'll remember it every Christmas as long as I live. Aside from my concern for the other driver, I had a terrible fear that he might sue and get damages enough to take our home and every nickel in the bank. I phoned Liberty Mutual immediately. Even on Christmas Eve I was able to reach them and get help. And what help! The Liberty claimsman got right on the job and started some fast action to help me."

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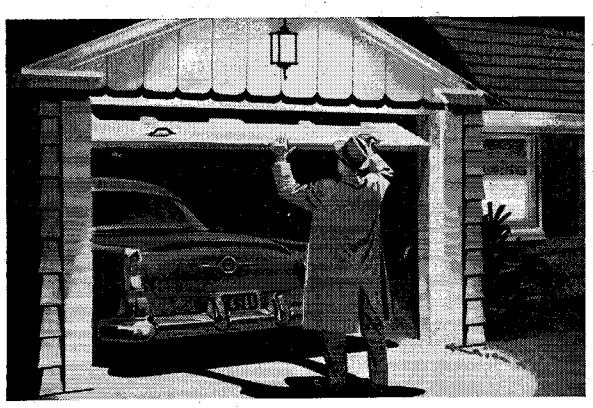

OUR CLAIMSMAN GETS RIGHT ON THE JOB. Your serious accident doesn't get pigeonholed at Liberty. Something is done *fast*. Action to protect you begins at once. Even at night, weekends and Sundays, the Liberty claimsman starts his investigation immediately. Liberty gives you personal attention.

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*Except on Massachusetts Compulsory Coverage and Assigned Risks.

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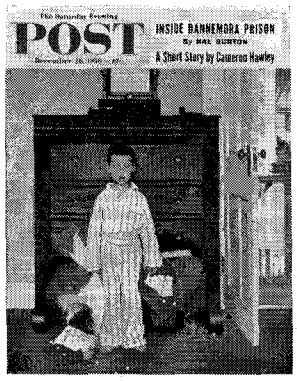

THE COVER

Gee whiz, lookit, Santa Claus left his coat and hat here, and for gosh sakes, he even left his beard! Wow, mustn't he have got cold riding around in his sleigh in his underwear? Guess he must have brought along some extra duds; must be he gets awful sooty shinnying up and down chimneys, and he left these here for mamma to send to the cleaners, and he'll pick 'em up next time around. But *can* he send his beard to the cleaners? Well, if it wasn't Santa Claus, you'd hardly believe this—but shucks, for anybody who drives reindeers through the sky without a single motor on 'em, and carries trillions of presents in one little old bag, changing beards must be a cinch. Oh, isn't Santa a wonderful guy? (In another line of pleasure-bringing work, a similar guy is Norman Rockwell.)

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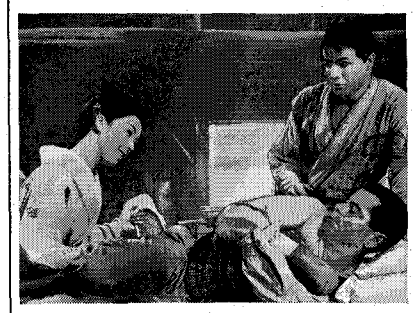
The LION'S ROAR

Published here monthly... Column No. 217 — **The greatest star of the screen!**

Recently, we mentioned the rich blending of hilarity and warm humanity that M-G-M presents in "The Teahouse of the August Moon." This time—just for the fun and magic of it—let's view some of the wonderful things that happen.

Capt. Fisby (GLENN FORD) wants to arrive in Tobiki village with dignity. His plan backfires when native interpreter Sakini (MARLON BRANDO) freely interprets an order to "load" the Army jeep.



A jittery Capt. Fisby encounters his first real-life Geisha girl (lovely Japanese star, MACHIKO KYO). She is a gift from the villagers to divert the Occupation officer's mind from all the problems they expect to cause him.

EDDIE ALBERT, the Army psychiatrist, and GLENN FORD are caught carousing to the tune of "Deep in the Heart of Texas" in the ornate teahouse they have built instead of the schoolhouse they were supposed to!

★ ★ ★ ★

These are a few of the highlights! Actually, this fabulous M-G-M filming of the distinguished Broadway comedy is *all* highlights.

★ ★ ★ ★

And in CinemaScope and MetroColor. And co-starring such stalwart performers as Paul Ford, Jun Negami, Nijiko Kiyowaka and Mitsuko Sawamura.

★ ★ ★ ★

As produced by Jack Cummings, directed by Daniel Mann, and written by John Patrick (from his own Pulitzer Prize play and the Vern J. Schneider novel), "The Teahouse of the August Moon" is *really* something to see.

★ ★ ★ ★

Again and again!

—*Leo*

As Ed Sullivan said, " 'The Teahouse of the August Moon' will suit you to a T!"

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Letters

Babies

Dear Sirs:

The baby on the cover [by Ben Prins] of the Nov. 24 Post is not hungry. He is wet. I am a grandfather and understand about those matters. The girl in blue is unconcerned because she is not the mother of any of the babies and, therefore, has no problem.

CHAS. C. FINN
Seattle, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

Babies as young as those pictured by Ben Prins, do not sleep with arms folded across their tummies. They sleep with both arms straight up—one on each side of the head.

MRS. A. H. MATHEWS
Thomaston, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

I notice cover artist Prins has carefully shown the clock at 10 p.m., standard feeding time, and that he has shown the bottle full. But in my estimation the young gentleman could just as easily be crying because of a burp that won't come up since he is lying on his back.

MRS. J. M. GIBSON, JR.
Providence, R.I.

Dear Sirs:

Where are the *diaper bags?!*

MRS. GUY WIGGINS
Asheville, N.C.

Dear Sirs:

In this scientific age of sterilization and refrigeration, what is that bottle with the nipple exposed and milk in it doing sticking out of the side of the baby's bed?

MRS. MARY SWEENEY
Boston, Mass.

More Babies

Dear Sirs:

Re your PEOPLE ARE LIKE THAT [by Arthur Larsen] in your November 17, 1956, issue stating that the highest percentage of babies make an appearance at 5 A.M.:

I have completed (and reported in Medical Literature) a survey of 38,668 (not 33,000) deliveries in Okla. City, Okla. for a five-year period and find the highest percentage to be 3–4 A.M.

This is just another example of why the Southwest, and especially Oklahoma, is progressing faster and running away with industry and people from the East. We believe in getting the jump and completing our set tasks earlier in the day; rather than lying around waiting an unnecessary two more hours for the same job.

THOMAS C. POINTS, M.D.
Oklahoma City, Okla.

● *Doctor Points is an Associate Professor of Obstetrics at the University of Oklahoma's medical school. —ED.*

Soldier-Author

Dear Sirs:

William Chamberlain's IMITATION GENERAL, page 29, November 17th issue, is one of the finest pieces of fiction you've run, in my estimation. It is a moving story, both in emotion and in physical action—and splendidly written! This man has the ability to make his characters "come alive" in a most natural fashion.

GRAHAM HUNTER
West Orange, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

For my money William Chamberlain is tops and I would trust him to fill any post in the Army with distinction, from private to general, knowing full well that if a private, he would step into leadership when the time comes and acquit himself with distinction.

He has written of the fighting in North Africa, Europe, training camps in the United States, West Point, the Indian skirmishes, etc., in a way that means ARMY. I suspect he is Regular Army.

FLOYD K. BEACH
Calgary, Alberta

● *Author Chamberlain, a West Pointer, served in the Army for more than twenty years, was retired with the rank of brigadier general. He has had forty-nine stories published in the Post, most of them dealing with soldiers. —ED.*

"Substandard" Teachers

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial [MANY GOOD TEACHERS ARE "SUBSTANDARD" TO THE MODERN EDUCATOR] in the Nov. 24 issue was the best I've seen for some time on this sore subject. After 25 years of teaching and taking the prescribed amount of "education"

(Continued on Page 73)

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

11–Gus Pasquarella, George Burns. • 12–Gus Pasquarella, two from New York Daily News; Wide World. • 13–Clinton State Prison. • 14, 15–Arthur Lidov. • 16, 17–Ivan Dmitri. • 18–Robert Meyers. • 19–Larry Fried. • 20–Frank Ross. • 21–Glafur K. Magnusson, three by Frank Ross; Earl Payne. • 22, 23–Earl Mayan. • 24–© Walt Disney Productions, Gene Lester, three © Walt Disney Productions. • 25–Perry Peterson. • 26, 27–John Burns. • 28, 29–Gene Lester. • 30, 31–Robert Meyers. • 34–William A. Smith. • 41–Gene Lester. • 58, 59–Stanley Meltzoff. • 60 through 65–Ken Riley. • 84–Three anonymous; United Press.

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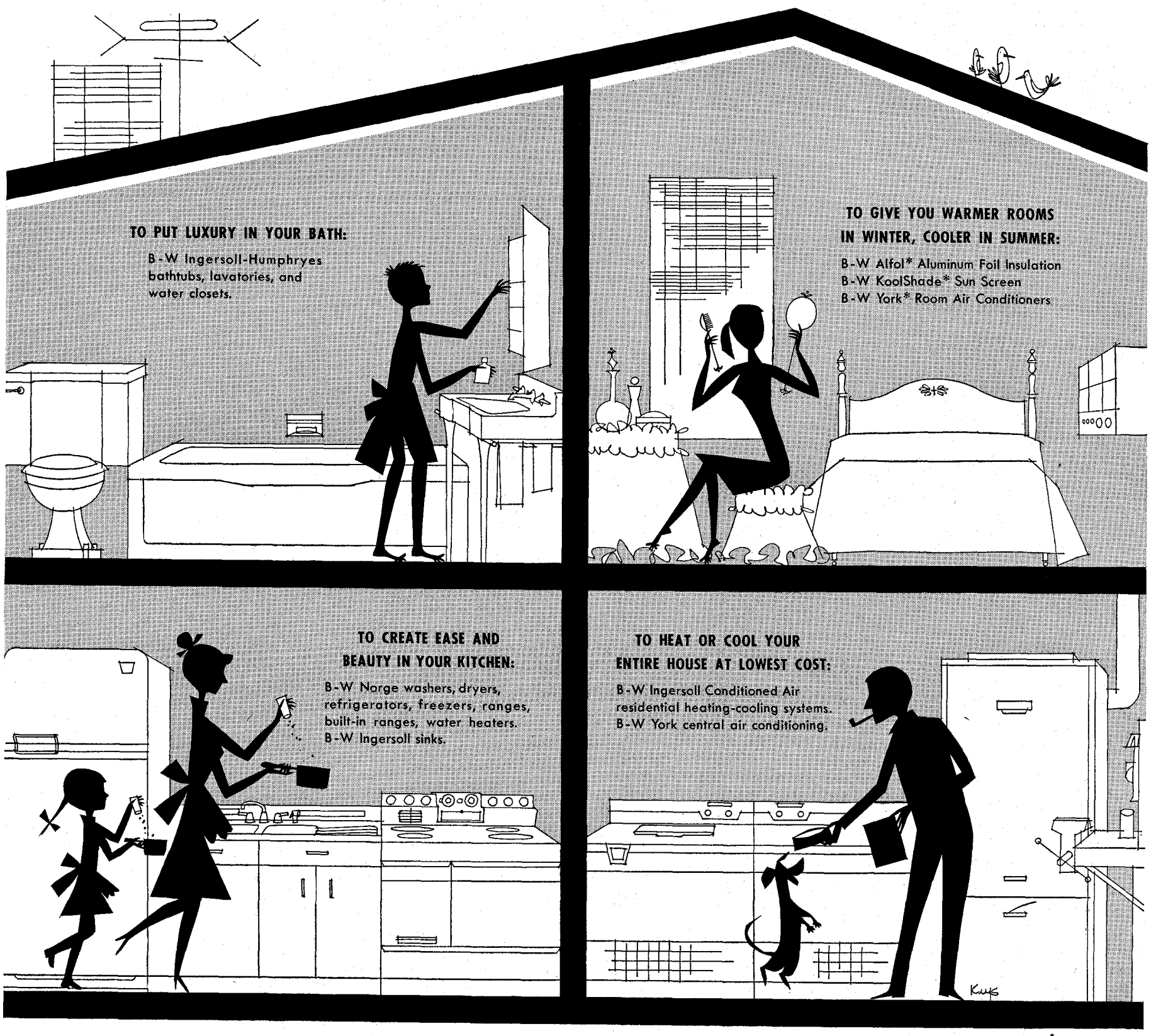
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Editorials

Many Union Men Resent Forced Campaign "Giving"

Labor's rank and file has just lost a friend in court under circumstances that every man or woman who holds a union card should know. Politicians, too, will be interested—and perhaps surprised.

The friend of the rank and file is George F. Hinkle, a member of the United Automobile Workers and former officer of Local No. 5, UAW-CIO at Studebaker's South Bend plant, and the office he vacates is that of Commissioner of Labor for the state of Indiana. Mr. Hinkle is a Republican, appointed by a Republican governor a year and a half ago. Indiana's new governor is also a Republican, but he and Mr. Hinkle do not see eye-to-eye.

The new governor, Harold W. Handley, backed away from Hinkle's outspoken defense of political freedom for union members. The Indiana Commissioner of Labor, as the election campaign got under way last spring, openly attacked those union leaders who channel dues money to the support of political parties or candidates. The result, he claims, when the money comes from a worker who has to pay dues to hold his job, is the creation of a "second-class citizen." "There are millions of Republicans in organized labor who are being forced to pay the campaign expenses for Democratic office seekers as a condition of employment," Hinkle asserted. "If they do not pay their union dues, they do not have a job; and if they object to this sort of use of their dues money, they are insulted, baited and labeled antilabor by the very same labor leaders who claim to be defending their individual rights and freedoms."

Mr. Hinkle proposed a denial of the closed-shop privilege as a suitable penalty for unions persisting in political activity, although he is on record as believing in closed-shop union contracts. "I am not opposed to unions participating in politics," he said, "as long as they finance their candidates with money which is solicited on a noncompulsory, voluntary basis from the membership."

Several Indiana union chiefs, as forecast, promptly labeled the outspoken Commissioner of Labor "anti-union" and demanded that he be fired. Mr. Hinkle was not fired, but Governor Handley, then lieutenant governor and spearheading the state GOP campaign, passed the word that the issue and Mr. Hinkle were "too controversial" and should be swept out of sight. Indiana's Commissioner of Labor thereafter delivered most of his "second-class citizen" speeches outside the state. It also was obvious that his career in the Statehouse was over.

The election, however, brought a surprising vindication. Sen. Homer Capehart did not go along with Handley, and circularized every union member he could reach with the same outspoken attack on politically ambitious leaders that Hinkle used. When the ballots were counted—and Indiana went overwhelmingly Republican—the votes for Senator Capehart topped Governor Handley's votes in every industrial community in the state, excepting the Gary region, where he was 500 votes behind. This support from the labor centers ran counter to the state totals, which gave Handley a larger majority than Capehart's.

George F. Hinkle no longer represents labor in the councils of his home state. But his courage, in our opinion, will put heart in the rank and file far beyond Indiana, and might even prompt the politicians in both parties to buck up and face an issue that violates our freedoms. As Mr. Hinkle believes: "If we want to keep America as the land of the free, we have to make sure it is also the home of the brave."

"Progress" Imperils Historic Landmarks in Old Philadelphia

By PAUL JONES

One of the smallest of the national parks is unique in terms of our national heritage. Under Public Law 795 (80th Congress), half a dozen city squares in old Philadelphia form the Independence National Historical Park.

Here is Independence Hall, scene of the Declaration and of the Constitutional Convention of 1787. Here are the elegant eighteenth-century buildings where Washington and Adams were inaugurated, and where the Supreme Court held its first sessions. Here, too, are churches dating back to the anxious days of the Revolution, where Washington and Franklin worshiped, and where Congress attended in state a solemn Te Deum of thanksgiving on July 4, 1779, after the French alliance.

The plan preserves all these in a park setting, as well as later buildings of the Federal period, the First and Second United States banks and the old Merchants' Exchange. All around the area are fine eighteenth-century houses, probably the largest grouping of pre-Revolutionary houses found anywhere in the United States. Many of them are being restored by private citizens.

In joint action, the city of Philadelphia, the commonwealth of Pennsylvania and the United States Government have made possible a development in which every American citizen can take pride. This is truly the birthplace of the republic.

Less than a quarter mile from the eastern border of the park lie the busy docks along the Delaware. One of the projects designed to smooth the flow of traffic in and out of the port is the Delaware Expressway, which will be part of the network of vital roads authorized by Congress in its last-year's session.

It is hard to justify a decision announced recently, which would change the line of the Delaware Expressway and bring it uncomfortably close to the limits of the park, besides threatening the existence of many fine old houses in this historic area. The expressway, as originally planned, following the course of the Delaware at points opposite the national park, would be nearly hidden by the abrupt rise in ground away from the river. The new scheme brings the great concrete road to the top of the slope, with deplorable results for the neighborhood of a park holding such national treasures.

Old things, no matter how gracious, often have to give way to progress. But these indigenous colonial buildings are no ordinary old things. They represent the very spirit of America. The case calls for a maximum of engineering skill and common sense to avoid a mistake which would make posterity wonder what happened to our sense of values.

There are Christmas Gifts One Can Take or Leave Alone!

Now that Christmas is happily past, perhaps you should pause and be thankful for the gifts you *didn't* get. Some of the suggestions in the mail-order novelty catalogues apparently were dreamed up by pixies. Here are a few of the gladsome gifties:

Voodoo kit, complete with straw doll to be christened after your favorite enemy and needles to punch into it, plus a booklet of incantations. Says the catalogue: "No more tiresome trips to the West Indies; now you can deliver good and bad hexes right from your own home."

Imitation shrunken heads, which, the catalogue says, are "copied from our $20 'head' that is so popular." These were priced at only one dollar apiece, or two for $1.49, in case you needed two heads.

The same enterprising firm, with a cockeyed eye toward a joyous yuletide, also offered an artificially bejeweled cork "for the hole in your head," a substantial wooden walloper labeled "fanny paddle," and fake white mice which a mouse-nervous female probably couldn't tell from the real things.

Another dealer, thinking more of the kiddies and apparently less of their parents, featured two modern items. One was a walking, talking mechanical robot which "chants a verse." The other prize item was billed as a "safe jet-propelled rocket of high impact plastic." This actually shoots 300 feet into the air, and comes to earth the manufacturer knows not where.

As the saying goes, Christmas is not what it used to be. Perhaps we should borrow the old Fourth of July slogan and hereafter wish you a "Safe and Sane Christmas."

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ELECTRICITY MAY BE THE DRIVER. One day your car may speed along an electric super-highway, its speed and steering automatically controlled by electronic devices embedded in the road. Travel will be more enjoyable. Highways will be made safe—by electricity! No traffic jams . . . no collisions . . . no driver fatigue.

POWER COMPANIES BUILD FOR YOUR NEW ELECTRIC LIVING

Your air conditioner, television and other appliances are just the beginning of a new electric age.

Your food will cook in seconds instead of hours. Electricity will close your windows at the first drop of rain. Lamps will cut on and off automatically to fit the lighting needs in your rooms. Television "screens" will hang on the walls. An electric heat pump will use outside air to cool your house in summer, heat it in winter.

You will need and have much more electricity than you have today. Right now America's more than 400 independent electric light and power companies are planning and building to have twice as much electricity for you by 1967. These companies can have this power ready when you need it because they don't have to wait for an act of Congress—or for a cent of tax money—to build the plants.

The same experience, imagination and enterprise that electrified the nation in a single lifetime are at work shaping your electric future. That's why in the years to come, as in the past, you will benefit *most* when you are served by independent companies like the ones bringing you this message—*America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies**.

*Company names on request through this magazine

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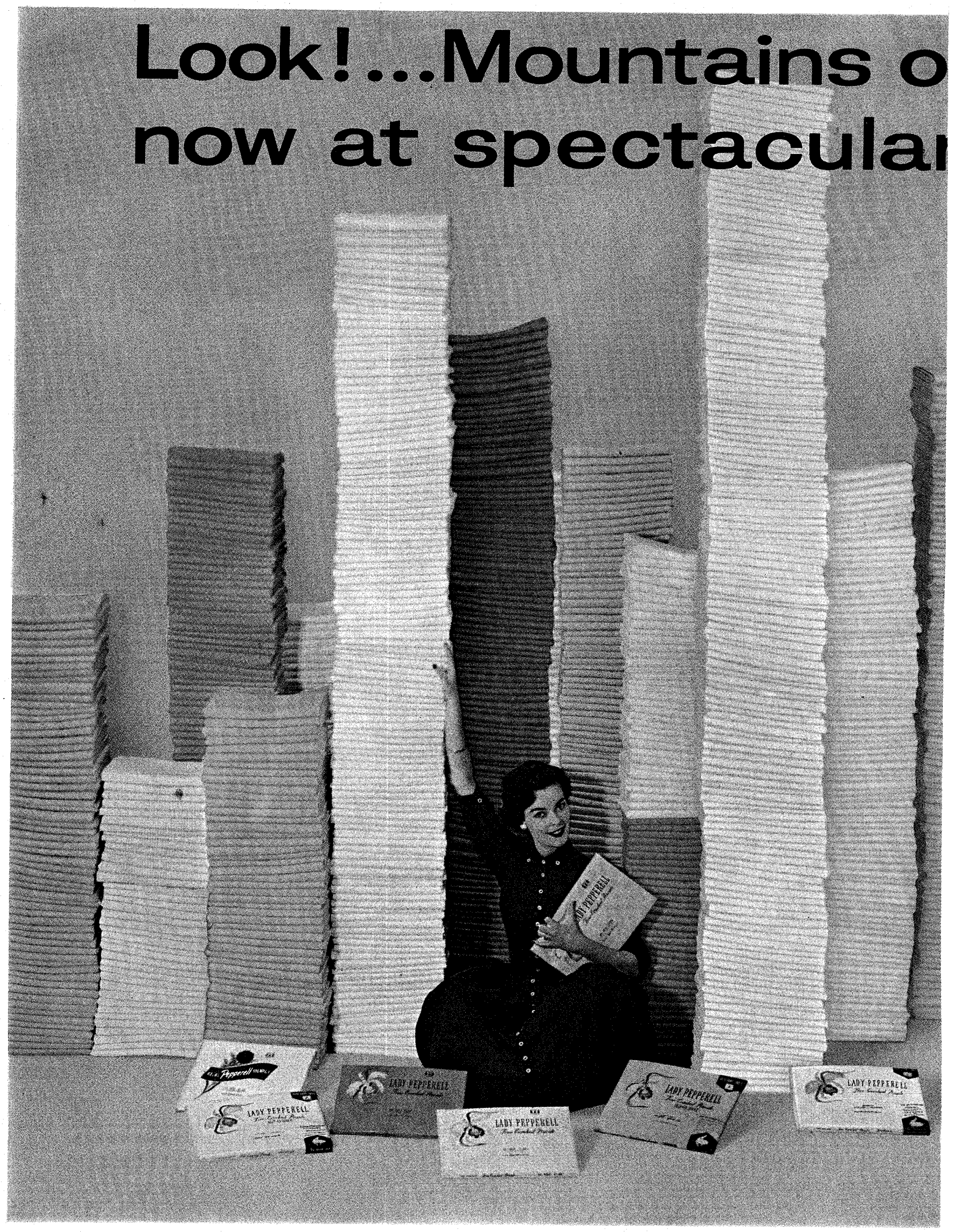

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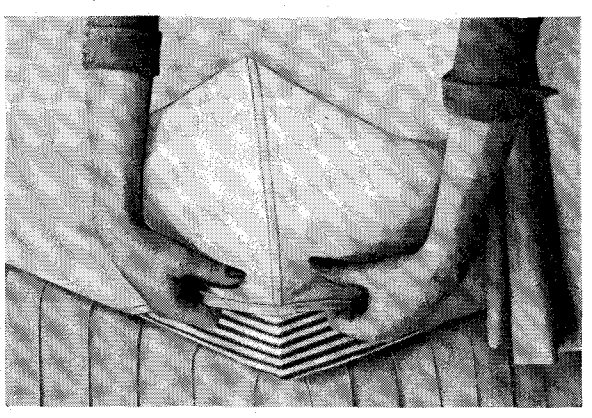
-ady Pepperell Sheets
January Sale Prices!

Yes, here's one sale you just can't afford to miss!
Whether you want percales, muslins, white or colors, prints
or patterns, regular or Slip-On*—Pepperell brings you
the very latest in fashion! Stock up on dozens!

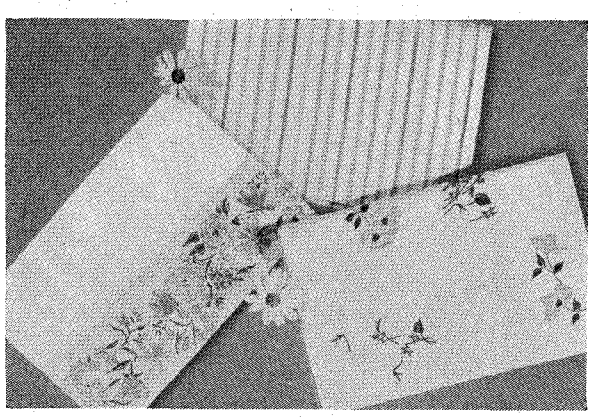
-Wearing Lady Pepperell
ales and Fine Muslins!
ver your choice — luxurious, combed
es, superfine Muslins, or thrifty fine
is — every sheet has the famous Pepperell
/ — made with the wear woven in.
a those budget-pleasing prices!



Lady Pepperell Fitted Sheets with exclusive Slip-On Corners!
End mattress tugging! Exclusive with Pepperell, Slip-On Corners go on much easier . . . last longer because they're ⅓ stronger . . . and are *reversible!* In colors, white and patterns. Prices are low, low, low!

Pepperell Nylons—so luxurious, so economical, so practical!
You'll delight in Pepperell's woven nylons. They wash so easily, dry so *fast,* need no ironing. And they're the longest-wearing of all sheets made. Fitted or regular; now available in exquisite pastel "Ever-Tru" colors.

Heavenly Lady Pepperell Pastels in six "Ever-Tru" colors!
Here's your chance to have real luxury sheets at wonderfully low January prices! And the colors are so flattering — so lovely — you'll want them all! Available in Pink, Blue, Spring Green, Maize, Orchid and Rose.



Always fashion's leader—Pepperell brings you a new designer collection!
How you'll love Pepperell's bevy of charming flower prints in delicate pastels. They're so *enchanting!* New, too, are percales and muslins of multi-colored stripes and stripes of shining gold. On sale *now!*

Lady Pepperell Sheets—percales and muslins

PEPPERELL FABRICS®—*your best buy in January—and always!*

*Pepperell Trademark

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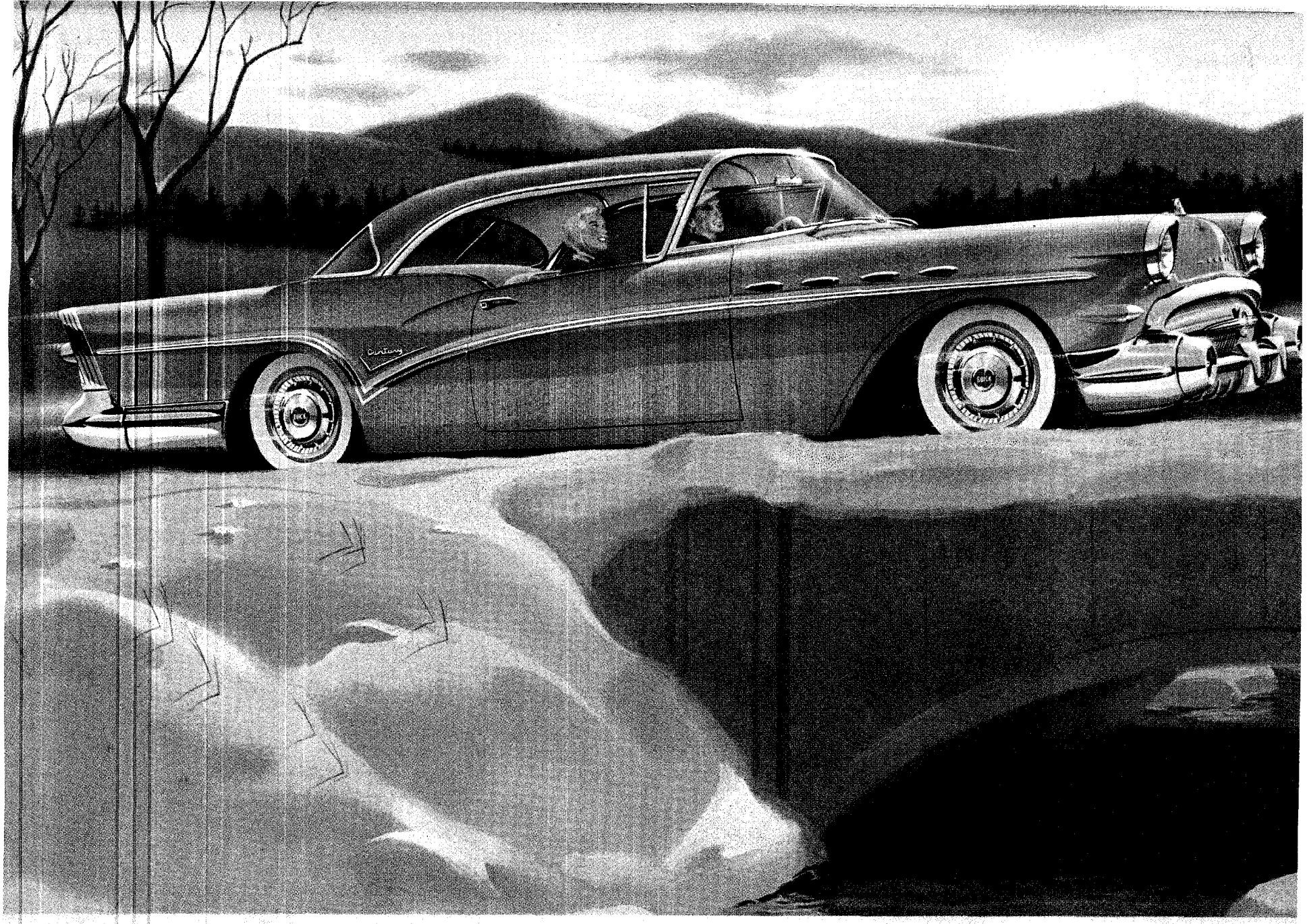

The Low and the Mighty—
AND ALL, ALL NEW

What do we mean when we call it low?

We mean this '57 Buick has the lowest silhouette, the lowest center of gravity, the most road-hugging ride in Buick history.

What do we mean when we call it mighty?

We mean it has a new V8 engine that's 364 cubic inches big — with the greatest horsepower inch for inch, pound for pound, Series for Series, in all our years of building Buicks.

What do we mean when we say it's new, all new?

We mean exactly that, as you'll find when you drop in to drive it.

You'll find a graceful body that's all new all over. A massive new frame "nesting" that body inches lower. A completely new creation that permits more spaciousness for passengers without sacrificing ground clearance or wheel size.

You'll discover a new kind of ball-joint handling—new levelized braking. A larger windshield with 200 square inches added to increase your visibility. A new safety instrument panel and dip-center steering wheel. New colors, new fabrics, new this, new that.

You'll even find an exclusive new Buick Safety-Minder* that helps you stay at the miles-per-hour of your choice with a great new feeling of safety.

But what's still bigger news—what's more thrilling news about this sleekest and sportiest and newest of Buicks—is this:

It's spurred to action by an advanced new Variable Pitch Dynaflow.*

An instant Dynaflow. A stronger Dynaflow. A safer Dynaflow that responds smooth as a current, rapid as thought—even before you switch the pitch. *A Dynaflow that practically eliminates your need for "Low."*

So why be content with the printed page?

Why indeed—when it's such a simple matter, and so much pure delight, to see your Buick dealer and sample the newest Buick yet.

Go ahead and do that today.

BUICK *Division of* GENERAL MOTORS

**Safety-Minder standard on Roadmaster, optional other Series. New Advanced Variable Pitch Dynaflow is the only Dynaflow Buick builds today. It is standard on Roadmaster, Super, and Century—optional at modest extra cost on the Special.*

Newest Buick Yet

When better automobiles are built Buick will build them

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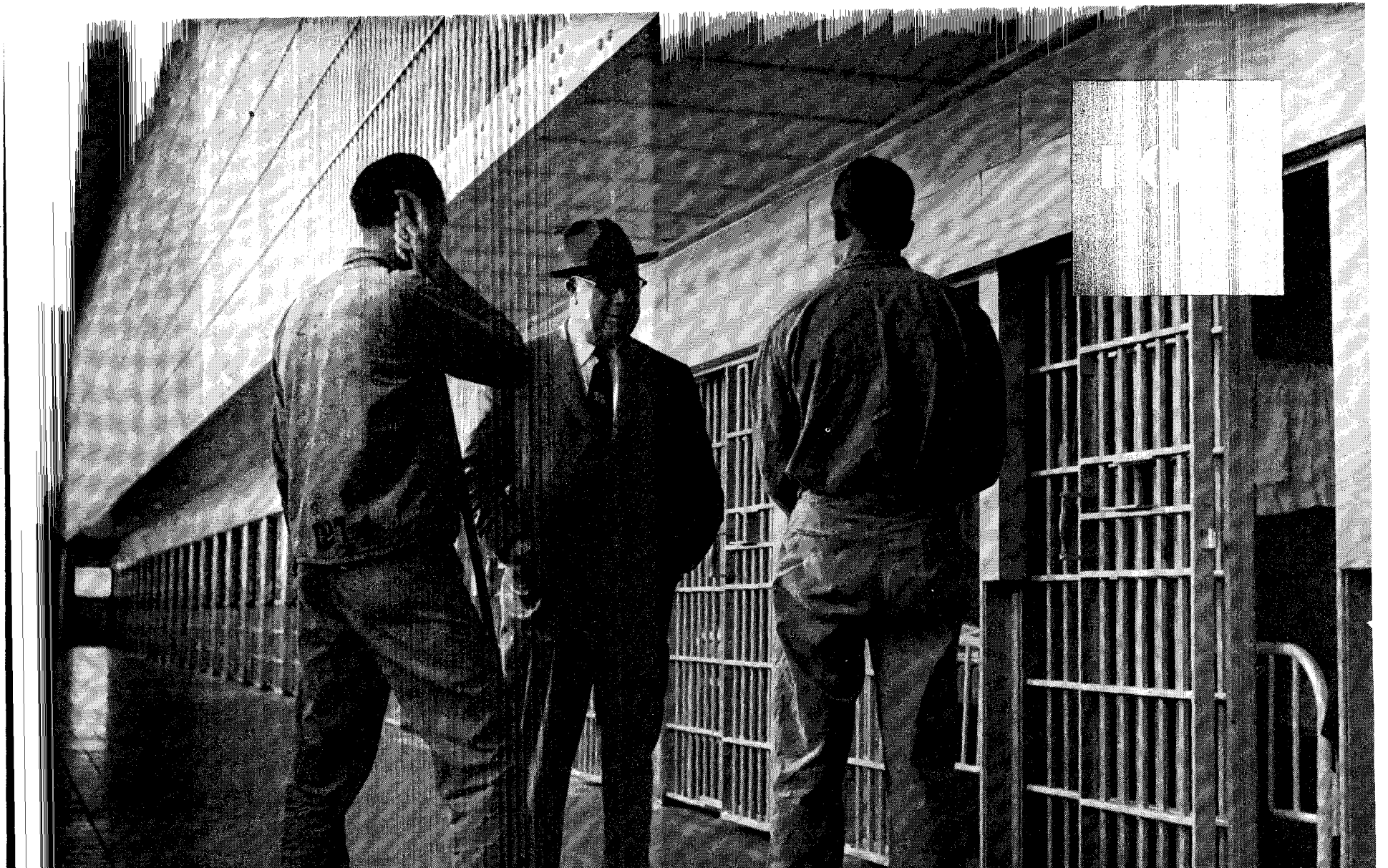


Warden J. Vernel Jackson pauses on his daily rounds to pass the time of day with convicts of the cleanup detail in one of the cell blocks.

There are few tougher places for a convict than New York's grim state penitentiary in the Adirondack Mountains. This is life

Inside Dannemora Prison

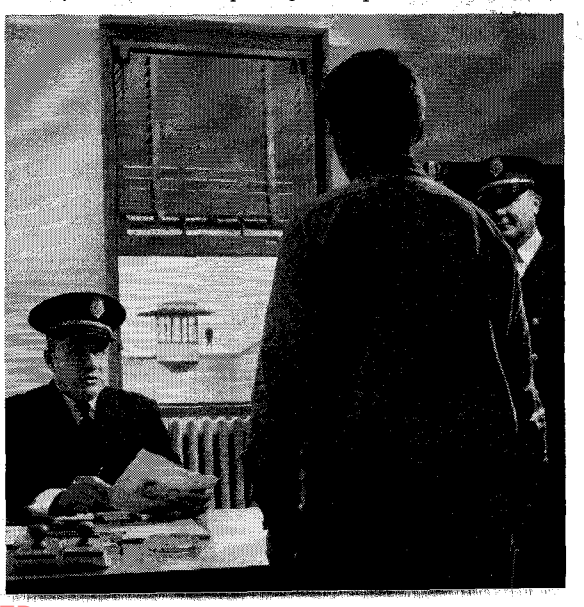
By HAL BURTON

In the curt lexicon of crime, only the most notorious prisons achieve the dignity of a nickname. Alcatraz, perched on an island in San Francisco Bay, is "The Rock." Sing Sing, on the bank of the Hudson thirty miles above New York City, is "Up the River." And Clinton Prison, at Dannemora, New York, is, quite starkly, "Siberia."

The name is ominous, but the physical setting justifies it. Clinton Prison is the bleakest, most boreal outpost of the New York State penal system—330 miles due north of Manhattan by highway, only twenty miles from Canada through the Adirondack foothills. No major penitentiary in the United States is more remote from a big city. Hung on a bouldery mountainside, frosted in winter by roaring blizzards, it is the very epitome of a felon's worst forebodings.

If Clinton Prison enjoys an evil reputation, there are more reasons than a grim countryside and a harsh climate. The prison was founded in 1845. At once, it became a convenient place of exile, both for bad actors and for prisoners with connections, who needed to be kept out of touch with their political or underworld friends. The escape artists, the roughnecks, the men with ungovernable tempers and the killers who itched to kill again—

Fractious prisoners get prompt and firm justice in the weekly session of the principal keeper's court (below).



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all these were shipped to Clinton and forgotten. The prison authorities made sure that no information about them got to the newspapers.

A riot in 1929 brought the establishment briefly to the attention of the public. It was, in those days, a festering pile of primitive granite buildings, smelling to high heaven of human ordure. The sanitary system hadn't been altered since the Civil War. The discipline was based on one simple axiom: Never give a convict an even break. The legislature, both shocked and frightened, ordered the prison rebuilt as a completely modern place. The job was completed in the middle 1930's. Discipline was relaxed, to a degree. But the rule of secrecy lingered on, and some unpleasant legends with it.

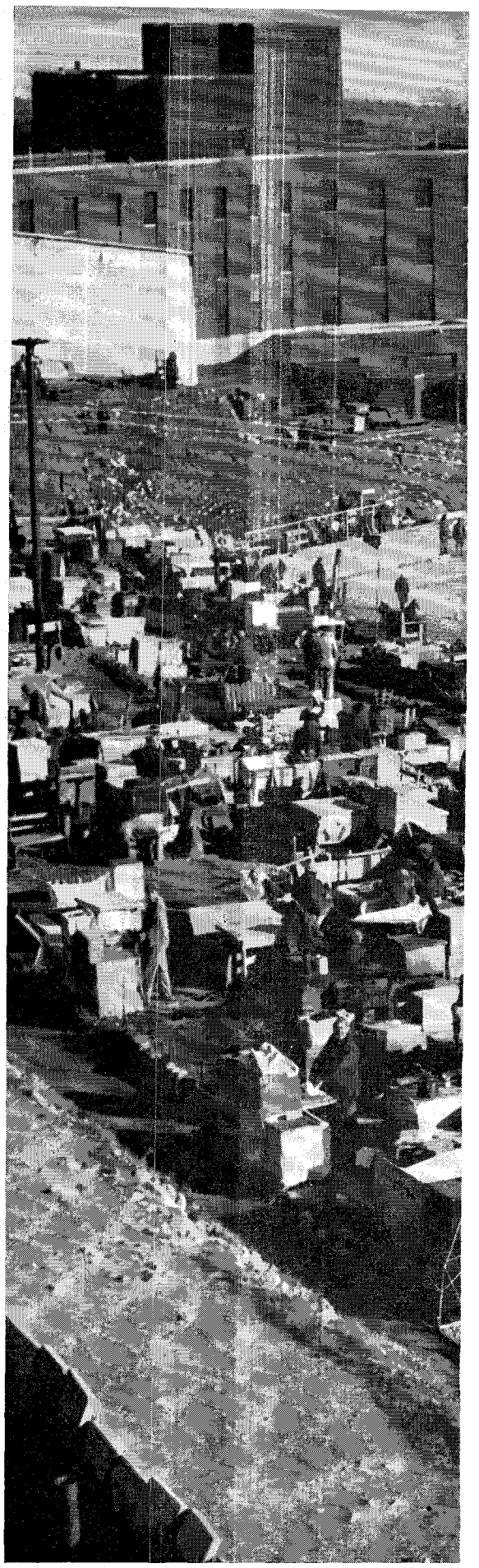
In February, 1955, Gov. Averell Harriman appointed a new Commissioner of Correction. He chose Thomas J. McHugh, then forty-five, a member of the State Board of Parole with nineteen years of experience in his field. The job made McHugh the head of seven prisons, five reformatories and two hospitals for the criminal insane. Within a few months, he announced a change in policy. "The public," he said, "is entitled to know what goes on inside our penal institutions. I intend to make sure that the public does know."

Under this enlightened ruling, I became the first reporter to learn the inside story of Clinton Prison. For three weeks I moved freely through the buildings and grounds, talking to convicts and guards, and examining records that date back 101 years. This research established quite clearly that Clinton is a paradox among American prisons. It has enjoyed the worst reputation, for the longest time, of any penitentiary in the United States—yet, for the last thirty years, it has been one of the best run and most peaceful. It is one of the toughest prisons in the United States, for nearly one half of the most vicious convicts in New York State are imprisoned here—yet most of them don't make trouble, and don't want to make trouble.

It is a dead-end street for a desperate man, in a setting drearier than that of England's infamous Dartmoor Prison. The convict who feigns insanity or actually loses his mind finds himself no nearer to home. He simply moves 500 feet down the street into the Dannemora State Hospital for the Criminal Insane. If a malingerer, he moves right back to the prison again. It is a logical place for a riot, with a logical population to bring it about—but the riots don't occur. Clinton Prison turns a grim face to the world, and doubtless it always will be feared. But once inside, the convict finds there is really nothing to fear.

Some notable men have served their terms at Clinton. The best known, perhaps, was Charles (Lucky) Luciano, He built himself a $20,000,000 business in vice and gambling before falling afoul of Thomas E. Dewey, then a young prosecutor. There was Salvatore (Salvy) Spitale, the racketeer who helped to search for the kidnaped Lindbergh baby. When Spitale lost an appeal from a conviction for racketeering, he flew to Plattsburg, New York, took a cab to the prison, and turned himself in. Most recently, during Dewey's last term as governor, there was Joey Fay, the labor leader and extortioner. He was transferred from Sing Sing because too many politicians were waiting, hat in hand, to call on him.

Charles "Lucky" Luciano (light hat, above), notorious ruler of a 20-million-dollar vice and gambling empire, did a stretch at Dannemora before his deportation to Italy in 1946.



Left: Robert Irwin (center), Manhattan ice-pick killer of 1937, and (above) one of his victims, Veronica Gedeon, 20-year-old artist's model. Psychiatrists at Sing Sing found Irwin insane, sent him to the State Hospital at Dannemora.

A prison can never be a pleasure resort, and for any convict from New York City—which supplies 68 per cent of the state's prison population—this still is a tough place to do time. A man from a poor family seldom sees visitors. Those traveling by day coach from Manhattan must allow three days for the round trip. Not many of them make the trip.

Clinton Prison and the village of Dannemora are inseparable. In fact, there was no village until there was a prison. The gray prison wall, rising forty to fifty feet above a huddle of shops and small houses, is the north

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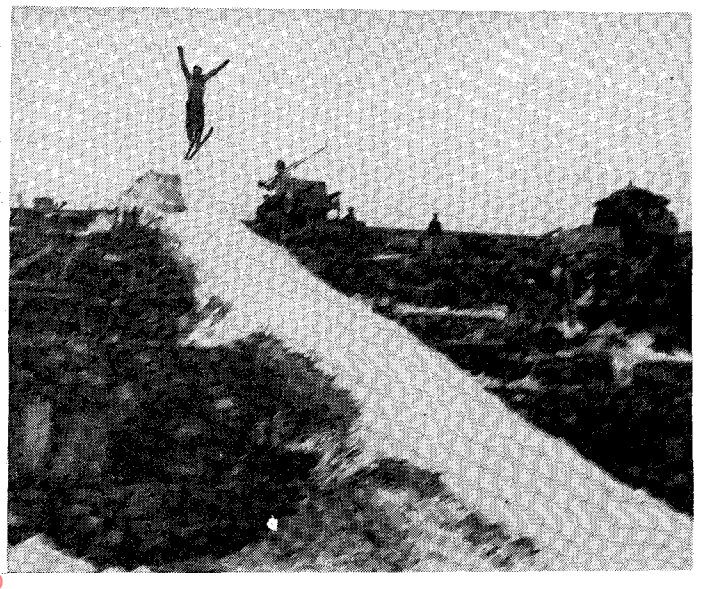
What looks like a hobo jungle is Dannemora's unusual prison yard, where well-behaved inmates may maintain their private "courts." At rear, a convict football game.

boundary of the main street. This wall, a mile in circumference, encloses seven red-brick cell blocks, a hospital for tubercular convicts and a segregation building with forty-eight cells.

To the east are the Victorian granite buildings of the State Hospital, with 1367 patients from the prisons of the state. Those who regain their sanity are returned to Clinton to finish out their terms. Some will never be released, most notably Robert Irwin, the mad killer of Beekman Place. Irwin in 1933 used an ice pick to murder a beautiful model named Veronica Gedeon, her mother and a roomer in their house. He was sentenced to prison until the year 2062, but the psychiatrists at Sing Sing found him insane.

The hospital, though gloomy and brooding, is almost a footnote to the Dannemora story. The prison dominates the town. The men inside, moving in gray-denim uniforms from cell blocks to workshops, from shops to the prison yard, from the yard to the mess halls, and finally to their cells for the night, are a magnified cross section of criminal life. The most recent count of prisoners by categories, made December 31, 1955, (Continued on Page 66)

Only advantages of 40-below winters are the convict-built skating rink, bobsled run and ski jump.



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Christmas on the Island

In the act of giving, he himself received the most important gift of his life.

By OLAF RUHEN Illustrated by Arthur Lidov

A little grinning lad came up the track as MacGregor began to climb the tall, upthrust boulder they called the Fishermen's Rock, his bare toes digging into the ancient footholds. In one hand the boy carried three hen eggs carefully wrapped in a lily leaf; in the other a mud crab, its claws pinioned with a strip of palm frond.

"Where are you going?" he wanted to know.

MacGregor stopped and looked at him. The boy's grin was from ear to ear.

"I'm going to the top of the rock," he said carefully.

"Just to see about?" asked the boy.

"Just to see."

"All right. You see plenty."

From the top of the rock, MacGregor saw plenty, indeed. He saw the whole beautiful world, and in the middle of it, in the water almost directly beneath him, a ketch setting sail, ice-white, immaculate and curiously remote in spite of the muted rattle of blocks, the groaning of the anchor winch which came as an undercurrent to the screaming of the parrots in the trees. The departure of the little ship disturbed him—the setting out of someone he had never known for a destiny he could not guess at. It was like his own farewell to civilization six months before—it was emotionally cold. Like himself, for that matter. Or at least that was what Kathleen had told him.

"Underneath, you're as cold as a fish," she had said when she gave him back the ring. "Nothing ever warms you. You're too good, Mac. You're clinically exact. And it isn't good for you. It won't get you anywhere."

"I don't make mistakes, anyway," he had said.

"Perhaps that's what I mean," she had told him.

He had regretted Kathleen, but it was the pursuit of his painting career rather than her dismissal which had brought him to this island of Owelaka, an outlier of the Trobriand group which is itself an archipelago set in the Coral Sea. And he stayed, though the island is not of itself beautiful. It is simply a coral plain, a little tip-tilted by forgotten earthquakes, with a vegetation that differs hardly at all from that of any coral island anywhere. But from his perch on the Fishermen's Rock, where traditionally the canoemen climbed to shout their successes to the expectant village, he could see the ocean's loveliest waters, studded at a little distance by islands that are dead volcanoes; and islands beyond islands, mountainous, symmetrical, and tinted with the pastel shades of sea distance.

He had been induced to stay by some furious necessity to master the problems presented by his art. He had found a home with old Frank Richards, the trader, in Frank's great cool barn of chicken-wire walls and sago-leaf roof which served as storehouse, living quarters and trading post in the village of Lamari, on the east coast; and here he kept himself firmly applied to painting when he was not looking after Frank's interests during the trader's frequent absences. He was looking after them now, paying his weekly call at the district office in Papatalu on the north coast, where a safe anchorage and adjacent copra plantations constituted Owelaka's sole commercial assets.

He was barefoot, because that was the best way to negotiate the three ragged ridges of abruptly upthrust coral that, under heavy forest, divided Lamari's lovely coral beaches, its populated villages and fertile garden land, from Papatalu. In four places he had had to balance on slippery peeled trunks of trees no more than six inches in diameter. Once he had crossed a rock bridge. There were two cliff faces, not high, but rugged, that had to be climbed with handholds; and everywhere except directly on the foot-wide, smooth-worn trail, the rock was jagged with razor edges. But he had all the time in the world, and the way was

(Continued on Page 44)

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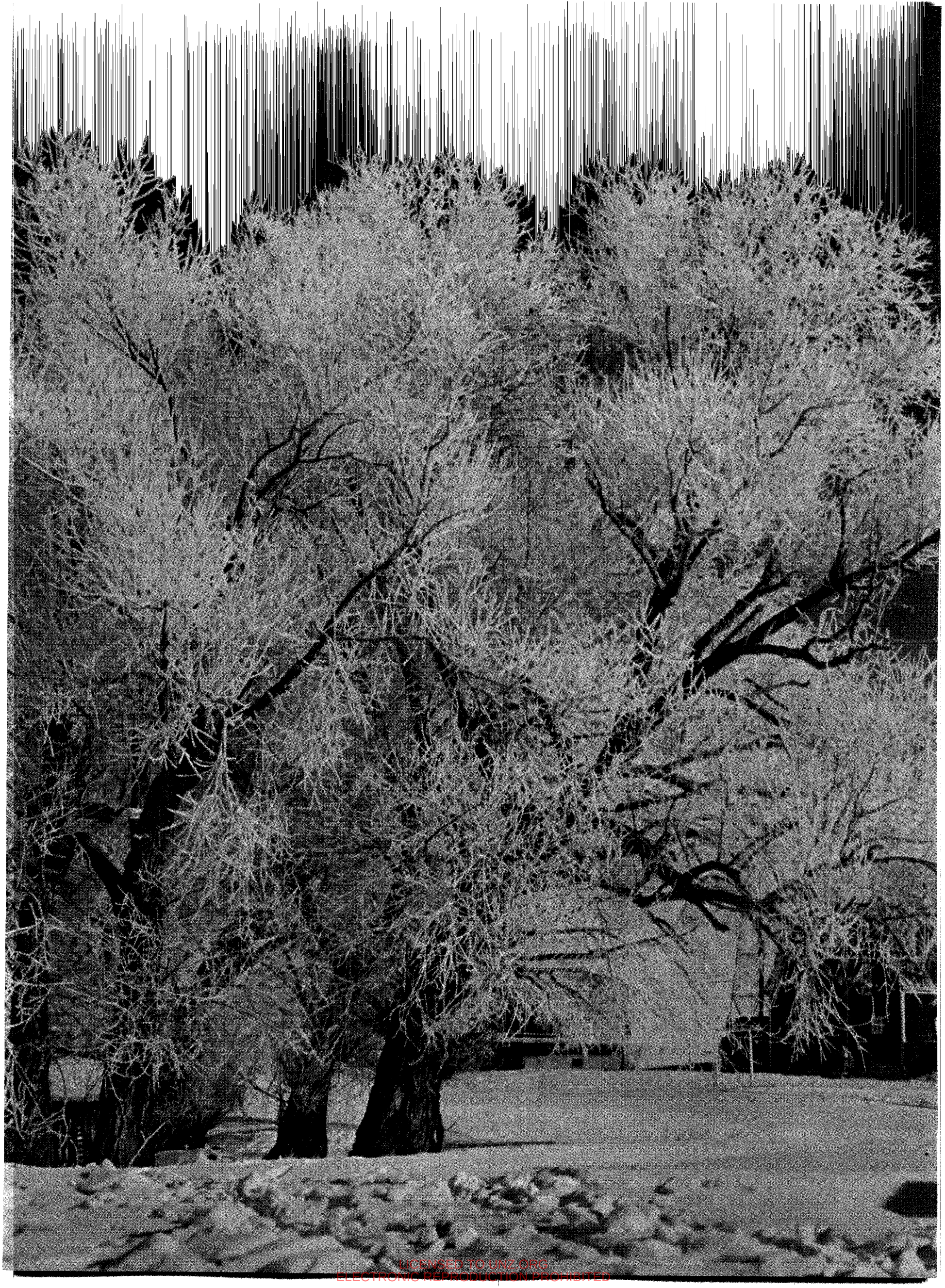

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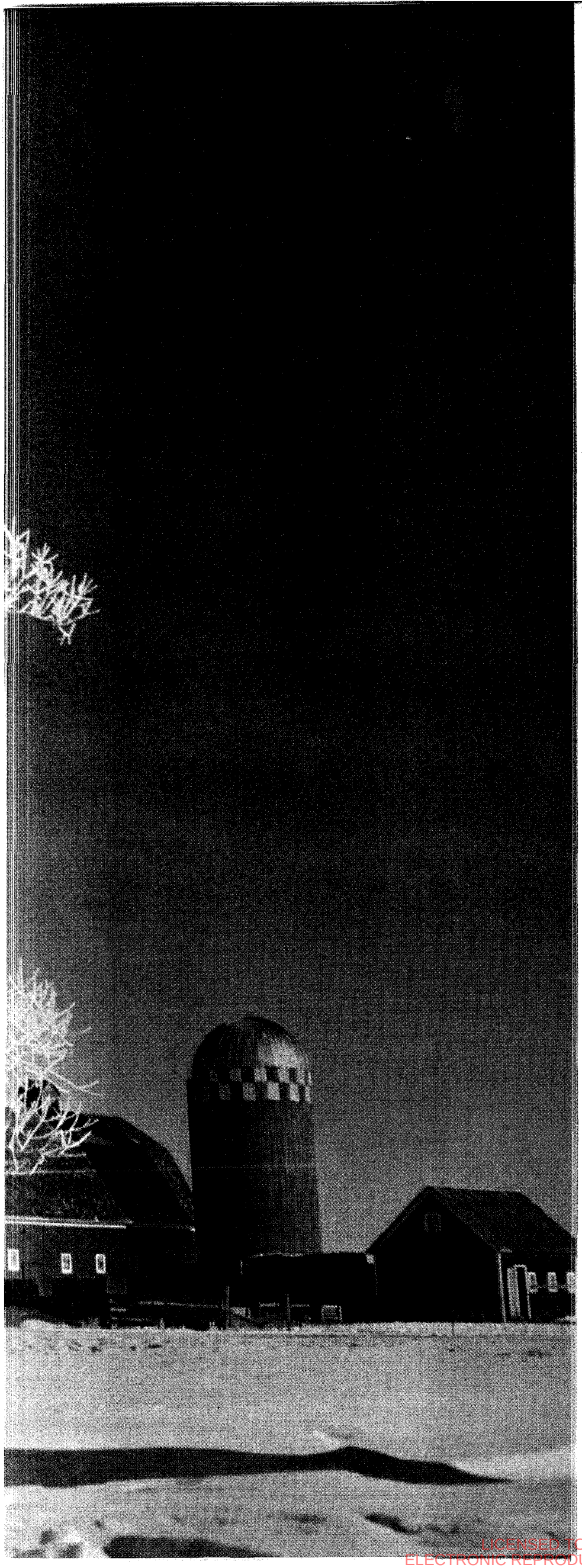

The Face of AMERICA

Tree of Ice

Winter is quick to seize the northern Great Plains in his inexorable grip. Soon after the rich Dakota wheat has been harvested the ground hardens, and trees in the windbreaks stiffen. The people take to the snug comforts of their homes; stinging, snow-filled gales swirl unchecked across the frozen land, and months of unbroken cold follow. Yet sometimes during this long, numbing season Winter makes a special effort to redeem himself for the bleak visitation. Here on Sebastian Young's farm near Harvey, North Dakota, you witness one of these rare moments. Earlier on this Sunday morning a heavy fog had lain over his 730 acres of table-flat land. The temperature—a brittle, crackling eighteen below zero—had been, in Farmer Young's words, "a little above average" for mid-January. Then an emboldened sun burned through the opaque white blanket, and turned the sky to a brilliant blue. And there on the trees in the foreground Winter had worked his most delicate magic: a crystalline fretwork of ice encasing the willow branches, preserving the silent vapors of the night in the curious transmutation of frozen fog. ● Photograph by Ivan Dmitri

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The Marriage Prospect

By STEVE McNEIL

Jud thought he was going to sell her a house. What she really wanted was a man.

Judson Carter walked into the office of Surf Pines Development Company and tossed his hat on his desk. Then he carefully placed on the same desk a gnarled piece of driftwood.

He eased his two hundred and five pounds into a chair and peered moodily out the window, mourning his past youth and the transitory glory of having been Jud (The Horse) Carter, leading ground gainer of the professional-football Rams.

A spring rain had washed the streets and sluiced the sidewalks, and a rainbow had slashed across the sky, and now the sun was out and Oceancrest all of a sudden was gay and clean and drenched now in the spring sunshine.

Jud moved to ease his aching shoulder. *If I were a T-formation quarterback, like Graham or Van Brocklin*, he thought, *I could go on forever, collecting a negligible share of lumps and still be cashing the Rams' checks. I wonder if I could go one more season.* He winced, remembering swiftly the unfeeling defensive linemen of the Forty-Niners, the Browns, the Lions. *The trouble with those bums*, Jud said to the window, *is they don't read my clippings. They break a man in half and then pick him off the ground so they can do it again.* He sighed deeply. Still, it had been nice, if rugged, work, and you couldn't beat the hours.

He lifted himself out of his brooding chair and walked to the window. The office of Surf Pines Development Company did not have the usual photos of sensational bargains in homes which adorned the windows of most real-estate offices. Just behind the big plate-glass window was an aerial photo, in color, of Surf Pines. Below it was discreet lettering: EXCLUSIVE SURF PINES. INFORMATION ON REQUEST. Implied, but unstated, was the impression that Surf Pines was fairly dripping with high society and that without a pedigree reaching at least as far back as the Norman conquest of England, you might as well keep your checkbook in your (Continued on Page 68)

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At the UN, John Richardson and his daughter heard the Reds coldly dismiss the Hungarian outrage as no one else's business. He thereupon became a dedicated man.

This quiet young American, slow to anger but doggedly determined, found he just couldn't stand by while Russia brutalized a brave people. This is the remarkable story of

THE MAN WHO WANTED TO HELP HUNGARY

By HAROLD H. MARTIN

Teren Richardson is only ten years old now, a grave-eyed, quietly gay fifth-grader. But even when she is an old, old lady, she knows she will still remember that Sunday afternoon when she saw the people marching, and heard them sing the song that made her father cry.

Snug in her warm red skirt and her blue coat with the jeweled flower on it, Teren clung tightly to her father's hand as they crossed the plaza where the bright flags of all the nations danced in the cold wind from the river. Inside, the huge lobby of the United Nations Building was full of people, tensely waiting in long lines before the door marked Security Council. They were speaking in excited voices, in languages that were strange to her, and many of them wore little ribbons striped with red, white and green, which her father told her were the colors of the flag of Hungary.

They waited in line for a long time, and when they finally got up to the door, there were no seats (Continued on Page 53)

Richardson (left) with John E. McKeen, president of Charles Pfizer & Co., which donated $200,000 worth of antibiotics to the one-man crusade.

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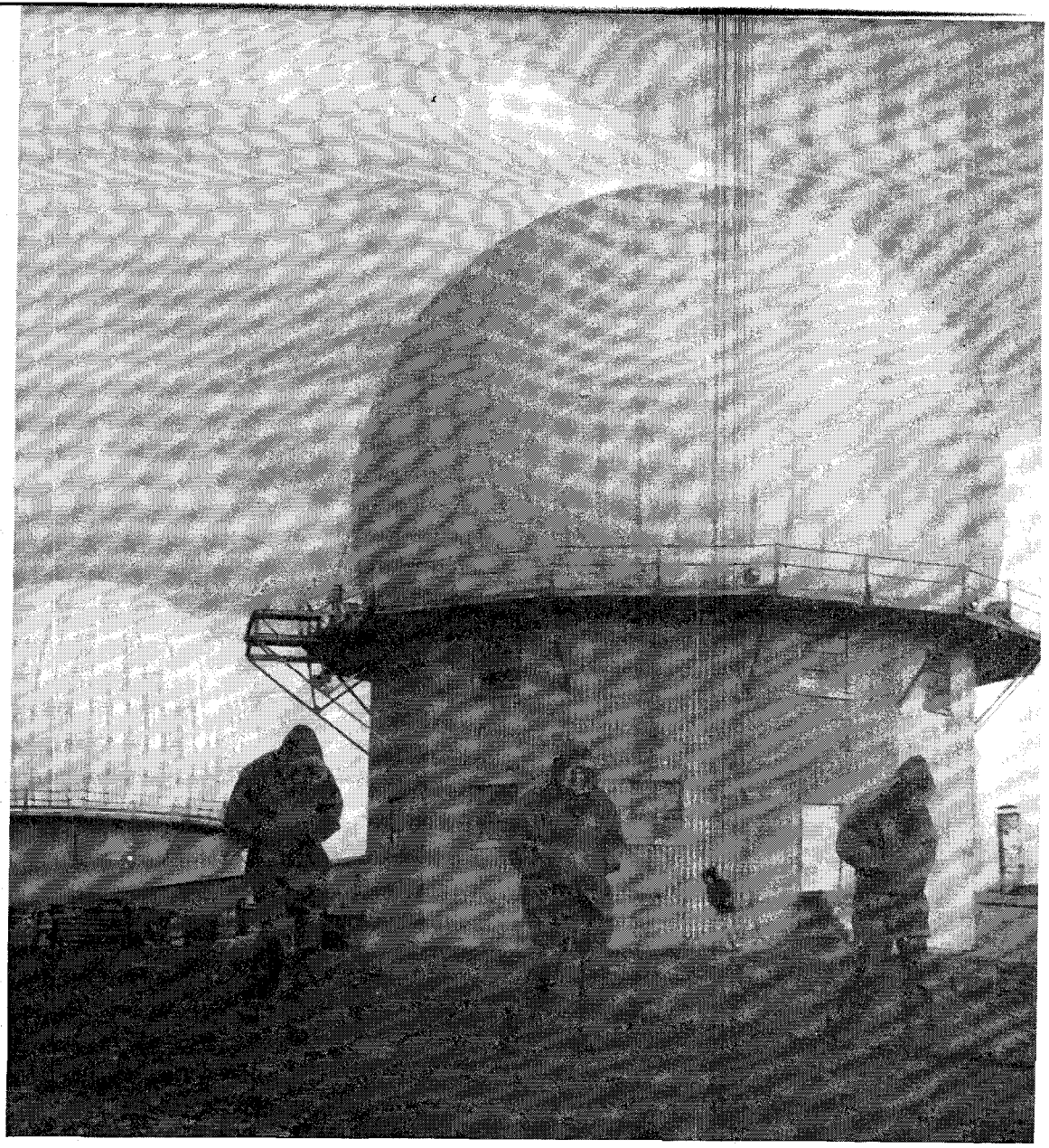
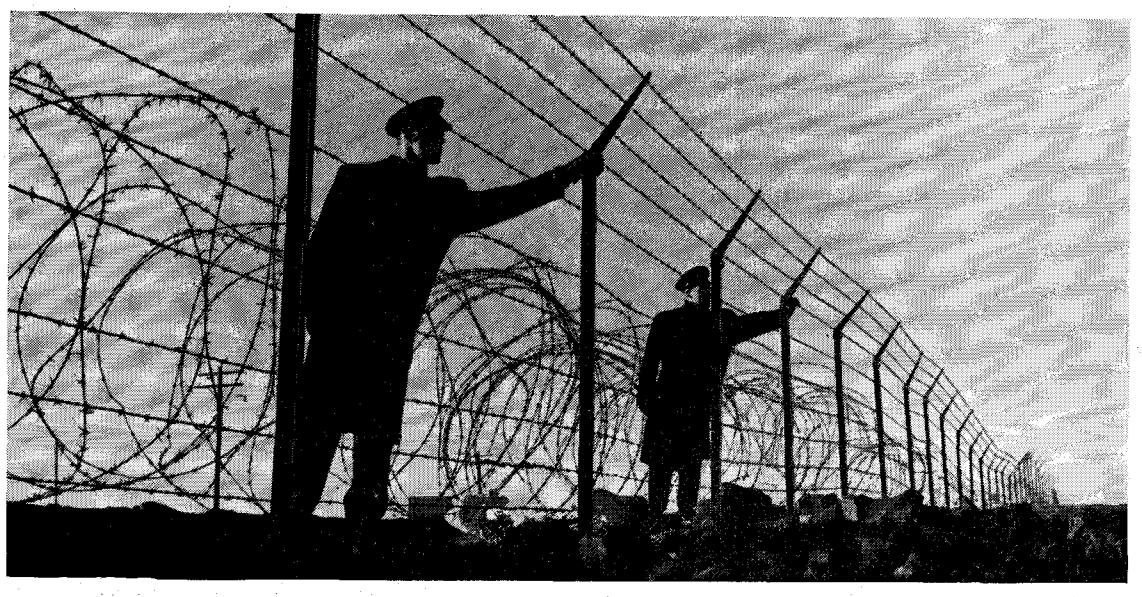
Uncle Sam's Reluctant Ally

The proud people of this chill, remote country don't like us much, but they dislike us less than any other outsiders . . .

By DEMAREE BESS



This bleak radar picket station in barren Iceland is a vital link in our defense. It guards against any bombers attempting to approach American cities over a wide area of the North Atlantic.



Icelandic police patrol the barbed-wire fence that doubles as protection for Keflavík Air Base and "quarantine" for American personnel there.

Keflavík (*left*) is probably the dullest town near any U.S. base in the world. "They treat us as if we have some contagious disease," one officer said of the Icelanders.

REYKJAVÍK, ICELAND.

Up here in arctic Iceland, halfway between Washington and Moscow, Americans have been operating and developing a huge air base since 1951. The base is manned by more than 4000 officers and men of the Army, Navy and Air Force. Its site is a vast wind-swept plain so desolate that before airplanes came along it supported only twenty sheep. The base suffers from an almost complete lack of trees, grass, running streams or other natural amenities. So, in 1955, the Pentagon decided to cheer up our garrison by installing a television station. American sponsors agreed to provide enough canned programs free of charge to keep the station going twelve hours a day.

But first it was necessary to get permission from the Iceland Government, which is consulted even about minor changes at the base. It was pointed out that the proposed station would be a boon to Icelanders as well as Americans, because it would be powerful enough to transmit clear pictures to this city, Reykjavík, Iceland's capital, about an hour's automobile ride from the base. The city's 60,000 people, more than a third of all Icelanders, were being offered a chance to receive the best American television programs for free.

When the Iceland Government's reply came, it stunned Americans. For the government declared that one condition must be met before

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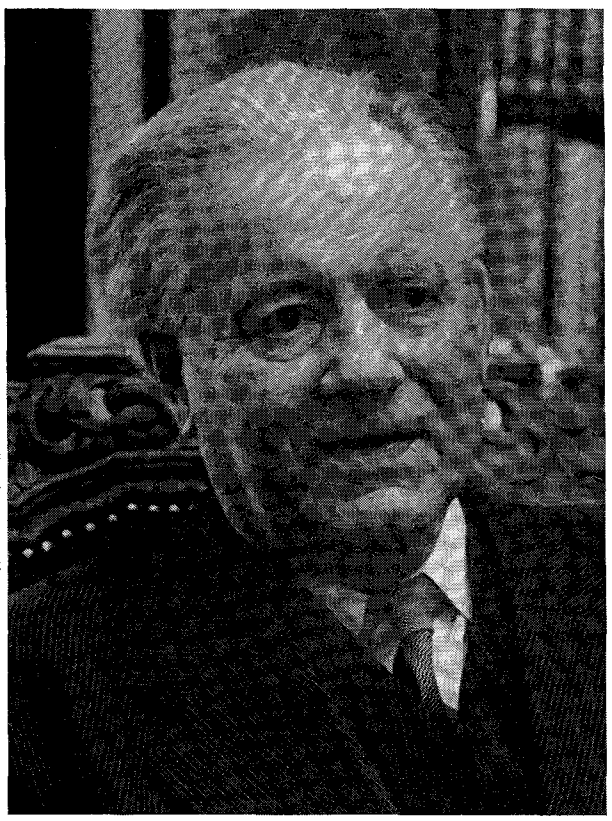
television broadcasting could be permitted at the base. The condition was that the signal would be sufficiently weak to make sure that the TV programs could not possibly reach Iceland's capital city. That explains why reception at our base here is much less sharp than it could be—and why very few Icelanders have ever seen television of any kind.

A few days after I arrived in Iceland I was told that this television incident would help to explain two mysteries. The first mystery was why Icelanders and Americans have found it so difficult to understand each other. The second mystery is why—until Eastern Europe and the Middle East exploded simultaneously—the Iceland Government kept insisting that American (Continued on Page 55)

Reykjavík: Icelandic students riot in protest against Russian atrocities in Hungary. Here they harass the chief of Iceland's Communist Party in front of the Soviet embassy.



President Asgeir Asgeirsson. One of his chief inspirations is the life of Abraham Lincoln.

Col. Ragnar Stefansson, USAF (*right*), who was born in Iceland, has watched the ups and downs of Icelandic-American relations since World War II. Here he talks to an Air Force family from Kansas.

Protests against marriages to Americans reached a peak when Sgt. Haddix took Miss Iceland (*below*) as his bride.

Love sometimes manages to bypass language barriers, hostile prejudice and even barbed-wire fences. U. S. Airman Charles Arnone married his Icelandic wife Vigdis in 1955. They now live in California.

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By CAMERON HAWLEY

Day of Manhood

He was tired of their sneers and grins, sick of being humiliated by his own father.

He had his own name, a good name, a man's name, a name as good as the name of any man on all the Eastern Shore—John Crockett—but that name was never used. Always, everywhere from Bishop's Head to the farthest reaches of the deep marsh behind Fox Neck, he was called "Little Olly." Even more distastefully, the two words were invariably spoken as one, syllables lost, giving it a baby-talk sound: "Li'l' Olly."

Back in the days when he'd been nothing but a kid hanging around Hooper's crabhouse, minnow fishing off the end of the wharf, he hadn't minded being called that name. Then it had even given him a warm feeling, having grown men recognize him as Olly Crockett's boy. But now he was eighteen, a grown man himself, and it was time everyone stopped treating him as if he were only his father's son.

But the telephoned voice out of the night had asked for Li'l' Olly, relaying his father's message from the Fox Neck Rod & Gun Club that there would be an extra man in today's hunting party, another blind to be shot, another guide needed.

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"I'm giving you the creek blind, Li'l' Olly," his father said. "You ough'n' to have no trouble there."

For a silent moment he had stood in the darkness of the kitchen, debating refusal. But this was the first time he had been asked to guide on his own, an overdue acknowledgment of manhood, and he had lighted the lamp and dragged out his hip boots from behind the woodbox, dressing beside the still-warm stove, finally yielding to his mother's insistence that he wear one of his father's castoff sweaters under his old O.D. jacket. He would more willingly have endured the cold of the northeaster that wailed outside the rattling windowpanes. But the sweater made a point. It was too small. Even after she had tugged down the sleeves, there was still three inches of bare wrists showing—and yet, shouting her farewell warning into the wind as he had gone out the door, his mother had still called him "Li'l' Olly."

The night was as black as swamp water. There was no moon, not the faintest glimmer of light from the sky, but John Crockett felt no handicap of sightlessness as he poled the skiff away from the string wharf and out into the marsh. He needed no eyes to thread his way through the maze of reeded hummocks. A thousand days and nights had engraved the map of Fox Neck marsh upon his subconscious mind. Where the map was smudged he had a sixth-sense instinct to guide him, as surely reliable as the secret prompting that brought south-flying geese straight to Fox Neck bar, even on the foggiest of November nights.

Only once in his blind two-mile crossing of the marsh was he even momentarily off course, and then for no longer than the skiff was held broadside to the wind as he pushed out from the lee of a low point of land, unseen in the darkness, but surely identified as the place where he had once stretched out in the May sun, belly down to the soggy earth, and talked a wary black duck back to her fourteen-egg nest.

Around the potbelly stove at Pruitt's store, they told stories like that about his father: how he could talk a duck right out of the sky, no calls or whistles, just the duck talk that came from his own throat, claiming that there wasn't another man alive who could do it the way old Olly Crockett could. There was no point in trying to tell them that he could do it too. Proving it would mean nothing, only that he was Olly Crockett's son.

One push of the pole put the skiff back on course again and, when the lights of the clubhouse finally pricked through the darkness, they were dead over the bow. There was the crackle of skim ice as he poled up the sheltered creek; then the frosty crunch of pine needles underfoot on the path to the sprawling log cabin that served as the headquarters of the Fox Neck Rod & Gun Club. They said a man had to be a millionaire to be a member of Fox Neck. You could believe it easily enough, just seeing the cars parked out front.

The light from the windows was an unnecessary guide. He knew the clubhouse grounds as well as he knew the marsh. This had been his childhood playground on a hundred wintry mornings, tolerated by his father if he kept out from underfoot, sometimes given a pulse-pounding chance to carry a shell box or a lunch kit down to one of the boats, but always left behind when they pushed off for the blinds, forced to watch from the shore, hidden by the scrub pine and (Continued on Page 46)

Illustrated by Earl Mayan

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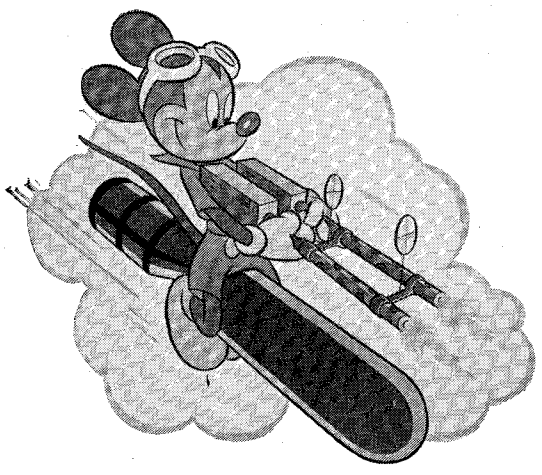
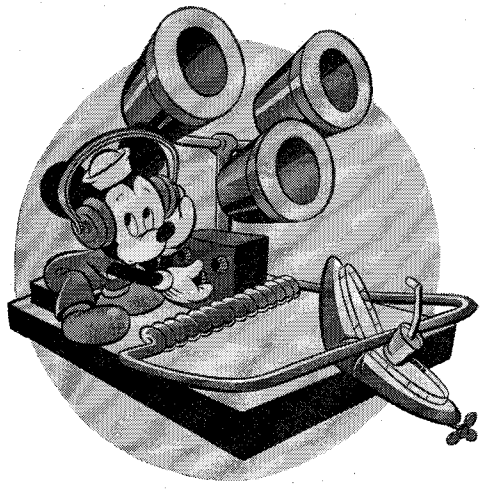


The mouse battled the Japanese with the Marines' air squadron VMSB-245.



Mickey's plane and sub detector, of the San Diego Navy radio and sound lab.

A mouse at the wheel symbolized the Army's 3rd Motor Transport Squadron.

A dauntless Pluto proudly decorated a British Home Guard mess hall in London.

Walt and his atomic scientist-adviser, Dr. Heinz Haber, plan how to simplify nuclear physics for a Disneyland TV show.

My Dad, Walt Disney Part Seven

By DIANE DISNEY MILLER, as told to Pete Martin

Mickey Mouse Becomes a Secret Weapon

A bitter strike paralyzed Disney's studio in 1941. Then came Pearl Harbor, and everybody went to work for the armed forces.

NEXT WEEK . . .

Small Boy's Dream Come True

How Walt became the greatest story-teller on TV, and how he re-created his own childhood at Disneyland.

The release of Fantasia, in November of 1940, put Dad nearly fifteen years ahead of the rest of the movie makers. It takes courage to be that far ahead of the rest of the field in any endeavor. You can be so far ahead that you can lose your public.

It took a special amount of courage in the case of Fantasia because the supply lines through which money funneled into the Disney bank account from foreign markets had been plugged as a result of Hitler's rampaging around Europe.

Willy-nilly, Dad and Uncle Roy brought out Fantasia, confident that it was such an advance in motion-picture presentation that it would pay off. Dad wanted to release Fantasia in much the same way that Cinerama is being shown today. He had made it for a wide screen with (Continued on Page 73)

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BEAUTIFUL REBEL

By PAUL JONES

What chance did he have with a girl who hated everything he stood for?

On a sharp, diamond-bright morning in March of 1862, young Andrew Woodley turned a familiar corner in Philadelphia, and came to the house of his legal preceptor, Henry Durham. A wrought-iron handrail in a leaf-and-tendril design helped Andy's game leg up three snowy marble steps. Everything was just as he remembered it in April, 1861, when he had put on a uniform and gone off to war. Now he was back in the dark civilian suit of a law student.

He had to smile, recalling the Frenchified shakos and cocks' plumes of his militia regiment, to fit the name their political colonel had chosen, Davidson's Voltigeurs. They'd had time for only sketchy drill on the cricket grounds in Germantown. By June they were encamped outside Arlington. One Sunday in July they were near a stream in Virginia called Bull Run. A battle was making up, like a summer thunderstorm, but Davidson's Voltigeurs remembered that their three months' enlistment had expired. Colonel Davidson rejected the brigadier's appeal, and marched his men away from the sound of guns.

With a few others, Andrew Woodley stayed behind when the regiment retired. He and his friends held strong views on how far a legal point could justify gentlemen who backed away from danger. Andy's combat service, on that occasion, was brief. They were still on the camp site, among the raked-out cook fires, hearing only desultory firing, when he felt a heavy blow on his right leg above the knee, as if he had been struck with a club. A shell fragment had hit him. As he fell, he saw a jet of blood spurting through a rip in his uniform trousers.

One of his friends put a tourniquet above the wound. Then they helped him to the side of a road, where they hoisted him into the wagonette of a tipsy sight-seer driving back to Washington with a lady friend no better than she should be, but kind-hearted. She propped Andy's leg up on a champagne basket and saw him safely into the hospital at Alexandria. All that autumn and winter he was in bed or on crutches. The wound was a long time healing, but in another month his leg would be as good as ever and he could enlist again.

He found Henry Durham in the book-lined back parlor that served as his law office. Andy's preceptor was a thin, elderly man with white hair like a lion's mane, in the fashion of his youth under Jackson.

"How is the war going, in your judgment, Andrew?" Mr. Durham asked presently, with some deference, as to a learned associate.

Andy had no real idea. Civilians were always asking questions he couldn't answer. He had given no thought

(Continued on Page 70)

"You're not angry?" he said.

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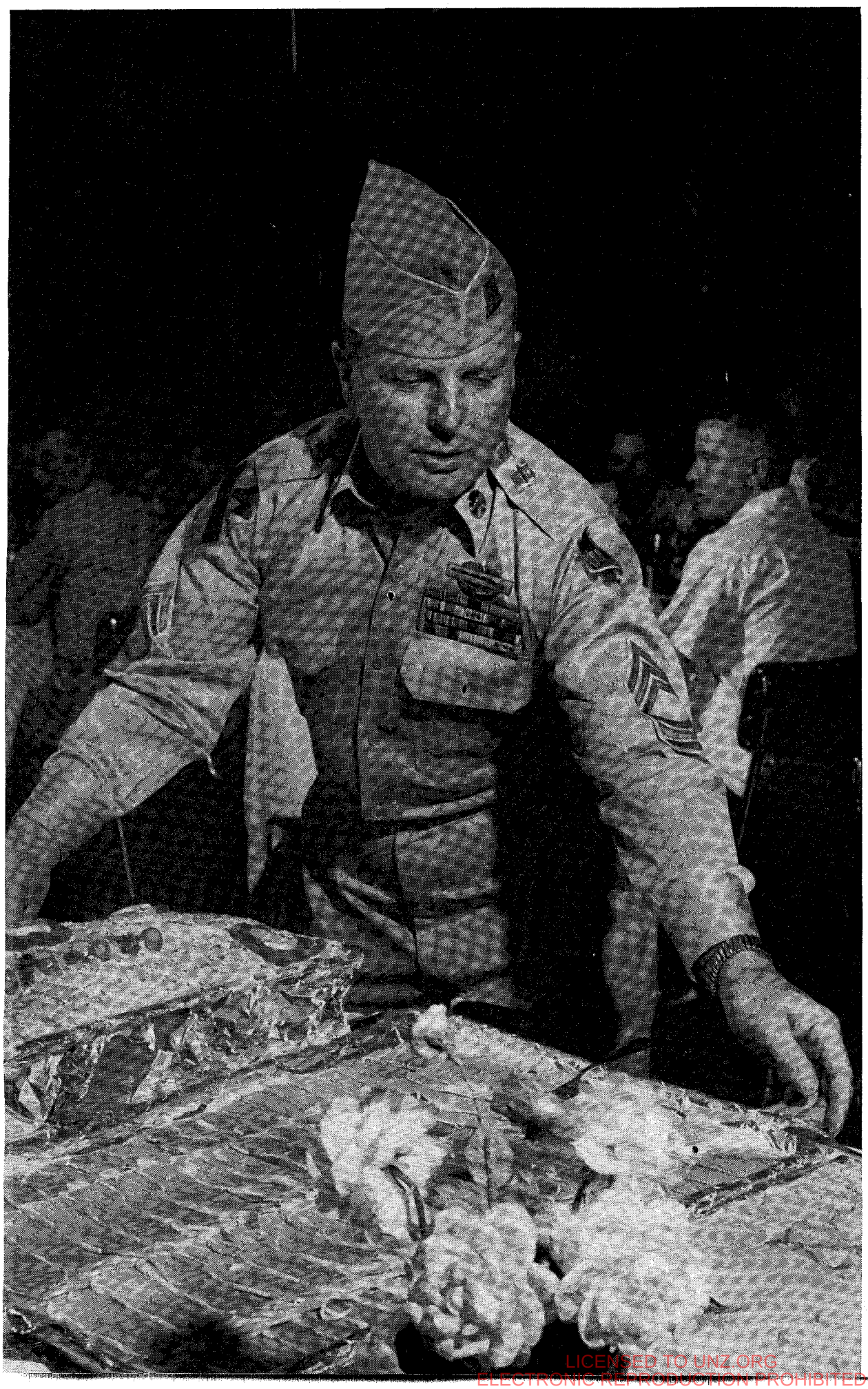
This man's army never before
saw a sergeant quite like Dick Artesani–

Good Genie of the Tank Company

By MICHAEL GLADYCH

Party night at "Tankers' Inn": Artesani whipped up this buffet for his men to celebrate the third anniversary of his release from a prisoner-of-war camp in Korea.



A cold nor'easter whistled through cracks in the walls, and pigeons were rustling in the rafters when a tough and rugged-looking soldier, M./Sgt. Richard Artesani, inspected a long-unused barracks that was going to be the mess hall of the Tank Company, 74th (now 4th) Regimental Combat Team in Fort Devens, Massachusetts.

"The place needs a little fixing," he muttered around his cigar.

Within a month the pigeons had been dispossessed and the ceiling painted white. Newly installed paneled walls kept the wind out, and lamp shades covered the naked electric-light bulbs. These nonmilitary touches had been paid for by Artesani.

Soon after, a civilian moving van pulled up at the barracks. Sergeant Artesani and the driver began unloading non-Government-Issue chrome tables and chairs, crates of restaurant-style china and silverware, a thirty-inch-screen television set and a radio-phonograph console.

When the Tank Company's commanding officer saw the equipment, he asked in astonishment, "Sergeant, who ordered this stuff?"

Artesani saluted. "I did, sir."

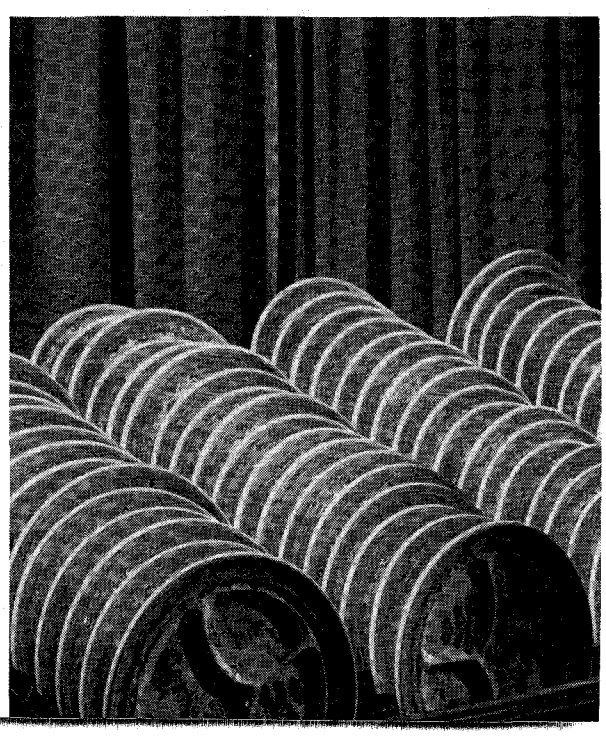
"Who's paying for it?"

"I am, sir."

"Why, these things are worth a small fortune."

"Well, sir, it's my gift to the men. I'd hate to enclose a sales slip with a gift. Wouldn't you, sir?"

That was three years ago and the start of Artesani's legend-making activities in behalf of the men of the Tank Company. Today, the men proudly call their mess "Tankers' Inn." It's the only mess hall in Fort Devens that stays open twenty-four hours a day; it also serves as



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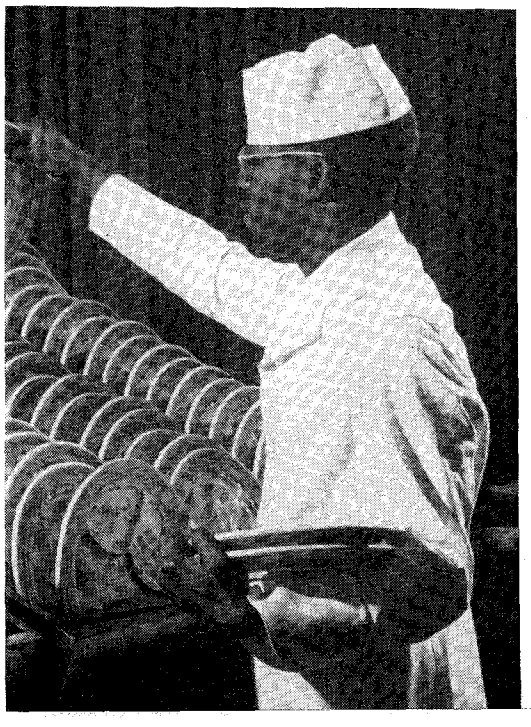
Artesani, a tireless extrovert, sits in at the drums during his "liberation" fete. The regular dinners in his chow hall are served with background music of selected phonograph records.

Usually the portly sergeant is natty as the GI on a recruiting poster, but he shed his beribboned shirt for the party high jinks.

a social club, a charity-fund-raising center and the scene of many parties for soldiers, hundreds of orphan children—all under Artesani's direction and sponsorship.

Rotund, five feet six, blue-eyed and thirty-seven years old, Artesani is no playboy indulging a whim while in uniform. His father is a retired insurance-company manager; one of his brothers, Charles, is a representative in the Massachusetts state legislature; another brother is an automobile dealer. Artesani grew up in Boston, quit high school in 1935 before graduation and joined the CCC. Later, he transferred to the Massachusetts National Guard and, before joining the Army in 1940, he owned a diner and a variety store in the Brighton section of Boston. He's seen military service on Guam, Okinawa, the Philippines, Germany and the United States. The estimated $4000 the Tankers' Inn furnishings cost him, and the many other (Continued on Page 48)

Artesani dishes out chow in the field. He once went from Massachusetts to Georgia at his own expense, to be sure his men were properly fed on maneuvers.



Out of his pay Artesani bought this fancy china for the tankers. He has also donated a 30-inch TV, curtains and special furniture.

Photographs by John Burns

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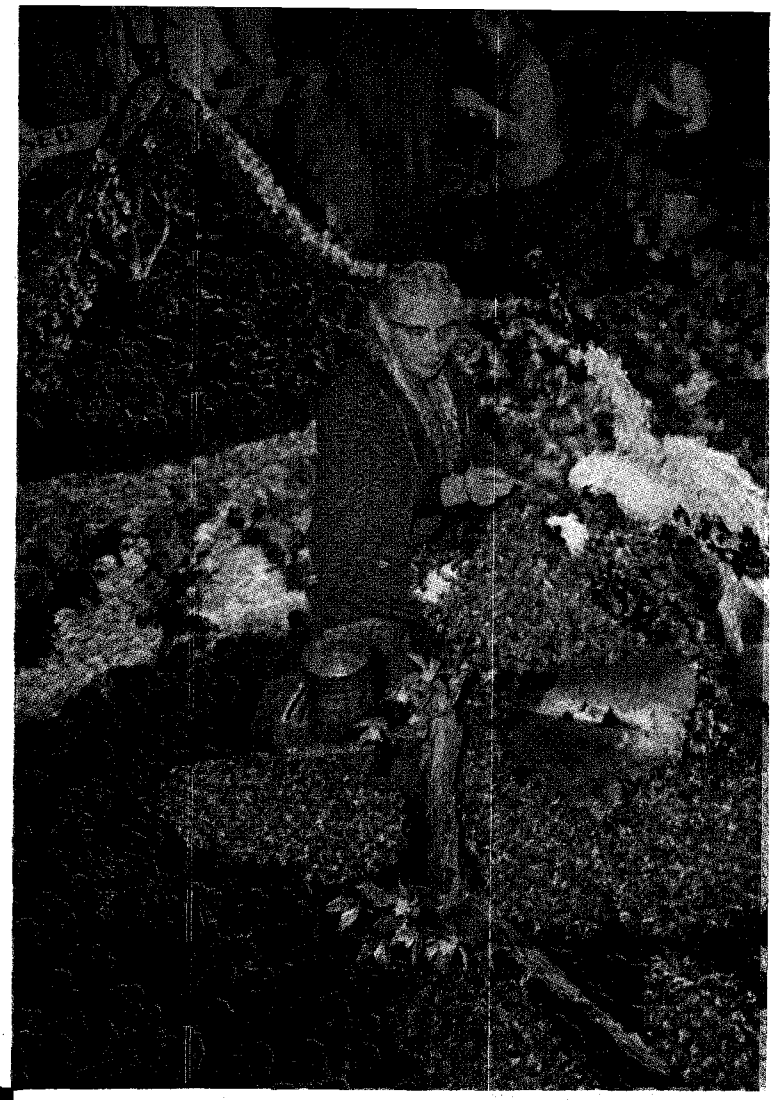
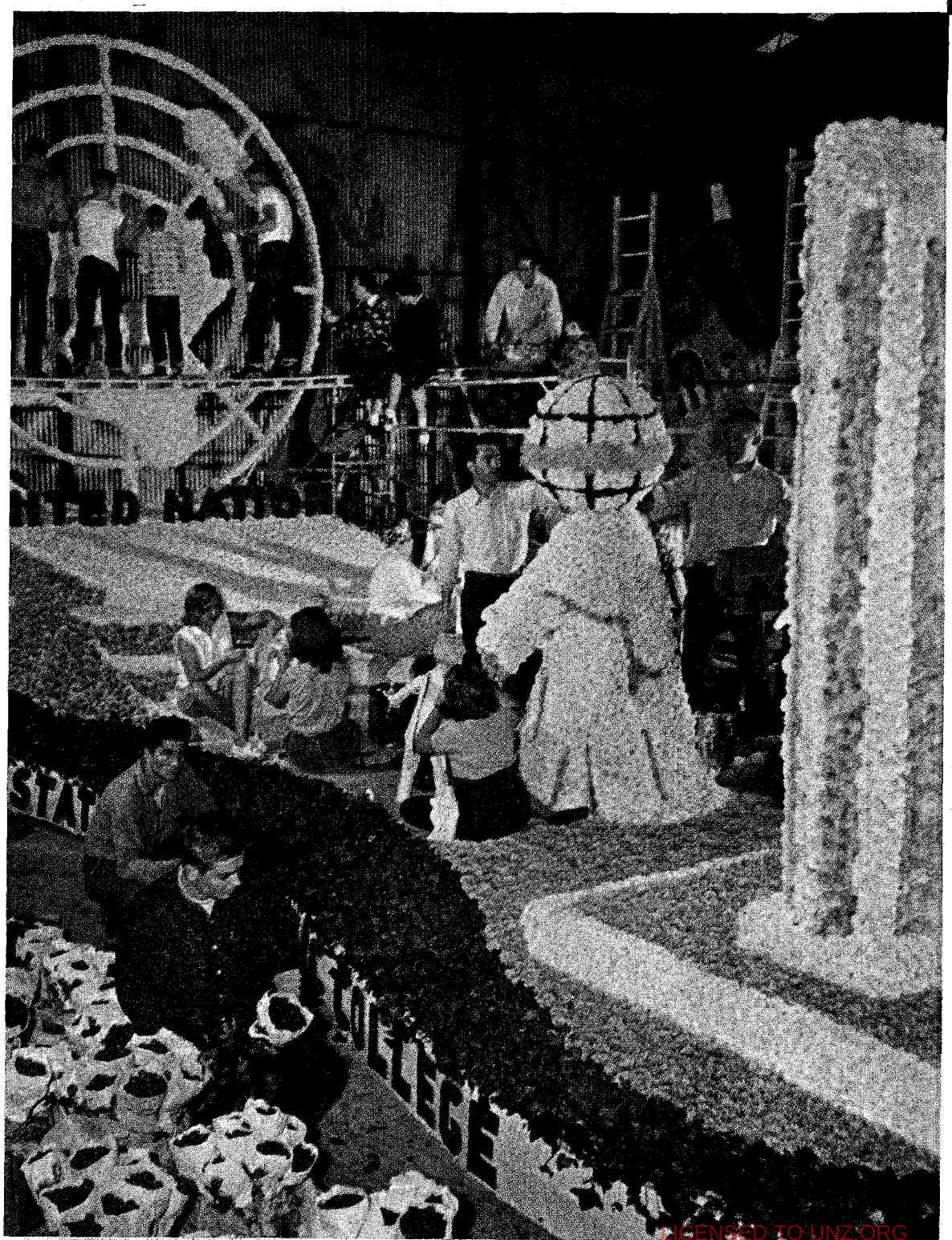
The beauty queens wear red flannels and most of the "roses" are really chrysanthemums. Here are some of the frenzied goings on

Backstage at the Rose Parade

By Frank J. Taylor



Mrs. Isabel Coleman, who has built floats for 52 Rose Parades, works on her Grand Prize-winning 1956 entry.



Students at California Poly decorate their entry with blossoms. Up to 400,000 flowers are used on a single float, and months of preparation go into the one-day extravaganza.

During the forty-eight hours immediately preceding New Year's Day, several hundred residents of Pasadena, California, will be working around the clock in two huge sheds and several circus tents to meet one of the most heavily perfumed parade deadlines anywhere in the country. The labor, exotic to the extreme, will consist of attaching millions of flowers to the sixty-two floats that will be used in Pasadena's annual Tournament of Roses parade.

This concentration on flowers arises from an inflexible Tournament of Roses rule that everything in the parade except people and horses must be completely hidden under one or more layers of horticulture. The Pasadenans are so fussy on this detail that the Tournament judges may toss a float out of the procession even on New Year's morn if they see a non-floral spot on it.

This is such a horrible way to start the New Year that Pasadena's float builders station shivering workers in the parade formation area in the early morn with boxes of flowers and pots of glue to do last-minute touching-up of their works of floral art.

Don't miss the novelette
"STORM GIRL"
By Charlton Ogburn, Jr.
in the special section in this issue, beginning on page 58

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The Tournament of Roses, Pasadena's traditional way of starting the New Year right, is a colorful five-mile procession of sixty-two floral floats, twenty bands and 200 equestrians decked out in $3,000,000 worth of gleaming silver trappings. This greatest flower show on earth starts moving at nine A.M. sharp from Orange Grove Avenue onto Colorado, which is the city's main drag, past 1,500,000 spectators to Tournament Park. There it disbands and the floral floats are left on display for several days.

The parade fans start staking out positions along the curb around midnight the night before, bringing with them blankets, chairs, boxes, sleeping bags for youngsters, picnic breakfasts and five-gallon cans in which they kindle bonfires to warm themselves. To humor the crowd, amateur troubadours wander about, strumming guitars and making like minstrels.

"Tournament of Roses," is a misnomer today, although it was accurate in the '90's when the parade was a simple procession of rose-bedecked, horse-drawn carriages. Nowadays the fleet of floats may carry 1,000,000 roses and as many orchids, stock, sweet peas, poppies or exotics, such as croton leaves flown in from Hawaii. The flower that does the real covering-up job is the chrysanthemum; up to 12,000,000 may be used in a single parade. But Pasadenans would escort to the edge of town anyone suggesting that their spectacular and perambulating flower show be renamed what it is—to wit, the Tournament of 'Mums.

Another notion that persists among the Pasadenans is that any girl riding on one of their Tournament floats is a Rose Queen. She may be costumed in orchids or chrysanthemums, but she is always called a Rose Queen. Of course, they have an official Tournament Queen—she was pert, blond Joan Culver in the 1956 show—officially chosen from 1500 eligible local coeds. She is the Queen of Queens, surrounded by six princesses. The parade is stacked with other queens, too, some in royal raiment and some in swim suits, and all of them worth another look.

The Pasadenans, to whom the Tournament has become an annual ritual, like to make things as hard for themselves and their well-wishers as possible. Though the city enters a float or two itself, notably the one on which the Rose Queen and the six princesses ride, most of the entries are from other cities. The bulk of these are Southern California communities, but last year St. Louis, Portland, Oregon and Little Rock sponsored floats. So did a newcomer, Pasadena, Texas, which the California Pasadenans had never heard about until a dozen tall Texans entered a float featuring San Jacinto Monument.

Ten commercial floats are allowed for as many companies that helped keep the Tournament afloat in the early days when the floating was rough. A score of service organizations and clubs have cherished rights to a place in the procession. There are so many applicants that the Tournament management has had to turn down more than 100 would-be entries, because of another rule the Pasadenans make for themselves—that the procession must not take more than two hours to pass the reviewing stand.

The typical Rose Parade float is a strange and wonderful contraption. So that the curb sitters can see what goes by, the chassis is so low-slung that it barely clears the pavement. On a framework of welded steel, the float builders stretch wire netting, topped with cheesecloth which is "mothballed" with a plastic sprayed over the entire base. Into this base they once poked the stems of thousands of flowers. A few years back, somebody invented a floral glue, which is put on hot, enabling the workers to stick as many as 400,000 stemless blossoms on a single float. They can do this fast, on the last two days before the parade, with the help of hundreds of high-school and college students.

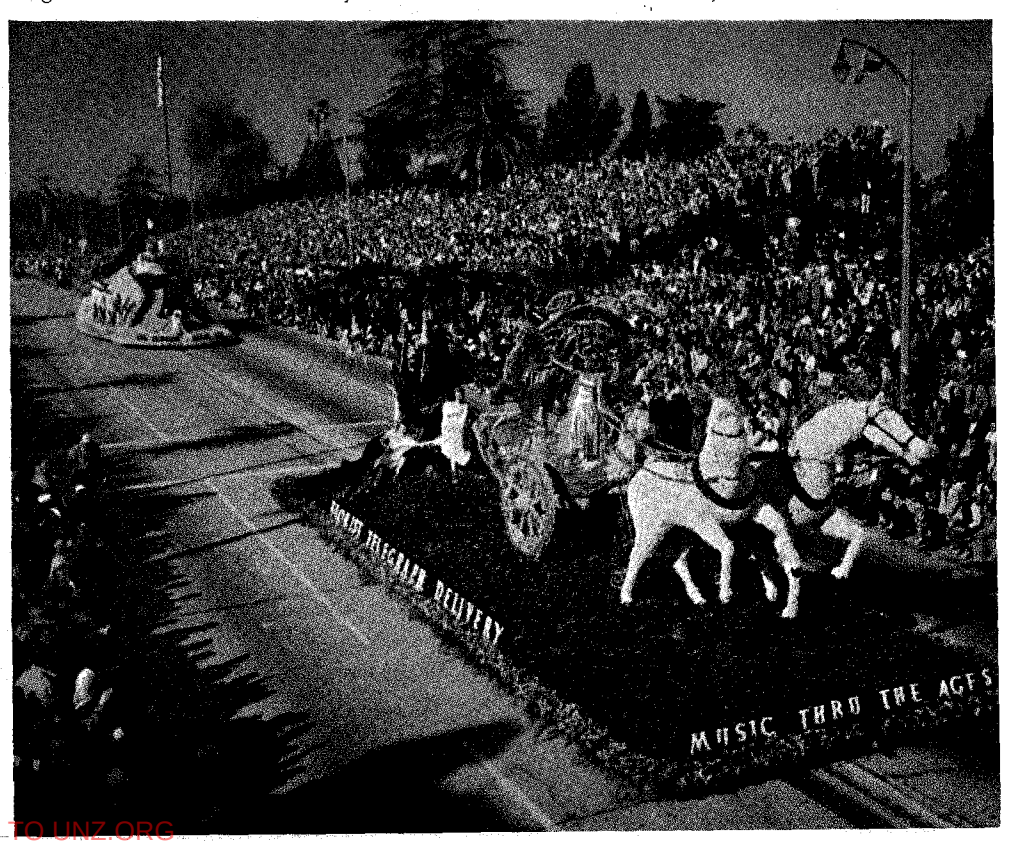
All but one of the floats in the 1956 parade were powered by auto, motorcycle or truck engines. The exception was a floral replica of the British coronation carriage, entered by St. Louis. It was drawn by eight sleek brewery horses. The float builders are ingenious at adapting automotive power to the low-slung chassis for the floats, and the drivers, down under the avalanche of flowers, usually see nothing more than a yellow line which the Tournament management paints on the pavement along the parade route. Another inflexible rule of the (Continued on Page 40)

Mrs. Hallie Woods McConnell, first Rose Queen (1905), with some of her successsors: Marilyn Smuin Martell ('55), Virginia Goodhue Hess ('48), Leah Feland King ('53).

Parade lovers stake out curbstone seats the night before the big event.

Photographs by Gene Lester

Singer Dinah Shore rides a flowery chariot which is decked out with 43,000 orchids.



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Treachery at Rock Point

The holdup men jumped the stage where they were least expected: in the middle of town.

By PETER DAWSON Illustrated by Robert Meyers

"One thing's got to be understood," Ned Oakes told the gambler Danbo. "Speer's never to know the truth about our deal, the same as you agreed Carrie never would."

Will Speer had returned to the western river town of Rock Point after two years as a civilian cavalry scout. During his absence, the stage line he and Oakes had once run together prospered since the discovery of gold nearby.

Will's first stop in town was the stage yard, where he tried to borrow a horse from Danbo, now a partner in his place. But the gambler was suspicious of the request, for everyone believed Will had been killed in an Indian massacre. So he ordered Kelso and Worts, two hostlers, to beat Will up.

Then Caroline Knight appeared and recognized Will. Once there had been love between them, but now she was engaged to Oakes.

That night Oakes returned from a stage run and celebrated with his old boyhood friend. However, he was ill at ease over Will's unexpected return, because of Danbo. Later he tried to buy back the gambler's share. But Danbo, who had acquired part ownership because of a $5000 gambling debt Oakes couldn't pay, refused. He then displayed a bag of gold stolen the week before from a company stage. Oakes accused him of rigging the line's recent holdups. But Danbo quickly silenced Oakes by reminding him of the partnership deal and by revealing that he knew another damaging fact: that Oakes paid secret visits to the pretty widow Drew.

II

Last night on his ride out to the homestead after leaving Ned Oakes asleep in his room at the hotel, Will Speer had noticed that the stars off to the east were obscured by a low bank of clouds. This morning towering thunderheads lay massed high above that horizon and there was a heaviness, a sultriness, in the air that could mean nothing but a storm in the making.

He was in the saddle early, shortly after sunup, having cooked his breakfast in the one-room cabin he and Ned had shared since first settling on this lush range. It had given him a twinge to find the cabin in such a state of disrepair, with one of its windows broken and much evidence of pack rats' having taken over, and he was glad to leave the place for a swing across the creek meadow and the range to the south.

In spite of the gray, cheerless day, a keen exhilaration lifted in him once he was out of sight of the layout, his eye feasting hungrily upon the familiar vista of broken ridge and open grassland. His first leisurely hour of travel took him as far as the rocky escarpment of Buckhorn Ridge, a natural boundary between his and Ned's range and that of Crow Track. Tom Knight's vast holdings ran on southward a good ten miles and stretched from east to west for double that distance.

It was as he turned back and began thinking of Caroline Knight, and of his visit with Ned last evening, that his feeling of release and contentment slowly left him, to be replaced by a growing conviction that Ned's welcome had lacked a certain heartiness toward the end of their mild celebration last night.

Another thing puzzled him strongly. Since leaving the cabin he had seen only eight or ten scattered bunches of cattle, the largest numbering no more than twenty animals. When he had left here two years ago he and Ned had counted upward of five hundred head in their herd. From what he had seen this morning, he

After hearing Will out, Tom and his partners agreed to make a gold shipment on his stage.

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judged there couldn't be more than a quarter that number on their range now.

Here was a puzzle that confounded and worried him, and this was his mood as he came within sight of the corrals and outbuildings, the lone cottonwood and the cabin. He at once noticed smoke drifting lazily from the cabin chimney and wondered idly who might have stopped by to build up the fire in the stove. Some minutes later he made out a figure standing in the cabin's doorway. Then, all at once recognizing who this was, he was once more feeling that inner warmth and gladness at being home again. He touched the claybank with spur and ran on in at the lope.

Caroline Knight stepped out of the doorway as he put the gelding alongside her Crow Track bay at the rail. He was surprised at seeing her carrying a broom and wearing a piece of flour sacking tied about her head. But otherwise she was as he had so long remembered her, wearing a pair of waist overalls, a brown flannel shirt and scuffed boots.

Recalling how he had yesterday been so awed by the changes in this girl, by her femininity and striking womanliness, he smiled as he came up to her, drawling, "This is more like it. You've shed the fancy duds."

"As I do every chance I get." She tilted her head and airily regarded him a moment, a mischievousness in her glance. "Now I sort of wish you'd kept the beard, Will. It made you almost handsome." She burst out laughing, the rich mellowness of her voice stirring him, bringing back memories he had so long tried to erase from mind. Then she was asking, "Care for coffee?"

"Lots of it." He pointedly eyed her improvised headgear. "Is that something special you ordered in from Omaha? And why the broom?"

"Come see."

She led the way back to the cabin. He followed her in through the doorway, halting sharply as his glance roved the room. Its scarred floorboards were swept clean, shreds of paper and rags that had earlier littered the far corner were gone and wood was stacked neatly against the log wall behind the stove. The bunk he had slept in last night, one of a pair along the west wall, was made up, his blanket smooth and in place. Last of all, the big graniteware coffeepot simmered at the back of the stove to fill the room with a rich aroma.

Surprised and pleased, he nonetheless schooled his expression to one of strong annoyance, dryly saying, "Leave it to a woman to shuffle things around. Now where 'm I to find my tobacco? And what happens when I need a clean pair of socks or a shirt?"

"A man has a hard time finding anything even when it's right under his nose. So what does it matter where I've put things?" She nodded to indicate the broken window. "You'll have to fix that, though. Why would Ned let the place go like this, even if he has moved to town?"

Will shrugged. "Nothing's wrong that an hour or two's work won't fix now, thanks to you. You shouldn't have bothered, Carrie."

"Why not? It was a way to kill time while I waited." (Continued on Page 50)

Will was wheeling toward the sound when a crashing blow caught him on the side of the head.

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Post Scripts

Serious Little Talk

That's when a parent, with stammering tongue
And many a blush, engages
In explaining to his innocent young
What the kids have known for ages.

PENNY PENNINGTON

Der Townmouser und der Hayseedenmouser

Ein stylisch townmouser ben visiten ein hickisch hayseedenmouser. Der townmouser ist ein highfaluten cutischer, hobnobben mit der snootengroupers und flirten mit der golfenclubbers.

Der hayseeder ben housekeepen besiden ein corncribber, und ist serven ein platter uppengepilen mit grainers. Der townmouser ben eaten mit sniffisch picken und departen.

Later, der hayseedenmouser ist returnen der visiten. Ach! Der offshowen townmouser ben pitchen ein grosser whingendinger mit bubblenwasser und dancen und gamblen mit tossen der dicers und spinnen der guessen-wheeler!

Suddenisch, ein snarlen kittenkat ben raiden das gatheren! Himmel! Der scatteren und scamperen ist quickisch! Der townmouser ben runnen mitout stoppen ober der hillsiden und finaller ist reachen das corncribber. "Ach!" der townmouser ist exclaimen mit panten und tremblen. "Ich ben quitten das carousen und rootentooten, und uptooken der simplisch liven."

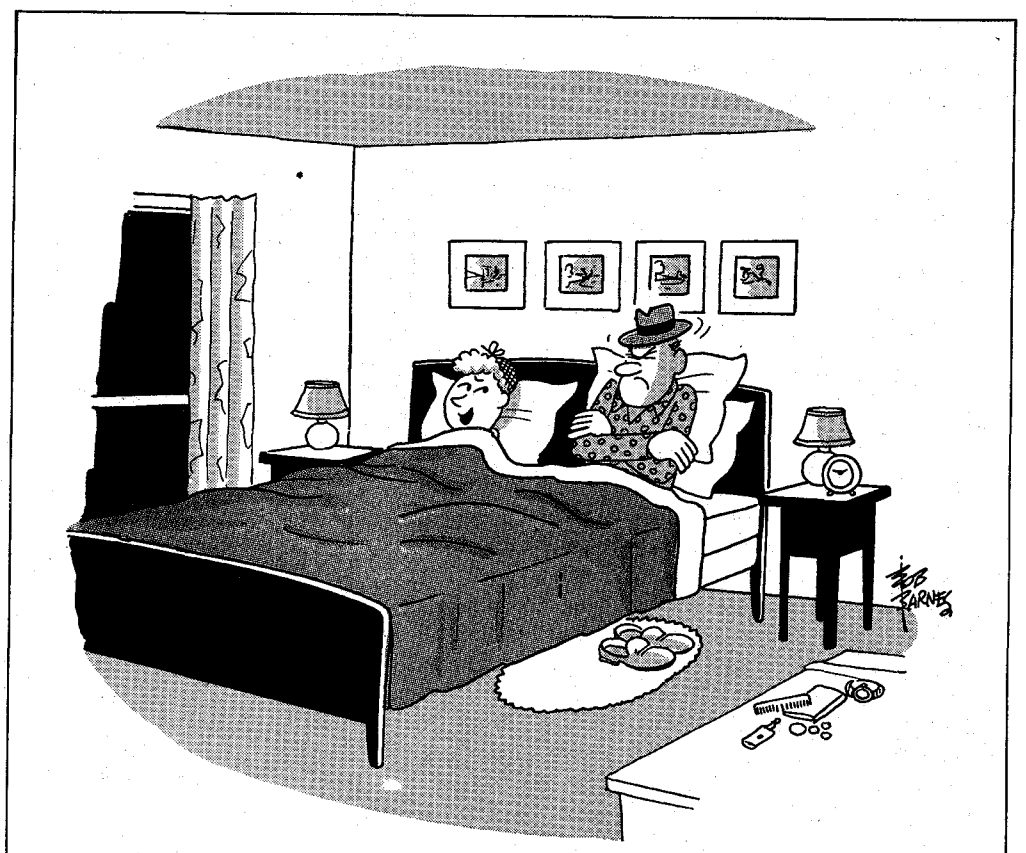
Ist der hayseeder escapen? Ja! Ein gooten looker mit curlen mustachers ist saven der fräulein mit hiden insiden ein darkisch cubbenholer. Himmel, mit courten und cuddlen und lippen-kissen, das gooten looker ben oberwhelmen der hayseeder und proposen.

After der upwedden, der hayseedenmouser ist becomen stylisch, und hobnobben mit der snootengroupers und flirten mit der golfenclubbers.

DAVE MORRAH

"Try and hurry it up—I'm starting to rust."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"Oh, come now—everyone's hairline recedes when they reach your age."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Come in, Kid!

I'm ready for him now—
Let 'Fifty-seven bow!
I have no unpaid debts,
No uncollected bets,
My tax returns are made,
My social calls repaid,
Good deeds I vowed to do
Have been attended to;
My slate's entirely clean—
For 'Fifty-five, I mean!

LOYD ROSENFIELD

Well, There's an Evening Shot!

"Tell you what. Let's see who can name the most capitals of states. We'll begin with you over there, Nadine, and each person has to name the capital of a state or he's out of the game. O.K., Nadine, what's the capital of Ala——"

"Actually, I think it's one of the best books that Merwin Stickley has ever written. Here, I'll read the first two or three chapters aloud to all of you, because —— Well, altogether, they don't run more than about thirty-eight or forty pages, and they certainly offer some real food for thought. Now, then, the first chapter begins like this: The ——"

"Tell us a little about that new project you're working on, Mr. Hawkins."

"Now, here's the whole idea of the thing: Each of us takes a sheet of paper and writes the word 'Constantinople' at the top of it. Next—keeping in mind that it isn't permissible to use the same letter twice—each person sees how many words he can make out of Constantinople, and ——"

"The best part about these wrestling matches that come on TV in about three minutes now, is the fact that they last for about two and a half hours. You'll really get a big boot out of the Bearded Monster, who's —— Well, you just never saw an uglier guy in your whole life, and he's going to be matched against this big mug called the Hooded Cobra, who's ——"

"C'mon gang! Little Cindy wants all of us to play jacks with her!"

VERNON H. KURTZ

Definitions

A bachelor is someone who
Is full of tales of derring-do.
A married man is often one
Who's full of tales of derring-done.

ELEANOR RYDBERG

I Guess You Always Lose a Little in the Translation

"Well, you'd have popped, that's all. Next day when old Hank got to the office it was knee-deep in garden catalogues. Well, you should have seen his face! I mean, we all howled. The thing is—I guess I didn't tell you—Hank hates gardening, and just the day before, he'd made this terribly funny crack about Marv Tooley. I can't remember what it was, but it was a real boff, and —— Oh, you don't know Marv Tooley either? Well, Marv's the sort of fellow who —— Well, you'd really have to know Marv and Hank both to get the point, and maybe it doesn't sound very funny the way I tell it, but ——"

"And listen, don't miss Mammy's Ole Southern Pizza Château, just north of Chicago, for the best beef stew you ever ate! I tell you what this chef does. He takes a chunk of beef—just any old chunk, mind you; says it doesn't make a particle of difference—then he soaks it for a few days in soda water. Yes, sir, plain soda water. Then he throws in a bacon rind and some catsup and some pineapple juice, and maybe it sounds awful, but ——"

"And say, that puts me in mind of Norm Tidwell. Now there's a prince, a real prince. Funny thing about Norm. You can't say he's smart, because he isn't—never got past the fifth grade; and you can't say he's honest—old Norm would steal his grandma's false teeth just to keep in practice; and he's got a face like a chimp and, honestly, I don't think he takes a bath more than once a year and —— Well, it's hard to explain and maybe he doesn't sound like much, but ——"

PEG BRACKEN

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"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."

Man with an "educated" green thumb. *Arden Rathbun was born on a farm, studied agriculture at Bowling Green University, grew tomatoes for Campbell's before joining the company.*

The Campbell Field Man

He helps Campbell farmers make good things even better

Campbell's 67 field men offer another good example of the lengths we go to in order to "begin with the best."

They are the most unusual "hired hands" farmers ever had. They draw their salaries from us but spend their time out in the fields working with our growers.

Take the field man in the picture—Arden Rathbun. He helps 55 farmers, in Ohio and Michigan, raise better tomatoes, carrots, beets, and parsley for you to enjoy in Campbell's products.

Campbell Care

Making good things *better* is Mr. Rathbun's specialty. As field man, he draws on the developments of Campbell's agricultural research as well as his own experience as a vegetable farmer.

He takes soil samples for testing, recommends the proper plant food, charts the best planting time, and keeps an eye on every growing field.

During harvest season he works practically around the clock to make sure crops are picked at the right moment.

The art of being fussy

Some people say that we're being awfully fussy. And they are right. But it's the only way you can do things when you live by this creed:

"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."

Campbell's

Soups • Tomato Juice • Pork & Beans

V-8, Franco-American *and* **Swanson** *Products*

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RENDEZVOUS IN TOKYO

The mysterious I. A. Moto was showing his true loyalties at last . . .

By JOHN P. MARQUAND

Ruth Bogart watched from across the room as Jack Rhyce carefully examined the still-warm body of Bill Gibson. Jack nodded slowly in answer to her unspoken question. "Yes, Ben was here all right."

Ruth and Jack were United States undercover agents. They had come to Japan to help Gibson smash a communist plot. Bill had learned that the Reds in Tokyo were planning to assassinate an important Japanese leader and blame the murder on the Americans.

A Russian named Skirov was masterminding the plot, but the Red agent actually running the show was a renegade American called Ben Bushman. Jack's job was to find Big Ben.

Ostensibly, Jack and Ruth were in Japan to work for the Asia Friendship League. When they arrived in Tokyo, they discovered that Harry Pender, the man in charge of the league's office there, was a communist agent. Pender, however, readily accepted Ruth and Jack.

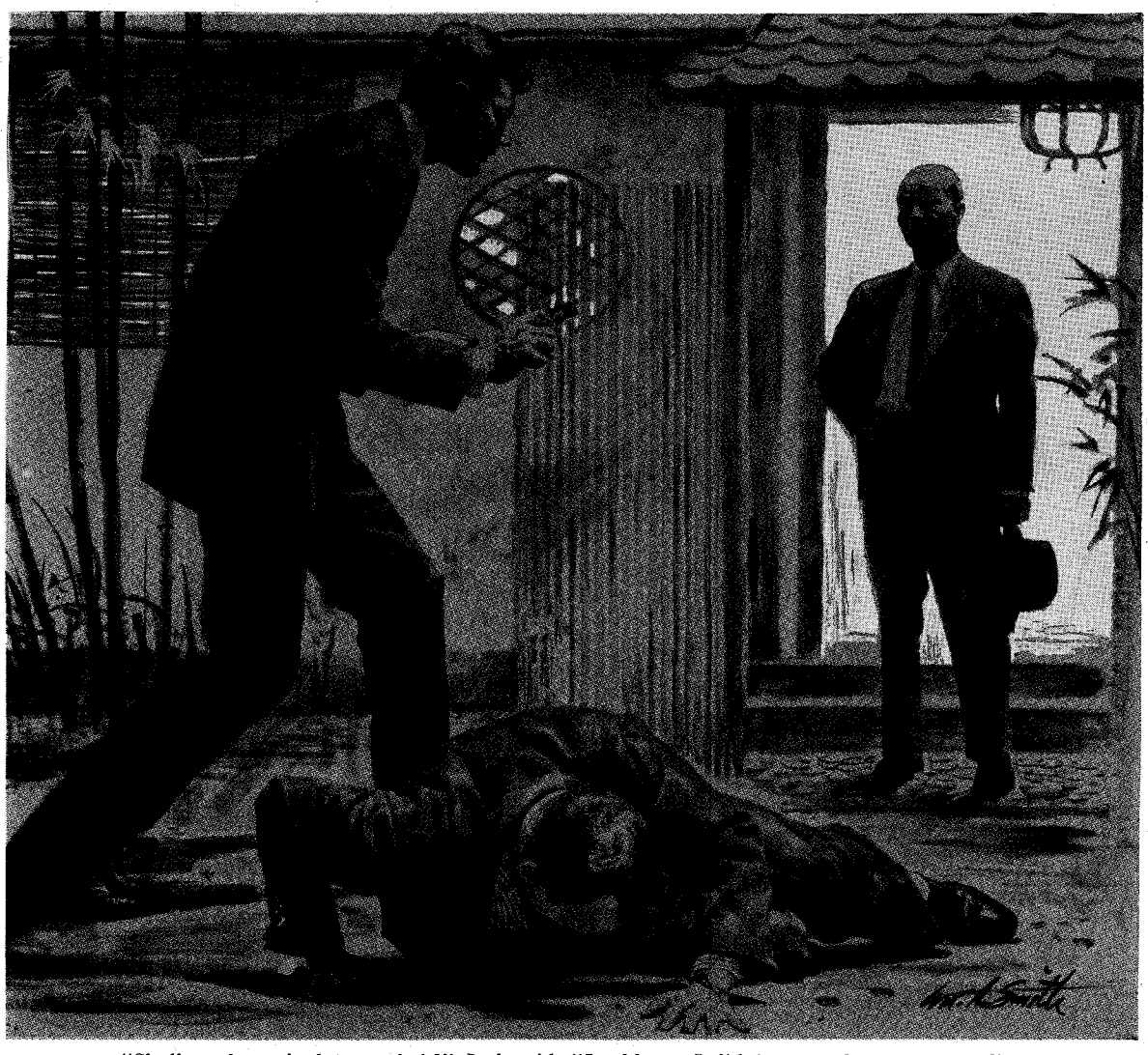
On the way to Tokyo, Jack and Ruth had made friends with a man Jack intuitively sensed was Big Ben. Jack was to meet Gibson at a resort near Tokyo to discuss what their next move should be. Ruth and Jack were to pose as young lovers spending a weekend at the hotel.

Mr. Moto, a Japanese guide, drove them to the hotel. Jack was certain that Moto himself was an undercover agent, and suspected he was working for the Reds.

Gibson arrived at the hotel shortly after Jack and Ruth. An unexpected guest was Big Ben himself. He spent some time in the bar with Jack and Ruth, and was obviously infatuated with Ruth.

Late that evening Jack and Ruth went to Gibson's cottage. Gibson was dead. The murder was patently the work of Big Ben.

Jack and Ruth then returned to their rooms. It was about three o'clock when he awakened to find that they had callers.



"Shall we leave it the way it is?" Jack said. "I told you I didn't want that man crowding me."

VI

Actually the first he knew of anything wrong was when they switched on the ceiling light, and it was the light rather than the click of the switch that had aroused him. In the instant his sight was adjusting to the light, he was on his feet. In fact, before he could see clearly, he heard someone speaking just in front of him.

"Please, Mr. Rhyce, no noise, please."

Then everything was cleared, and Mr. Moto and two stocky Japanese in blue-serge suits were in the bedroom, and "operator" was written all over them.

Ruth Bogart, in her twin bed next to the wall, reached for her handbag, but the man nearest to her knocked it from her hand.

"Quiet, please," Mr. Moto said. All the previous awkwardness had gone from his voice. His English had become impeccable and his accent was highly educated. "Get dressed, please, Mr. Rhyce. The man here will hand you your clothes." Mr. Moto smiled politely. "He was a valet once for a member of your Cabinet in Washington—before the war, of course."

The loquaciousness disturbed Jack Rhyce because it indicated Mr. Moto's belief that he held the cards. So far, no one had pulled a gun, which also meant that the situation was in hand.

"I'll give you and your chumps just ten seconds to clear out," Jack said, "or I'll throw you out, right through that window."

The three Japanese were a crowd, but given luck, Jack Rhyce believed that he might do it.

Mr. Moto raised his hand in a placating gesture. "Please," he said, "make no disturbance, Mr. Rhyce, or I shall be obliged to call for the police."

"How's that again," Jack Rhyce said, "you little yellow stinker?"

"Please do not be insulting," Mr. Moto said, "though I can understand how you feel, Mr. Rhyce. I mentioned the police."

"Oh, so you're a cop, are you?"

Mr. Moto looked grave and shook his head. "Not what you call a cop. I am just what you

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are, Mr. Rhyce, and you and I do not want cops, do we? I only want a quiet talk with you. It would be a pity if I were to call the police."

"Go ahead and do it, and I'll use the same word to you again. Go ahead and do it, you impertinent, little yellow stinker. Call in your police."

He had made the Japanese angry, which was perhaps a useless luxury.

"I do not understand," Mr. Moto said. "You must be an intelligent man to have been sent here, Mr. Rhyce, and your work was very good last evening—but not the police, Mr. Rhyce. I should have to tell them that you and the lady here had murdered Mr. Gibson. I think you would help me rather than have me do that, Mr. Rhyce."

Then Jack Rhyce realized that he was in grave difficulty, and the expressions of the two assistants confirmed the fact.

"Well, well," he said, "so that's the picture, is it? All right, tell your damn valet to hand me my pants and a clean white shirt. From the way he looks, I'll bet he stole the plans for the wrong battleship, even if he could find his way around Washington." There was no change in the three foreign faces watching him. He grinned at Ruth Bogart. "Anyway," he said, "the house detectives haven't got us, Ruth."

While he pulled on his trousers over his pajamas, Mr. Moto rubbed his hands together softly.

"Now that is better," he said. "I understand how a sudden intrusion can be upsetting."

The first surprise was leaving Jack Rhyce. He pointed to his shoes and socks, and when they were handed to him he sat on the edge of his bed and stole another glance at Ruth Bogart. The whiteness of her face showed that she, too, was beginning to see where the Japanese were fitting in.

"Oh, yes," Mr. Moto said. "Please, may I repeat, you did it very well? So neat with the pills, so nice with the needle—so nice to be a big strong man, Mr. Rhyce. No reason to tell the police. Your chief and my chief would prefer it otherwise, don't you think?"

Jack Rhyce pulled a clean shirt over his head, tightened his belt carefully, took the tie that was handed him and knotted it deliberately. Mr. Moto had not moved his glance from him, nor would Jack have done so if he had been in Mr. Moto's place.

"Not the belt, please," Mr. Moto said, "I should rather hear Big Ben strike only over the B.B.C."

He heard Ruth Bogart draw in her breath, and her mind must have gone, as his had, to Fisherman's Wharf in San Francisco.

"So that's the way the ball bounces," Jack Rhyce said. "You've got me down for Big Ben?"

"Yes. Your coat, please, Mr. Rhyce."

Jack Rhyce snatched the coat from the blue-suited man. "I'll put that on myself," he said.

"We will leave quietly," Mr. Moto said. "I never like to do more than is necessary. That is why Miss Bogart will stay here. She will understand that it will do no good to make trouble. I shall drive her back to Tokyo myself in the morning."

Ruth Bogart cleared her throat. "You don't know what you're doing," she began.

Jack Rhyce smiled at her and shook his head. "I don't really think there's much you can do, Ruth," he said, "the way the ball is bouncing."

"But Jack, they're going to ——"

"Let's not be mind readers," he said.

Mr. Moto rubbed his hands together again. "It is so true," he said, "what you say about the ball bouncing. The young lady is not important, Mr. Rhyce. I can give you my assurance that I will see her off for home, myself, from the airport tomorrow." He picked up her handbag and tossed it to one of the men. "I shall give it back also tomorrow."

"O.K.," Jack Rhyce said. "Do you mind if I ask you one question?"

"If it is short," Mr. Moto answered. "The sooner we leave the better, Mr. Rhyce."

"What makes you think I killed that man down there?"

"Because he knew too much about something you know, too, Mr. Rhyce," Mr. Moto said. "We're going where we can have a quiet talk, and I think you will tell us what he knew before we are finished, Mr. Rhyce. Moscow does not know all the tricks."

"You ought to know I'm not a graduate from there," Jack Rhyce said. "Well, as long as I have your word about Miss Bogart ——"

"I repeat," Mr. Moto said, "never do anything unnecessary."

"Jack," Ruth Bogart began, and her voice was dangerously loud.

"Don't, Ruth," he said, "but it's been nice to know you. Come on, let's go."

He still was not recovered from surprise, but he began to see that there were several reasons why they should have mistaken him for Big Ben. Everything, he knew, was very dangerous.

They walked in a compact, softly stepping group down a flight of stairs and out into the night.

"By the way," Jack Rhyce said, "what time is it?"

"Why?" Mr. Moto asked. "Have you an appointment, Mr. Rhyce?"

Jack Rhyce did not answer. The car that had brought them there was parked on the drive.

"You will sit in front with me, please," Mr. Moto said. "The men will be in the back. One of them will have you covered. He is a good man with a pistol."

Jack got into the car without speaking. Mr. Moto took the wheel. The place where they went was not far from the hotel. It was a substantially built Japanese house surrounded by a high wall.

"You will step out quietly, please," Mr. Moto said.

"Tell that goon of yours to take his hand off me," Jack Rhyce said. "I can still get out of the car."

Mr. Moto gave an order and one of the men opened the front door, at the same time switching on the lights in the entrance hall.

"The man will not touch you," Mr. Moto said. "Walk just behind me into the house, please. It belongs to a baron. Many of its rooms are European."

There was a distance of about six paces of gravel driveway between the car and the lighted hallway of the house. Mr. Moto walked a pace ahead of him, not bothering to look back, which showed that he trusted the man who was walking a pace behind, but the man behind was overanxious. He was too close, as Jack could tell from the sound of his steps, and if you held a gun at someone's back, one of the first principles was to keep a decent interval.

In the last analysis, it was the contempt in Mr. Moto's tone that made Jack take the chance, in spite of the obvious risks involved. He whirled on the ball of his right foot, and he was correct that the man in the blue suit was too close. Jack Rhyce had his wrist in his left hand and the barrel of the pistol diverted to the ground in a split second before he brought his fist across to the jaw with all the momentum of his body behind it. The pistol exploded at the same moment, and then the hand that held it relaxed, and Jack Rhyce had the weapon—from its size and weight, another one of those Berettas. Mr. Moto turned with the light of the door behind him, and Jack Rhyce spoke before anything went further.

"Shall we leave it the way it is?" he said. "I told you I didn't want that man crowding me—and tell the other one to stop."

The other blue suit was back in the doorway, and Mr. Moto gave a curt order.

"I am so sorry he annoyed you," Mr. Moto said. "Yes, he was very clumsy."

"Not clumsy," Jack Rhyce said, "just overanxious. Let's not you and me get overanxious. I'll get you anyway before you and the other one get me."

"Yes," Mr. Moto said. "Yes, and what do you suggest?"

"You tell that friend of yours behind you," Jack Rhyce said, "to come over here and help his friend. He's coming to, now. I don't like being treated this way, Mr. Moto."

Mr. Moto was silhouetted by the light behind him so that it was impossible to see his face, and one could gauge his reaction only from his voice.

"Yes," Mr. Moto said, "yes."

The rising inflection of the last word turned it into a question.

"You tell your two people to keep out of the way," Jack Rhyce said, "and I'll go into that house with you. I'm not Big Ben, and I didn't kill Bill Gibson. Frankly, he was my boss."

The light from the doorway was on his face, and he still could see only the shadow of Mr. Moto, but part of the tension was gone.

"You say you are not Big Ben?"

"You're damned well right I'm not," Jack answered. "I'm on the American team, the same as Gibson. He came up here to meet me. He was dead by the time we got there, and I want to know what he knew as much as you do."

He heard Mr. Moto sigh softly. "You may put the pistol of the clumsy man in your pocket, Mr. Rhyce," Mr. Moto said. "If you gave it to him now, he would kill himself for shame, but I am grateful to him for his clumsiness. You would, of course, have shot it out with me if you had been Big Ben."

"Yes," Jack Rhyce said, and he sighed, too, now that the tension was easing. "That's exactly the point I've been trying to make, and I had to move damn fast to make it. Here, take the gun. I don't need it any more. I never did like the balance of these Italian rods."

"Thank you," Mr. Moto said. "I am very mortified that I should be so mistaken. Excuse me, please."

"That's all right," Jack Rhyce said. "I've been sort of trying to explain you myself the last two days. It's too bad we didn't know sooner we were after the same boy."

"It was so very stupid of me," Mr. Moto said again. "So you were after Big Ben too?"

"Yes," Jack Rhyce said, and everything was easy now, and relaxed. "That's what I was sent over from the States for. Gibson was worried and wanted help."

Either tell the whole truth or none at all was an almost infallible business maxim. At least they were after the same thing. At least they were all in the business.

The man on the ground groaned and struggled to his hands and knees. Jack put his hands beneath his arms and pulled him to his feet.

"Out like a light, weren't you, Mac?" Jack Rhyce said, and slapped him affectionately on the back. "Never mind. We're all pals now."

Mr. Moto laughed in a completely genuine way. "His English is not good. Tell him in Japanese."

"I apologize for your discomfort," Jack Rhyce said in Japanese. "So it was the tea and the coffee, back there at the hotel, that gave me away on the language, was it?"

Mr. Moto laughed again, and both the men in blue serge smiled. Everything could change very quickly in Japan.

"The word always was that you people had good intelligence," Jack Rhyce said, "but I didn't know you were working so hard at it now."

"Oh, not so hard," Mr. Moto said, "with shortness of funds and the misfortunes. We would not have made a mistake such as I have made tonight, before the war. The machinery was not bad before the war."

"Still, there was the German, Sorge," Jack Rhyce said.

"Oh, yes, Sorge," Mr. Moto said. "But don't forget, please, we caught Sorge. And did you Americans catch Doctor Fuchs? And the British—did they catch Burgess or Maclean? So hard, so very difficult to manage everything."

It was a relief to talk naturally, without being under the necessity of cover.

"It's a tough life all right," Jack Rhyce said. "It's beginning to get me down these days."

"Get you down?" Mr. Moto said. "I wish so much I could visit your great country more often. I cannot keep up with the idiom now. Before everything was so unhappy, I was over once a year at least, New York, Washington or Honolulu. Ha-ha. . . . Every day is ladies' day with me, isn't it, Mr. Rhyce?"

"I wish I knew where you picked that one up," Jack Rhyce said.

"It was sung in the third-floor corridor of the Mark Hopkins Hotel in San Francisco," Mr. Moto answered, "the evening before you left, Mr. Rhyce."

"You haven't got such a bad setup, have you?" Jack Rhyce said. "So the Japanese schoolboy tailed me from Fisherman's Wharf; but you Japs get things twisted. I was up on that floor, all right, but I didn't sing the song."

"So sorry I have been so very stupid," Mr. Moto said. "He was so sure that you were Mr. Ben that when he gave the signal, I came myself to meet you at the

... ...

Marsh Night

By Daniel Whitehead Hicky

This cypress was a cypress
an hour ago,
Wind-tortured, salt-
encrusted, ebony.
But now with dusk it
whitens pale as snow
As herons seek its branches
quietly.

No feather drifts from any
closing wing,
No lyric cry from any
throat. And soon
The cold incoming tide will
mirror this thing:
A winter tree that blossoms
like the moon.

... ...

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airport instead of sending someone else. But why do we stand out here?"

"That's easy," Jack Rhyce answered. "Because you haven't asked me in."

Mr. Moto drew in his breath in a loud, deprecating way. "Oh," he said, "the work has got me down, too, as you put it, so that I have lost my manners. Please to enter, Mr. Rhyce, and no need to take off shoes. This part of the baron's residence is European."

The lights were on in the hall and also in a large room to the right. Several table lamps that were lighted in the cluttered, overdecorated parlor revealed oil paintings of English cattle, encased in immense gold frames, two pieces of artificial tapestry, tapestry-covered Jacobean chairs and upholstered easy chairs of a turn-of-the-century design. There was also a European fireplace with a coal grate, in which Jack Rhyce noticed a coal fire glowing in spite of the hot night. The coffee table had been cleared of its cigarette boxes and other impedimenta, and on it were knotted strings and leather thongs and a pair of handcuffs.

"Well, well," Jack Rhyce said, "so you were fixing to have a singing school."

Mr. Moto laughed boisterously. "Ha-ha," he said, "so nice a way you have of saying funny things, Mr. Rhyce." He called an order in angry Japanese, "Take these away and bring the sake and cigarettes! . . . Please sit down, Mr. Rhyce."

Jack Rhyce sat down in one of the easy chairs. He was grateful for the wine from the fragile thimble-sized cup that one of the men offered him.

"Mr. Rhyce, I like you so very much," Mr. Moto said. "That turn on the right foot, out of doors, was very beautiful. I could admire it even when I did not know what might follow. But I did know that the move was not Russian—at least not what the procedure was in Moscow before the war, Mr. Rhyce."

"Thanks," Jack Rhyce said. "They'll be pleased to know that back home."

Mr. Moto drew in on his cigarette and passed his hand over his closely cropped, graying hair.

"When I see someone like you, so bright and young, in the profession, there is some excuse for my mistakes," he said. "I have never been familiar with Western features, but it would be my fallible opinion that you have a kind face, Mr. Rhyce. Please, I hope you will treat my errors kindly. There is an alert in my echelon, just as there must have been in yours. Elements in the Politburo were moving in. Poor Japan. So many people, so poor. So much discontent. The intellectuals so *après guerre*, so postwar. Orders to look for a new personality. An American on file. The name on the intercept, Big Ben. Popular. Entertainment organizer, like someone on your stage, perhaps, or one of your motion-picture entertainers who loved Russia. Look out for this American, Big Ben, with the singing voice and with the weakness for singing a song from that old entertainment called Red Mill. I heard it in New York when a very small boy, when my father was in the consulate in New York."

"That sure dates you," Jack Rhyce said. "That show opened in 1906 in old New York. "

"Yes," Mr. Moto said, "they still had the tune in 1912. Imagine my joy to hear of you from San Francisco. So pleased when I saw you at airport. So pleased about the Friendship League, which we have watched with interest. So pleased about your weekend excursion just where Mr. Gibson was going. So pleased when you and the pretty Miss Bogart entered Chrysanthemum Rest—and then to find you are American Intelligence is difficult. My mind, I know, was too made up. I should have kept an open mind, but you will admit that everything did fit." Mr. Moto paused. He had, after all, made his point.

"Don't blame yourself too much," Jack Rhyce said. "Anyway, you're not Russian. I've been worried about that from the first time you picked me up."

"I am being frank," Mr. Moto said, "because I hope so much that we will be temporary partners, Mr. Rhyce. There are groups here on the left and on the right, too, so anxious to arouse feeling against America. And the plain Japanese man can change so quickly."

Mr. Moto paused, and while Jack Rhyce waited for him to continue, he had a moment to speculate on Mr. Moto's background. He came from the old aristocracy. He must have been educated abroad, probably in an Eastern American university. There had been all sorts of strains and cleavages in his mental upbringing, but there could never have been any wavering in loyalty. He stood for old Japan.

"The left wing has been growing very dangerously lately," Mr. Moto said. "That is the trouble with fanatics. At the moment, we are as anxious as you are to uphold American prestige, and I am willing to pool information if you are, Mr. Rhyce."

Jack appeared to hesitate, even though the man seated opposite must have known already that he had no choice.

"I don't see why we shouldn't do business," he said slowly, "and maybe I know a few things you don't." He paused again. It was better to start slowly. "I had no briefing from Mr. Gibson, you understand. That was to have occurred up here. He only told me that he was being followed, and intimated that he was in danger. He didn't want us to be seen together."

"So right," Mr. Moto said; "yes, so very right."

He did not blame Mr. Moto for looking discouraged. It was time to hurry on and show that he had some value.

"Still, Mr. Gibson sent us back a few facts," Jack Rhyce went on. "This man, Big Ben, has been meeting a Russian agent named Skirov at intervals. Do you know this Skirov?"

Mr. Moto's features sharpened. "Not prewar," he said; "an *après-guerre* Russian, very well trained and very dangerous, Mr. Rhyce. I'm sorry we have not seen him, but I believe he has been in Japan."

"We rate him above this Big Ben," Jack Rhyce said. "Skirov has a very high priority back in our home office."

"He is very well trained," Mr. Moto said, "a man of great potentials. We have tried very hard to find him."

"This Big Ben might lead him to us," Jack Rhyce said.

"Yes," Mr. Moto answered. "Why are you smiling, Mr. Rhyce?"

"About this Skirov," Jack Rhyce said. "I've never seen him, but we have a photograph and an accurate description. It might amuse you to know, when I found you up there in our room, that I had a hunch for a few minutes that you might be Skirov."

Mr. Moto smiled politely, but Jack Rhyce thought that he was startled.

"So funny how often people confuse things when they get fixed ideas," Mr. Moto said. "That was my difficulty with you, Mr. Rhyce. I had such very fixed ideas. What other information did Mr. Gibson send back home?"

"This meeting between Skirov and Big Ben," Jack Rhyce said; "Bill Gibson believed that there was one coming up, and there was something so important about it that he was upset. He had learned something new, but he did not have time to tell me in Tokyo, and he can't tell us now."

Mr. Moto lighted another cigarette. "I think I will have another cup of wine," he said. "Perhaps I know somewhat more than you about what was troubling Mr. Gibson. I am sorry, of course, that you do not know your apparatus here. It is a deep disappointment to me. I was hoping we could have profitable exchange of facts."

"You mean you won't tell me any more because you don't think I know anything worth while? Is that it?" Jack Rhyce asked.

"Yes," Mr. Moto said; "so sorry, Mr. Rhyce."

"O.K.," Jack Rhyce said. "Suppose I told you I've found Big Ben. Suppose I could say that I could finger him for you; then would you tell me what you think was on my boss' mind?" He had not anticipated the full effect of what he had said. The Japanese gave a violent start before he could conceal his excitement.

"How very nice," Mr. Moto said. "You mean he's here in Japan now? I am so anxious for your answer, Mr. Rhyce."

"You tell me what Big Ben and this Skirov are going to do," Jack Rhyce said, "and I'll tell you who this Big Ben is. Is it a deal?"

"Oh, yes," Mr. Moto said, and there was no doubt that they would do business. "This Russian, Skirov, do you know him?"

"I know all about him," Jack Rhyce said. "What is it that's so important about this Skirov meeting?"

A slight shifting of Mr. Moto's glance showed that he did not know all the answers either.

"We are still trying to discover," Mr. Moto said. "As you know yourself, it is hard to break the communist security. The date is three days off. I'm so afraid that Mr. Gibson knew or he would still be living. Our present information is that they are planning some coup that would have serious political repercussions that would adversely affect your country, I am afraid."

"You mean some sort of revolution?" Jack asked.

"No, not communist revolution. The picture is not yet set for that, but something that will cause popular disturbance, something that we think would be anti-American." He paused and laughed in the apologetic way of his countrymen when they were about to impart bad news. "I think there will be political murder, Mr. Rhyce, and afterwards public demonstrations."

"Who's going to get murdered?"

"We hope to find out. It would be a murder, if I may venture to guess, that would be ascribed to United States imperialism, of a liberal politician, but we do not know who. But we do think we know the date—three days from now."

"Do you know a man named Mr. Harry Pender," Jack Rhyce said, "who is heading the Asia Friendship League now? He was transferred recently from Cambodia, I think."

Mr. Moto raised his eyebrows. "I know," he said. "You spent the day with Mr. Pender before you drove here, Mr. Rhyce."

"That's right. Have you any information on him?"

"He is a very naughty man," Mr. Moto said. "His alias is Harry Wise. Hank is his cover name in the apparatus. Does that mean anything to you, Mr. Rhyce?"

Jack Rhyce nodded. The truth was that the name meant quite a lot.

"Washington must know him," Mr. Moto said, "if even our little bureau knows him. What is it you say in the United States? They have been moving in their first team here in the last two weeks. But now I wish to hear from you. Where is Big Ben, Mr. Rhyce?"

"Haven't you guessed?" Jack Rhyce said. "You said I was singing that Red Mill song in the bar. He was right there with me, and we did a dance together."

Mr. Moto was on his feet before Jack Rhyce had finished. "Back at the hotel?" He spoke almost in a whisper. "Describe him, please."

"Flight engineer on an American airline. You saw us dancing side by side," Jack Rhyce said. "Six feet four, weight about two-thirty, sandy hair, bushy eyebrows. Expression affable. In theater business, I think, and loves to sing. Favorite tunes from The Red Mill."

Mr. Moto slapped his hand against his forehead. "Oh, dear me," he said. "Oh, yes, I saw you."

"Well, that's the thumbnail sketch. Does he ring any bell with you, Mr. Moto?"

"Oh, dear me. Excuse me, I'm so sorry, Mr. Rhyce. This is very serious. I've been so very stupid. We must leave here right away."

"Well," Jack Rhyce said, "I'm glad it rings a bell with you."

"Ha-ha; yes, it rings a bell. Yes, I shall recognize him, Mr. Rhyce, because he was the one who fingered you, as they say it in the United States."

"How's that again?" Jack Rhyce asked, and he was also on his feet.

"Ha-ha," Mr. Moto said, "it would be funny if I were not so ashamed. He said he was United States Intelligence, last night, after you sang the song, and he was so very, very nice. He told me you were Big Ben, Mr. Rhyce."

Momentarily Jack Rhyce must have looked as surprised as Mr. Moto had, but he regained his composure immediately.

"But when you saw us both together," he said, "and when he spoke to you afterwards, it must at least have crossed your mind, didn't it, that he could have been Big Ben? He answered the description, too, didn't he?"

Mr. Moto eyed him solemnly and nodded in slow agreement.

"Yes. Oh, yes, it crossed my mind. I can make no good excuse for my very great carelessness, except that I was so sure of you already, but I might say one thing more, if you will excuse it, Mr. Rhyce."

"I'll excuse it; I'm still curious."

"Excuse me, please," Mr. Moto said. "When in the bar I only felt the more sure I was right in selecting you. You were so much more intelligent, so much more of a trained agent, Mr. Rhyce, so much more dangerous, while he, if you will excuse me, was so immature, so harmless, so like so many of your Government officials, Mr. Rhyce. I believed there was no doubt, but please believe I was astute enough to recognize my error when you took my man's gun away. You would have begun shooting, not have waited to talk, if you had been Big Ben."

Jack Rhyce laughed shortly. There was no time to continue with post-mortems.

"That shows he's smarter than I am," he said.

Never to underestimate the methods of an adversary was a motto of the business. Big Ben's move had been inordinately clever, but it was not time to dwell on the measure of the cleverness. It was time to put oneself inside Big Ben's mind to see why he had done it, and to estimate what he had won and lost.

Had he learned through some fluke who the couple in Cozy Nook were, and had he taken that method to knock them out of the game? This was still unbelievable in Jack Rhyce's judgment. The nature of the murder disputed the possibility, and

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so did all of Big Ben's subsequent behavior. Life had made Jack Rhyce enough of a cynic so that he was positive that he could detect sincerity. Big Ben had shown no professional interest in them while they had been in the bar, but something had occurred later to cause a change, and Jack Rhyce believed he knew exactly what the circumstance had been. Mr. Moto must have entered the bar while they were singing, and Big Ben's glance must have picked out the face in the crowd and instantly have identified it. Mr. Moto had been the one who spelled danger, and the improvisation that Big Ben had conceived, though brilliant, also had a touch of desperation to it.

"I think we'd better leave," Mr. Moto said. "You can continue thinking while we're moving, Mr. Rhyce."

"All right, but let's get our lines straight first. You saw us go into that cottage. You were watching us all evening. Right?"

"Yes; watching carefully."

"Then you went into the cottage yourself. Right?"

"Yes, so very right."

"When did you get to the bar?"

"When you and he were dancing."

"And after I left, what happened?"

"He walked over to me. He asked if I were looking for Big Ben."

"So he knew who you were," Jack Rhyce said. "He'll be halfway to Tokyo by now. He was frightened when he saw you or he wouldn't have thought so fast. Frightened people are the ones who think the fastest. Have you ever noticed that?"

"Yes," Mr. Moto said. "I am thinking you are unusually intelligent, Mr. Rhyce."

"Thanks, but let's remember one thing more. He was startled when he saw you. That means he hadn't seen you earlier. Do you agree?"

A shadow of doubt crossed Mr. Moto's face and he shook his head. "I don't agree. It might also be he knew I was following you all the time. Both you and he are such very clever men."

It occurred to Jack that, ironically enough, both their lines of thinking were academically correct, even though one must be right and the other wrong.

"I think you presuppose too much," Jack Rhyce said. "He's good, but everyone has failings. Don't forget he had a lot on his mind last night. I don't believe he saw you until you were in the bar because of one thing my thoughts keep going back to."

"You are interesting," Mr. Moto said. "To what do your thoughts go back?"

"If he had known that Miss Bogart and I were up there to meet Bill Gibson, he wouldn't have killed him that way. Don't forget he knew who you were. If he had seen you tailing us he would have made some guesses as to who we were too. He didn't know. He saw you the first time in the bar."

Mr. Moto nodded, and at least he looked half convinced.

"He's going to be tougher to catch now, because he knows you're after him," Jack Rhyce said. "I suggest that we drive straight back in the morning, and I'll see Pender first thing Monday, just as though nothing had happened. The name is Ben Bushman. You can check on him at the hotel and you can find his airline, but you had better let me try Pender."

"Yes," Mr. Moto said. "And what is it that Mr. Gibson knew that makes him dead tonight? Fortunately we have people working. I hope in another day to have the full details."

"And you'll let me know?"

"Yes," Mr. Moto said, "with pleasure, Mr. Rhyce."

"I'll appreciate it. I know you've got a lot to keep you busy, but maybe you wouldn't mind walking back with me until you can point out the hotel."

"Yes; we should be moving before it grows too light. There is only one thing more I have to say. If you'll excuse me, there may be much trouble."

"Yes," Jack Rhyce answered. "We'll have to be ready for it."

Mr. Moto hesitated. He seemed to be considering the happiest way of phrasing an embarrassing suggestion.

"Then it might be just as well," Mr. Moto said, and his words were measured, "if you did not tell Miss Bogart what we have been saying."

"I agree with you. She won't be useful here any longer. Suppose we send her home on Monday?"

Mr. Moto nodded. "With so much pleasure. She is a very lovely lady; and now we should start back."

"A very lovely dawn," Mr. Moto said. "In a few moments I shall let you proceed alone. A lovely time for a walk if one has difficulty with sleeping. That is what I should say to the hall boy if you should see him. Say it in Japanese. He will be so interested to see you returning. He, also, is in what you call the business, Mr. Rhyce."

The hotel was dark, except for the lights in the corridors and along the drive. He was halfway across the terrace when he saw Ruth Bogart, and he knew she had been standing in a shadow watching as he walked up the drive.

"Jack," she whispered, but he was only a hotel guest again.

"Why, sweetness," he said, "were you out looking for me? I only went out for a little stroll. I thought you were sound asleep."

She tapped her foot petulantly. "I wish you'd told me, dear," she answered. "It did make me frightened to wake up all alone, and I couldn't find you. Are you all right?"

"Oh, yes, dear; and I'm pretty sleepy now. It's only that I do wake up in the middle of the night sometimes, and I don't believe in these sleeping pills after what I've read about them. Instead, I go out for a walk."

"But where have you been? I couldn't find you anywhere."

"Oh, just down the road a piece. It's lovely country here, and such a clear starlit night."

"You honestly should have told me. It was mean of you to make me frightened, dear."

"I'm sorry. But let's forget about it now and sneak upstairs to old Cozy Nook or else people will think we've had a quarrel or something."

"We really will have a quarrel," she said, "if you walk out on me again."

They had said enough to explain themselves to anyone who might have been listening, and now they walked carefully up the stairs of the Cozy Nook ell without another word until they were back inside their room. From the way she clung to him, he knew she had been afraid for him. Although they were talking in whispers, they might as well have been speaking out loud.

"What's the matter, Jack?" she asked.

"It's all right," he answered. "There wasn't any trouble."

"You made them believe you?"

"Oh, yes."

"Did you have to tell them who we were?"

"Oh, I had to tell them this and that."

"But exactly what did you tell them?"

"Oh, this and that."

"Jack," she said, "did you find out what Bill Gibson knew?"

"No, not exactly."

"Jack, you're not being fair. Why aren't you telling me the truth?"

"You ought to know why. Because from now on in it's safer to keep you in the dark."

"I don't care whether it's safe or not. I want to stay in this with you."

"Thanks, but the thing's moved far enough so that you're not necessary on the job here any more. I want you to be back in Washington, ready to meet me at the airport when I get there. It would be common sense even if I had not lost my head about you, Ruth."

"New Year's or no New Year's . . . !"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Yet he could not be sure that he was right. If he had not cared about her, it was possible that he might have still thought of her as useful.

"This shouldn't have happened with you and me," he said. "It was all a great mistake, professionally speaking, Ruth."

"I don't know, and I don't care. Anyway, I'm not going back. You're going to want me around when you know what I know."

"It's got to be awfully good."

"It is," she answered. "I know how to get Big Ben; and it's got to be me and nobody else. You were right. He's fallen for me, flat on his face. Now what do you think of that?"

In the realm of Intelligence the first rule was never to underestimate any individual, but, as events developed, another rule crept in—never to overestimate him either. Everyone had his weaknesses. The Red Mill was a weakness, and in Intelligence a woman always—or almost always—made her appearance eventually. It had not occurred to Jack Rhyce before that the reason for that gambit in the bar might have arisen only from a primitive and mischievous desire on Big Ben's part to have him temporarily out of the way because of Ruth Bogart, but it was possible.

"You mean you've seen our boy again?" he asked.

"Am I going home on the first plane out?"

"Go ahead," he answered, "and tell me about our boy."

"My boy," she answered. "You're not mad at me, are you? It was all done in a business way, and you've been pretty businesslike yourself."

"I've had to be. I'm not able to move from one thing to another indefinitely."

"That's why you need a girl along," she said. "You must be awful in a man's world, Jack, thinking clearly and cutting down everybody by the numbers."

"Go ahead and tell me about our boy—I mean your boy," he said.

"Well, he was kind of sweet," she answered. "You see, it was this way. After you left with those people, I didn't exactly know what to do. I felt I had to do something, and so I went downstairs and outdoors and out to the driveway, and who do you think I saw?"

"All right. You got out on the driveway and you saw Big Ben. What was he doing?"

"He had come out of the hotel with one of those big Army suit bags. He was putting it in the back of a car."

"It was a dark-green coupé with a dented fender, wasn't it?"

"Yes. Naturally."

"They haven't got much of a car pool, have they?" he said. "But then, they didn't know that we'd spotted it. Was he in a hurry?"

"No, he was perfectly natural. I didn't think we ought to let him go away like that, so I walked out into the driveway and said hello."

"Was he surprised? How did he act?"

"Natural. He didn't seem surprised at all. He said, 'Why, hi, there. Are you out looking for the boy friend?' And I said, 'Yes. A sort of funny thing happened. A Japanese knocked on the door a while ago and asked him to step out for a minute, and he hasn't come back, and I'm wondering where he is.'"

If he had planned it, he couldn't have given her better lines. She had said all the right things and she knew her business.

"He laughed," she went on. "He said, 'It was only a little joke I played, honey, and I'm hell on jokes. He'll be coming back all right. Why, I was just coming up to knock (*Continued on Page 40*)

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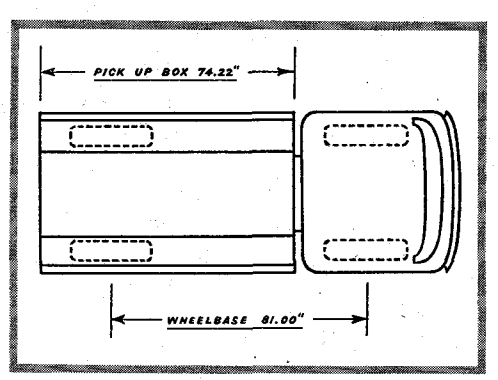

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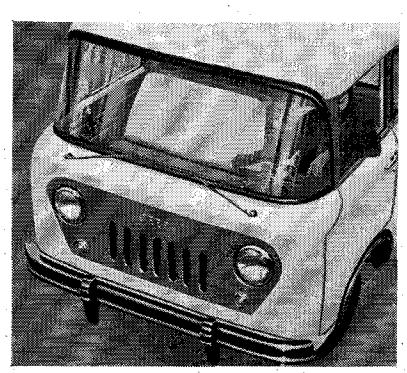

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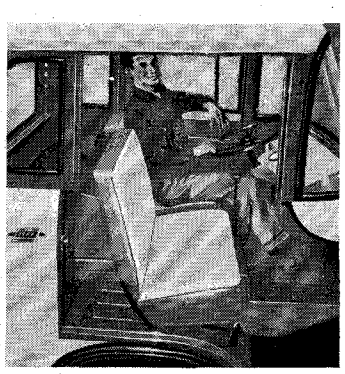

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(*Continued from Page 37*) on your door, myself, as soon as I'd stowed this bag.'

"I asked him if he honestly meant that he had got you out of the way on purpose, and he said, 'It was just a kind of a gag. But I'm crazy about you, honey, and what you need is a real man, honey, and not one of those do-gooders who talk like greeting-card salesmen.' How do you like that one, darling?"

"I don't like it, but it was the way I've tried to talk. What did you tell him then?"

"What did you expect? I said I was beginning to like him, too, and I said that you were always so prim and proper, and that I liked people with a real sense of humor. I had to say something, didn't I, Jack? That's what I'm here for, isn't it?"

"Yes. I guess you're right about that one."

"You see, he liked me. In fact, he liked me so much that he forgot one or two things. It was important to play up to him, wasn't it?"

"Yes. How much did you play up?"

"Oh, not so very much. But never mind it. Only, when he held me in his arms, I kept thinking of Bill Gibson and wondering where you were. It was damned unpleasant, Jack. And if you want to know, I'm pretty tired of sex tonight."

It helped him only a little to tell himself that of course she had to do what she had done, and that he had to view the whole business as objectively useful.

"For just a second I thought he was going to take his bag out of that coupé and stay," she said. "But he didn't."

"Not even when you asked him?"

"Right; not even when I asked him. And if I may say so, I sounded awfully good. He honestly did want to stay, but there was something that made him know he had to go in a hurry. He kept saying, 'Gosh, I wish it wasn't fixed so that I have to leave here.'" She gave a perfect imitation of his accent.

"Yes; but anyway, he went."

"But not immediately. He kept saying, 'Gee, I'm crazy about you, honey.' He seemed to be trying to make up his mind about something."

"All right; and then he made up his mind?"

"Yes. He made it up. He said, 'Honey, this mustn't be good-by. Call me as soon as you get to the city.' Then he wrote down a telephone number and gave it to me. If he wasn't there, I was to leave my name and he'd call me back."

"Good going. I can use that number."

"Oh, no, you can't. Because I've torn it up already. Besides, he'll know my voice. When you want him, I'm the only one who can talk to him, Jack—and I guess you want him, don't you?"

"Yes, I'm going to want him all right."

"Then you've got to keep me around. And now let's stop being so businesslike, Jack. I wish we both were on the outside."

"I'm going to talk to you about being on the outside when we get home," he said.

"Let's talk about it now. We could have a cabin by a lake, like the people in that book who took to the woods. I'm a pretty good cook, and you could fish or make snowshoes or whatever they do in the woods."

"Yes, but we'd better talk about it sometime later, not now."

"I wish I could talk you into traveling," she said. "Only think what it would be like if you and I went to London, and if we didn't have to check in anywhere, and didn't have to be startled when we saw one of those damned familiar faces—if we could just be ourselves, having a quiet breakfast and reading the papers, without having to watch for anything, without a single damned compulsion."

"Without having to talk to anyone," he said. "Without having to find out anything, even the time of day."

"Without having to look over our shoulders once."

"Without a switch blade in your handbag, dear. Without a pill or anything."

"That reminds me, what happened to my handbag, Jack?"

Her question broke the illusion. They never should have indulged themselves with talk about the outside or with the immature wishes that such talk engendered.

"Moto has it. He'll bring it in the morning. We're going to pull out of here first thing after breakfast."

"Going where?"

"Back to Tokyo."

"Doing what?"

"Doing just what we did before. The Friendship League, Mr. Harry Pender—all that sort of thing."

"Aren't you going to tell me anything?"

"No. What you don't know won't hurt you."

"You found out something, haven't you?"

"Never mind. What you don't know won't hurt you, Ruth."

"I won't be any trouble, Jack. I'll promise you I won't."

"I know you won't."

"Then let's talk about the outside some more," she said. "There are all sorts of things I'd like to tell you—about when I was a girl at school, about parties, about all sorts of things. Jack, it's time we got to know each other in an outside way."

"I know. Later, but there isn't time right now."

TO BE CONTINUED

Backstage at the Rose Parade

(Continued from Page 29)

Pasadenans is that there must be a spare driver under each float, in case the No. 1 driver is overcome by the fragrance of the flowers or the fumes of the engine.

The smallest float in last year's tournament, and one of the most popular, was of a girl wearing a ten-foot-high hoop skirt. This fantasy, intended to depict a Godey girl of 1856, was dreamed up by Steve Royce, manager of the Huntington-Sheraton Hotel in Pasadena. The smiling girl with the flower-covered parasol was Mrs. Polly Royce, one of four generations of the same family to ride in the parade, an indication of how the Tournament of Roses has become a tradition in Pasadena.

The problem confronting Mrs. Isabel Coleman, builder of the float, was to find a motive power small enough to hide under the skirt of flowers. When a motorcycle proved too large, she borrowed a midget one-man truck from a local airport and built the float around that. The truck was too small for a spare driver. "No extra driver, no float," insisted the Tournament management. Mrs. Coleman finally found two Japanese small enough to crowd onto the one-man scooter.

One of the more ambitious floats in the 1956 Tournament—depicting the balcony scene from Romeo and Juliet—was dreamed up by Matt Offen for the Union Oil Company, which agreed to pick up the $20,000 tab if the idea would work. Offen proposed to construct a sixty-foot float including a balcony, a flower-tiled patio and a garden fountain with more than 200 jets. For full measure, Offen offered in a reckless moment to have four live swans floating in the pool around the fountain. That sold the idea, and Offen went to work on the engineering problems, which were without precedent, as no float had ever carried a live fountain before.

Offen had to install under Juliet's balcony, tanks for 1000 gallons of water, and pumps to keep it circulating. The steel chassis looked like the framework of a sizable boat and weighed so much that he had to install twenty-two wheels, most of them free-wheeling, like casters, under the structure. To cover the job, he ordered 400,000 flowers, mostly chrysanthemums; also roses, water lilies, exotic leaves and the like. When water lilies refused to bloom at New Year's, even in Southern California, Offen fashioned synthetic water lilies out of leaves and carnations.

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After these matters were in hand, Offen turned to his swan problem. As live swans might get fed up with the parade and take off, he had to devise a means of fastening one leg of each swan to the bottom of the pool. At this point the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals protested. After a great deal of discussion, the matter was straightened out. Offen was doing all right until the week before the show was to go on the road. Then the Tournament judges cut him down with a decision that, as swans were neither horticultural nor horse nor human, he couldn't use them in the parade. Knowing he was licked, Offen built some plaster-of-Paris swans and covered them with white calla-lily petals. The evening before the parade, the lily petals turned yellow. Offen frantically ripped off the lily petals and replaced them with white stocks that stayed white.

By now, old-time float builders, like Mrs. Isabel Coleman, Lewis Stanley and Walter Garbett, have developed built-in crystal balls that enable them to sense what the hard-boiled Tournament judges will allow. The judges check the floats for mechanical details before they are covered with flowers; then, every few hours during the last two-day tizzy when the blossoms are being glued on, they make the rounds of the two huge sheds and the several circus tents in which the floats are being constructed. They are out there at dawn, when the floats are being maneuvered into position, to make their final judgments of the Sweepstakes—for noncommercial floats—the Grand Prize for commercial floats and the other awards in time to designate the winners before the procession starts. The winners receive framed photographs of their floats—nothing more.

The New Year's parade was launched by the Valley Hunt Club in 1890, and in those days the entrants built their own floats. That's how Mrs. Coleman started, fifty-three parades back. Her first entry in 1904 was her own horse and buggy decorated with roses. It won a second prize. Her friends joshed her, saying, "You didn't win; it was the horse." To show them, she entered the 1905 parade and won a second prize. Then Frank Wiggins, manager of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, sent for her, saying he wanted a float in the 1906 parade to win first prize.

When she arrived in his office, he exclaimed, "Why, you're just a little girl." But he gave her the assignment and she was in the float-building business. Since then she has captured more Sweepstakes for her patrons than any other builder. Mrs. Coleman built fourteen floats for the 1947 Tournament. Now she limits her efforts to half a dozen a year. A widow, she has two sons, a dentist and a doctor, who still take time out, with their wives and children, to help on her fantasies of flowers.

Mrs. Coleman's Grand Prize winner last year was a gorgeous creation featuring a huge golden crown in which six former Tournament queens rode; it was called Rose Royalty Revisited, and was entered by the Occidental Life Insurance Company. The crown bridged a stream made of orchids, with four fountains of flowers rising out of beds of roses. Mrs. Coleman used a quarter of a million blossoms on the float.

Each float has to jibe with the parade theme, announced by the Tournament management about eight months ahead, sufficient time for the float creators to dream up their expensive floral fantasies. The theme is usually broad enough so that anything goes if your imagination is working in high gear. This year's theme is Famous Firsts in Flowers; last year it was Pages From the Ages. The float builders submit color sketches to sponsors, and the designs are usually jelled by mid-year. This enables the float people to arrange with the local flower farmers for special plantings from which blossoms mature off-season, just before New Year's. The float builders also fly in the more exotic flowers, such as orchids, from Hawaii, Mexico and other tropical areas.

Lewis Stanley entered his first float, a flower-covered horse and buggy, in 1906. When he won the Sweeps, Stanley was in

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business. He has built four to six floats every year since then, and has won his share of the prizes, he thinks, because of his policy of "getting the good flowers, no matter what they cost." Stanley's special pride—which did not win a first—was the Helm's Bakery float. It featured a clipper ship inside a huge bottle, floating on a sea of blue delphinium blossoms, with a seafarer telling tales to three youngsters out in front. The big problem, according to Stanley, wasn't the bottle or the sailing ship, but the cork. How do you make a cork out of flowers? Stanley did it with corn husks glued onto the framework, with oak leaves for the holes in the cork.

Walter Garbett, a Pasadena florist who goes all out for animated animals made of flowers, has been building floats for thirty years. One of his floats featured Noah's Ark; wagging their heads out of the window were heather elephants, a chrysanthemum giraffe and pampas-grass lions. Old Man Noah was scanning the horizon up front. Another Garbett creation, called I Love a Western, depicted a Wells, Fargo express coach drawn by six horses that rose and fell with a galloping motion, emerging from a colossal TV set. Even the flower-covered wheels of the vehicle revolved. Garbett used just about every kind of blossom he could buy or fly in, including Iceland poppies. What stumped him for a time was finding brown flowers to cover the six horses. Luckily, red chrysanthemum petals, aged for three weeks, turned exactly the right horsy brown. These same dried chrysanthemum petals also turned the trick for a rival who needed them to make a gingerbread man for the entry of the Bakery and Confectionery Workers' Union.

The busiest float builders in Pasadena are two brothers, Lee and Fred Miller, and a partner, Elton Hastain, a general contractor who likes to tinker with the chassis which the Millers decorate. They rented an enormous circus tent before the last Tournament and put together twenty-three floats simultaneously, with the help of 400 high-school and college students. The Millers used more than 4,000,000 blossoms and ran into a new problem every minute. The toughest challenge was reproducing, in flower petals, four delicate mosaics on the royal coronation carriage they built for the city of St. Louis. These mosaics included several figures, and the perplexing question was: how do you reproduce flesh color in flowers? Well, you do it with narcissus petals, if you can persuade the narcissus to bloom two months ahead of season. The coronation carriage and all the other floats jam-packed in the big tent rolled out on schedule shortly after midnight.

The Music From the Ages float, entered by the Florists' Telegraph Delivery, featured a man-made fantasy tree, dripping with 43,000 orchids. Under it singer Dinah Shore, standing in a flowery chariot, was driving two prancing white horses made of blossoms. Although we are not supposed to mention it, the temperature in Pasadena sometimes drops very low, early in the morning. Most of the queens come equipped with ski slacks or red flannel underthings to ward off the shivers, but Dinah Shore didn't have to do this, because the Miller boys thoughtfully installed an infrared light to keep her feet warm. Just before the parade started, someone noticed that the infrared rays had melted off the bottom of Miss Shore's expensive and dazzling gold gown. The warm lights were hastily removed and cold orchids were banked around Miss Shore's feet, and the parade moved on.

At the opposite extreme from the Millers' General Motors of Float Builders operation are the floats entered by communities whose citizens design and decorate their own, as was done in the good old days. Students at Cal-Poly, the agricultural college near San Luis Obispo, even grow their own flowers. Frequently one of these sleepers romps off with the Sweepstakes, as did the neighboring town of Burbank with a float entitled Page One—a swirling explosion of a sun, moon, earth, stars in space, signifying the birth of the universe. All this was done in thousands of roses, sweet peas, orchids, stocks, ferns, chrysanthemums—and three queens wearing wispy gowns.

The early Rose Parades staged by the Valley Hunt Club in the '90's were shorter on fantasy, but longer on roses, which were draped over the horses and carriages of the Pasadenans who paraded for the fun of it. After the procession, everybody moved to Tournament Park for the Roman-chariot races. The Pasadenans were horse lovers in those days, and the young bloods who drove the chariots considered themselves modern Ben Hurs. One New Year's Day the wheels of two chariots locked, the steeds ran away and a number of people were injured. The Pasadenans decided that the chariot racing was too risky, and substituted athletic events, which were entirely too tame. Along about 1910, the Tournament directors decided they had had enough of putting the bite on merchants to finance the New Year's show, and called the whole thing off.

When the late D. M. Linnard, who ran the old Maryland Hotel at the time, heard about this, he asked the directors to reconvene. Arguing that they were giving up priority on a day which neighboring Los Angeles would gleefully snap up, Linnard declared, "There will be a parade next New Year's if I have to push a wheelbarrowload of roses down Colorado Boulevard all by myself, accompanied by a band I'll hire."

The Tournament directors reversed themselves, and there has been a New Year's Rose Parade every year without interruption for sixty-seven years. Shortly they hit on a gimmick that put them in the money. It was the annual Rose Bowl game between the top Pacific Coast college football team and one invited from an Eastern conference. The Tournament Association's share of the take has paid not only for the 100,000-seat Rose Bowl stadium but for an office building in downtown Pasadena and two huge warehouses in which to build floats. It also handles neatly the parade expenses and the cost of hiring up to 1200 extra police from neighboring cities to handle an average of 1,500,000 spectators.

The Tournament's work is handled largely through thirty active committees of Pasadenans, who jostle one another for the privilege of serving. Before they make the grade as committeemen, the 750 "patron" members of the Tournament Association have to do menial jobs for two or three years to prove themselves willing workers. In time, some of them advance to "associates," which means that they can work harder and pay higher dues. Three or four more years and the 350 associates are screened down to 125 "regulars," who vote and have some say-so about policies.

The committees get to work on next New Year's Tournament at a meeting on the third Thursday of January, when the board of directors chooses the officers and the executive committee of ten. Planning the Tournament down to the last detail is an all-year chore. Nobody knows why the Pasadenans—the males, that is; there are no women in the association—fight so hard for the privilege of working up the Tournament ladder. The president, like the other officers, is chosen strictly because he is a worker, and neither position nor wealth is an advantage or asset. Fellow officials estimate that during the past four decades, the incumbent president, Dr. Alfred L. Gerrie, a dentist, has put in the equivalent of two full years of his life for the Tournament of Roses. In Pasadena, to be president of the Tournament Association is the highest honor the community can bestow.

Aside from secretarial help, the Tournament Association has but one full-time employee, Max Colwell, a newspaperman who had worked up the committee ladder to a rung where he was headed for the presidency. When the directors offered him the manager's job at an attractive salary four years ago, Colwell accepted, although he felt that he was sacrificing the greatest honor that could come to a Pasadenan.

In their respective fields, the committees are all-powerful and jealous of their prerogatives. Typical is the Coronation Committee, which spends over 4000 man-hours each year selecting the several aspirants for Rose Tournament queen from the 1500 young women in Pasadena City College. Once they have chosen seven princesses, the Coronation Committee outfits the lucky girls in elaborate wardrobes—the only prizes they get—and exposes them to a round of social functions. The princess who shows the most poise and charm is named queen and crowned at a Coronation Breakfast. This is followed by a Coronation Ball, and then the ride on the Queen's Float, attended by her six princesses. Asked, when she reported back to class on January third, how she felt about being queen for a day, the 1956 Tournament Queen, diminutive Joan Culver, considered the question thoughtfully and replied, "Tired." THE END

Miss Long Beach, Miss Universe and Miss U.S.A. display the longies they wore to keep warm while riding in the 1956 Rose Parade.

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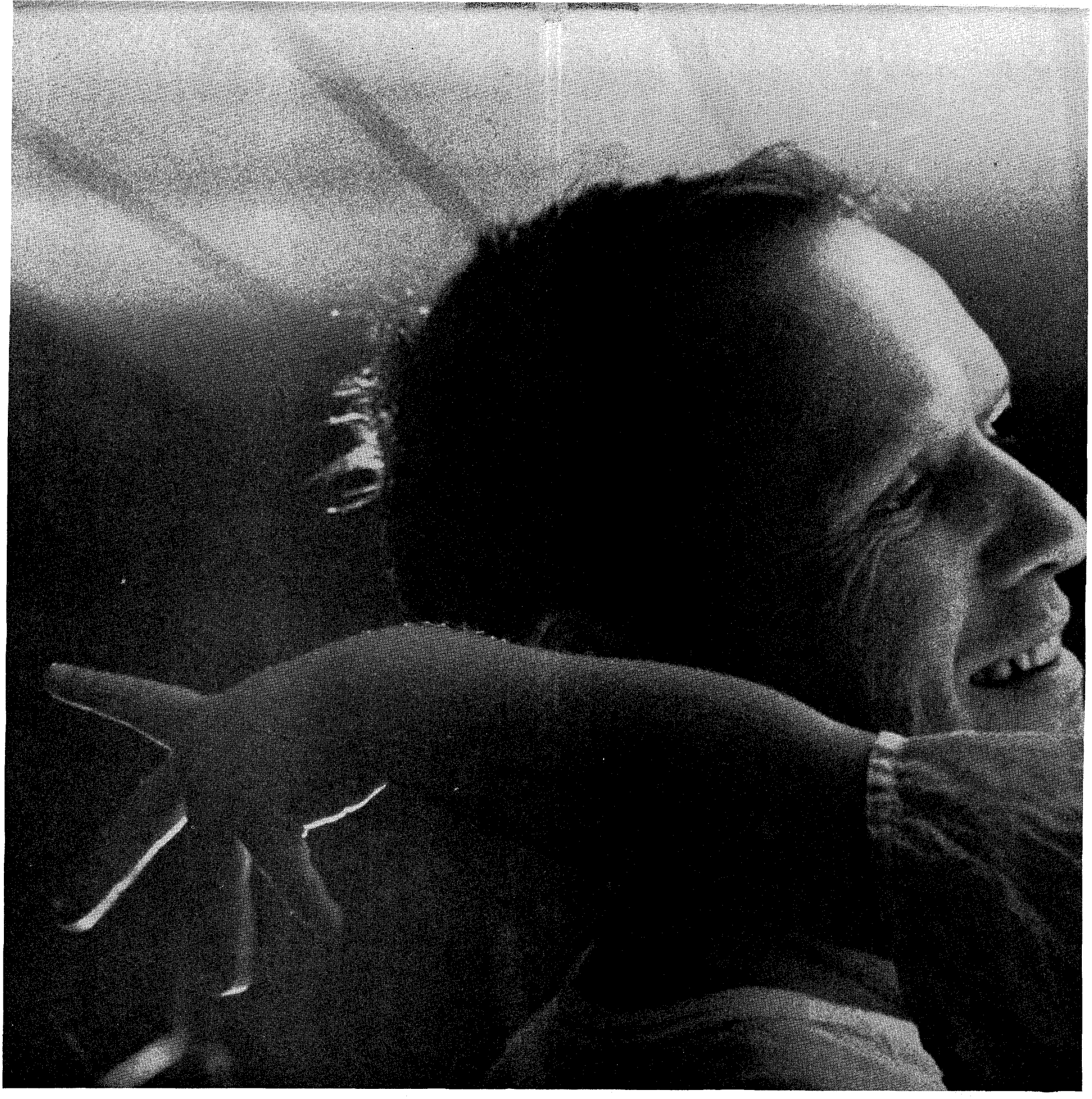

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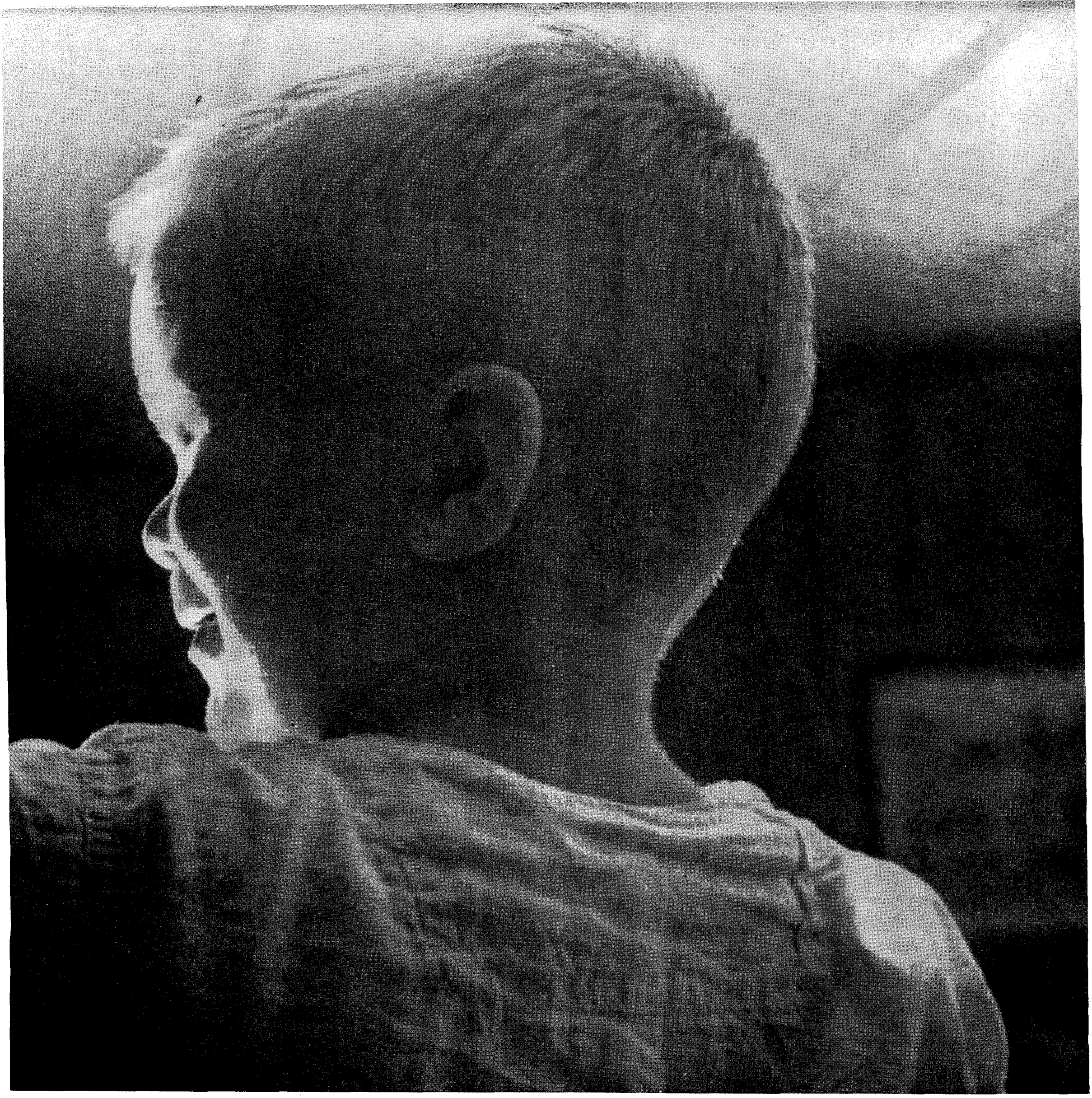

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Christmas on the Island

(Continued from Page 14)

beautiful with flowers and brilliant butterflies and small, water-flecked green ferns.

The weather was hot. It was ten days before Christmas in the northwest monsoon, and MacGregor stayed on top of the rock resting and watching until the ketch had beaten northeast round the coral, heading, as he guessed now, for the main Trobriand group, which was in the north. Then he scrambled down to the track again and headed for the district office.

Stevens, the patrol officer, saw him coming, and threw a yellow envelope on the counter.

"Radiogram for you," he said.

MacGregor tore it open. "Three days old?" he complained. He wasn't really surprised.

"Yes. Well, there was no hurry," Stevens said. "You can't get a message out in reply. The radio's broken down."

"When are you going to have something urgent of your own so you'll fix it?" MacGregor inquired nastily, but Stevens only grunted and turned his back. He threw a bundle of letters—mostly for Richards—on the counter. The radiogram was from Richards too. It read:

DELAYED THREE WEEKS BROKEN PROPELLOR SHAFT STOP SOME DAMAGE STOP SLIPPING SAMARAI STOP PLEASE MEET LAYONI AND EXPLAIN WHY NO CHRISTMAS STOP LOOK AFTER HER STOP SORRY TO TROUBLE YOU. FRANK

Well, that was Frank all over, MacGregor thought. He had the ends all tied up, but, somehow or other, nothing went right for him. He had made a special trip to get Christmas stock for his store, and now he wasn't going to be home for Christmas. Layoni was his ten-year-old half-caste daughter and the apple of his eye, and Layoni's mother had died at her birth. MacGregor had never seen the child. He felt, anyway, that he had no special affinity for children. They bored him.

One of the letters, he saw, had the name of Layoni's mission school on the envelope, so he tore it open. It contained Layoni's school report and the news that the mission schooner would land her at Papatalu on Owelaka on December twenty-first. He looked up, reminded of something.

"Beautiful ketch just left the bay," he said. "Whose is it? No trader, I bet."

"You're safe," Stevens told him. "That was Innstrom's Tanagra. If I had his money I wouldn't be bucketing round these waters in a wind ship. Even though it's got everything that opens and shuts."

"Sir Gordon Innstrom?" MacGregor asked.

Stevens nodded. "The same," he said.

Sir Gordon was the one man above all others MacGregor would have liked to meet. He was the only one of the Australian millionaires, as far as he knew, who took any interest in painting. More than that, in MacGregor's view, it was an informed interest. Innstrom knew his subject.

"I'd have liked to meet him," MacGregor said.

"You'll get your chance," said Stevens. "He's coming back. He spent a few days with the Allisons, and they've asked him back for their Christmas party."

The Allisons had the biggest copra plantation. There were only a dozen Europeans on the island, and the Allisons comprised the self-appointed aristocracy. MacGregor avoided them when he could. Mrs. Allison got on his nerves a little.

"So charmed to welcome an artist to our little community," she said when she met him first. "I paint myself, of course. But in my first year here I painted everything, absolutely everything paintable. One can't go on painting the same coconut palm." None of her efforts hung upon her walls, and the few prints there, while they were good, seemed to bear no relationship to one another.

MacGregor himself was engaged in a period of searching introspection. When he got home he went through his paintings again, stacking them up three or four at a time in the best light. They were not what he wanted.

He had left Sydney with no very impressive reputation, but in all honesty he did not know why. His work was modern. It had flow and rhythm; and in particular, a series of portraits that almost approached caricature had deserved, he felt, a public recognition. His techniques were good. He was a young man going places, and he had undertaken the visit to the Trobriands for publicity purposes as much as anything; it was a vivid place where no other artist had been. And then the islands had intrigued him, entangled him, and finally, he had to admit, defeated him. For the exaggerated color and the exotic forms of the tropics mated badly with his exaggerated technique.

He sorted out the portraits of Doraima, a Lamari village adolescent who, on a whim, had her head shaved entirely bald. The girl's figure was exquisite. The dainty conformation of her completely naked head mated wonderfully with her fine-cut features and her regal bearing. She painted designs of happiness on her face—eye-encircling curves of shining black and enameled white in pigments of charcoal and lime and coconut oil.

MacGregor's first painting of her, in his usual style, was so bad he destroyed it. The others now faced him: two or three representational treatments in assorted surroundings that offered a flat and clinical result, and a slightly better version, with an almost Egyptian flavor. This one had drawn praise from Mrs. Allison, but he felt it lacked something.

Over-all, he was disappointed. His work seemed alien to the land and to himself. The more immediate reason for his inspection, however, was to decide whether the quality of his work was sufficient to intrigue such a patron as Innstrom. If he could achieve Sir Gordon's patronage, his fame and future would be assured.

A couple of days later, when a native boy arrived at Lamari with an invitation to the Allison Christmas party, he was delighted to accept. He put the latest Doraima portrait back on the easel and added a few finishing touches, planning to present it to his hostess. Brought to the party, it would inevitably form a topic for conversation into which Sir Gordon must be drawn. Thus he would make his chance.

The Allison children and four or five others—the patrol officer's two and a Sanderson and two Emmets—were on the mission schooner with Layoni when he came to meet her. She was a slim child, primly dressed, with pipestem legs and neat polished shoes, and she stood a little behind the others, ignored by them, clutching her case in both hands, with her head downcast. Her voice, when she spoke, was tiny but musical.

Mrs. Allison, having gathered her brood about her, nodded a bright farewell. She was a big, heavy woman, briskly pleasant.

"We'll expect to see you on Christmas Day then, Mr. MacGregor," she said. "Come in the afternoon. The children will be having their party then, and we'll expect you to stay for ours in the evening." She looked at Layoni. "Someone at Lamari can look after Frank's child," she added. "I doubt that she'd get on too well with our lot."

The little girl dropped her chin on her chest again and looked at the ground. MacGregor felt her register the snub, brutal and direct. He took her absurdly small case, made his farewells, and they started up the track. When they paused at the summit and sat in the sun by the Fishermen's Rock, Layoni waited awhile before she asked, "Will my daddy be home for Christmas?"

"I'm afraid he won't be," MacGregor said absently. "He'll have to stay in Samarai until his boat is fixed. A couple of weeks, maybe."

He suddenly sensed Layoni's disappointment, and looked at her closely. For the first time he noticed the dusky glory of dark hair, the smooth olive complexion, the incredibly beautiful liquid brown eyes. There was something a little pathetic, he thought, in the way she looked down at her toes. Suddenly realizing she was at home, on her own ground, away from the disciplined days of mission school, she reached forward, undid her shoe fastenings and stripped off shoes and socks. MacGregor thought, uncomfortably, of another disappointment.

"I'm afraid there won't be any Christmas presents either," he said. "No party. Your daddy was going to bring all the things back with him, and now he can't."

There was a long pause this time, while the movements of her hands were arrested, and then she said gently, "It doesn't matter." She looked up. "We did have a party at the mission, and it was nearly Christmas," she said. "Some of the girls there don't have any parties but mission parties." Later on, when they were walking down the track, she said, "The girls that have parties will tell us all about them when school starts."

"I thought Mrs. Allison might have asked you to come to her party," MacGregor said, and Layoni shook her head.

"She never does." She had the utmost composure and poise. "Maybe daddy will bring a party back with him," she said. "It won't be very far from Christmas, will it?"

She looked up at him, and her beautiful eyes belied these Pollyanna sentiments, for they were close to tears. He began to feel a real interest in this little scrap of humanity. Suddenly he made a resolve that she should have her party.

At night, after he had sent Layoni to bed, MacGregor sat and smoked his pipe. *What on earth does one do*, he thought, *to please a child at Christmas?* Most of his memories came from the commercial art work he had done in student days for city stores. There would have to be a tree—well, that was simple. He could manage that. But there were no toys, no ornaments, no strings of lights. Playmates would be no problem. And he could keep the party a surprise—last-minute invitations would not worry the native children of the village. There should be an angel for the top of the tree. He tried to remember what else.

The village of Paladau, in the south of the island, was renowned for its wood carvers. They were simple artisans who cheerfully tackled the job of making, say, a three-legged table; chopping it with most intricate design out of a heavy solid tree trunk, using tiny adzes of their own manufacture, smoothing the cuts with the sandpaper skin of a stingray, and adding the final polish with a boar's tusk. Their main products were beautiful wooden bowls, simply and handsomely carved, but when a Paladau villager had nothing else to do he carved little fish or pigs, and instruments for the daily work of the people. None of the island natives cared to use any artifact that had not been given some ornamentation of beauty, but a Paladau man would neglect his gardens for his carving, with the enthusiastic approval of his wife and family.

Timothy, the old village councilor, was sharpening an adz in front of his hut, and looked up, smiling, when MacGregor walked in. The artist came straight to the point.

"I want you to carve me an angel, Timothy. You know this something, an angel?"

"No, sir."

"A woman then—a woman that has wings on her back like a bird's wings; a woman this high"—he gestured with his hands about fifteen inches apart—"and in her right hand she holds a stick that has a star, like this, on the end of it." With the point of a knife he scratched a star-tipped scepter on the ground.

"A woman with wings and a stick?" asked Timothy. "This is an angel?" He pronounced the word three times over, trying to get it right.

MacGregor caught himself quickly. "Why, no," he said. "An angel is like a woman, truly, but she must be something more. She is the meaning of all giving, the cause of all happiness; she makes your heart light."

"Like a new bride?" asked Timothy.

MacGregor searched his mind. It seemed urgent that Timothy should have exactly the right idea.

"Like a new bride and a new mother," he said. "Like the bride and the mother of all the world." He wondered whence the image came, and thought it over. It did not sound ridiculous at all. "And she looks like this," he added. He drew three quick little sketches of the angel while the councilor watched him intently.

"I want it quickly," warned MacGregor. "The day after tomorrow." Absently he added a halo to the front-face figure.

"All right," Timothy said. "I'll bring it to Lamari."

"Something else," MacGregor remembered. "I want some things for a child to play with. There should be three wise men with camels, and shepherds with their sheep, and a crib for a Baby. You know sheep? Or camels?"

"Are they like pigs?" asked Timothy.

"Like pigs," MacGregor said. "Only more like this." He drew a sheep and watched the old man's eyes when he looked at it. "Never mind," he said. "I guess pigs will do. They are for Layoni, for Christmas."

The old man nodded. "I know this Christmas," he said. "That is when the government holds the sports at Losuia."

MacGregor drew a deep breath. "Christmas is more than that, Timothy," he said. "Christmas is when everybody thinks of other people, to make them happy. At Christmas the white man thinks of God, and pleases Him by making His children happy."

I sound like a preacher, he thought. *I have never thought these things before.*

Timothy was looking up, smiling. "I have heard of these things, but not seen them," he said. "I will be glad to help. But Mr. Richards will bring toys from Samarai."

"Not this Christmas, Timothy," MacGregor said. "His boat has broken down. That's why I want you to make these things. And not you only. Tell the others what I want. Tell them that I need toys for the children and that I will pay them well."

"The day after tomorrow I will bring them to Lamari," the councilor promised.

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Once he had committed himself to give Layoni the party, MacGregor went about it enthusiastically. Layoni had renewed friendships amongst the children of the village, though in the year she had been gone she had almost forgotten the Boyowan language of the island; and most of the day she spent on the beach or in the water, and was never underfoot. MacGregor saw her only for meals, which he sometimes got himself, but oftener left to the hired boys Richards kept in the store. At night Layoni would look briefly at her books, which were few; then go to bed to sleep dreamlessly. MacGregor's affection for her grew with each meeting, and in the two days of preparations she was much in his thoughts.

It was easy, without her knowledge, to find a she-oak tree with the necessary symmetry and the desired size, and to install it in a corner of the store, concealed by burlap sheets and cartons of goods. He was also able to recruit a few of the village women to help him by making strings of shell beads and raucous trumpets made from the coiled leaves of the coconut palms. They caught his enthusiasm and by Christmas Eve other villagers to whom he had not spoken were bringing in gifts—a beautiful little outrigger canoe with mast and butterfly-wing sail, and tiny paddles laid across the planking. There was a set of tops made from halved coconut shells doweled with wooden pegs, and a cord carrying bag in five colors.

Timothy and three men from Paladau came late on Christmas Eve with their carvings. The angel was a triumph, queerly modern in design, with a long body and short, thick legs; and, in place of the halo that MacGregor had drawn, she carried a cooking pot on her head. She had long almond eyes and a straight, unsmiling mouth. But she was nevertheless beautiful, with an air of proud kindliness most suitable for an angel. MacGregor handled the carving for a long time, turning it over and over. Then he looked at the other things, spread about him on the ground.

There were at least twenty little pigs, each round and fat, and standing stockily on four absurd short legs. There were three little figures of men. There was a short trough, shaped like a Phoenician galley—"Something for the baby," Timothy said. MacGregor recognized it. It was an ancient baby bath, just big enough to admit the fingers of a mother's hand, holding just enough warm water to clean a baby. It was the only Trobriand article made for babies. MacGregor set it down carefully. And then he saw the thing.

It was a big carving a foot long. It was cut from some golden timber, and it had a long body, six short legs and a tail that was a dragon's tail, except that it curved upward and back, its frill of broad spines soaring like a banner, and joined in two places to the thing's back. The neck balanced the tail, but carried an enormous head with two pointed ears, four round eyes and rows and rows of bared teeth. MacGregor picked it up.

"What is it?" he asked.

"It is a camel," said Timothy, and MacGregor put back his head and laughed.

"I think it is a camel. I have never seen a camel," Timothy added. He seemed affronted, and MacGregor stopped laughing.

"It is not quite a camel," he said. "But it is a very good something. I am truly pleased with it."

"Yes, it is a very good something," Timothy said complacently.

MacGregor paid the men well in tobacco and goods from the store, and they left. He looked at the angel a long time; then he took his paints and, with some compunction at hiding the beautiful grain of the wood, painted it in the colors of life. He painted the pigs, too, and the little men who represented shepherds; and when that was done, he turned to the decoration of the tree, tying in place the brilliant crimson globes of fruits and golden oranges, and all the colorful things he could think of. He could not add the angel or the painted toys until the morning, when the colors would be dry, but even so it was long past midnight when he went to take a final look at the sleeping Layoni on his way to bed.

She was lying quietly, a little olive-skinned doll herself, with her dark hair spread about the pillow, her thin little arms carelessly outside the single sheet that covered her. In her sleep she looked a little sad and a little lonely, and he felt a great affection for the child.

He took a long time to go to sleep himself, thinking not of Layoni but of the Allison party. He was excited about it, and in a way disgusted with himself for being excited, because he certainly condemned Mrs. Allison for her rejection of Layoni. It would have been easy for her to be kind to the child, who was, after all, the only person on the island alien to both the natives and the whites. At least on Christmas Day she could have given her the companionship of the other English-speaking children, MacGregor felt. On the other hand, he felt the prospects of the Innstrom contact to be enormously important. Sir Gordon's was an acquaintance which MacGregor could develop with, he felt, the happiest of results when he returned to civilization. From the starting point of the Doraima painting, which Mrs. Allison would certainly have in a place of prominence, he might even secure Sir Gordon as a kind of patron, and that, combined with his own ability, would be quite sufficient to insure the success of his whole career.

So his thoughts went, on and on into the night, and it was quite late when he awoke.

"Where will you go this morning?" he asked Layoni at breakfast.

"Just swimming, I think," she said, and he nodded. He would be able to find her when he wanted her. So he said nothing about the waiting Christmas tree. Better to keep it really a surprise. In an hour or two it would be ready.

It took even less than that to set the painted angel at the top of the tree, to wrap in concealing leaves the painted pigs that should have been sheep and the funny little men that should have been shepherds, and the toys—the tops decorated now with bands of bright red and blue—and to arrange them all in their places. But when that was done, Layoni and her village friends were nowhere to be seen.

It would be a four-hour walk to the Allison place—maybe three hours if he hurried—but MacGregor did not particularly worry about his time schedule. A little later never mattered in the islands. The children would turn up by lunchtime; he could start their party off and still arrive at the Allisons' in plenty of time. But it was early afternoon when Layoni appeared, and he was feeling aggrieved.

"We've had a lovely day, Uncle Mac!" she cried. "We found a cave ——"

"Well, go and find all the other kids again, and quickly," he said. "Bring them here as fast as you can."

He looked at his watch as she ran off. It was one o'clock. He pulled down all the burlap barriers and the pile of crates, and revealed the Christmas tree. Even in his impatience he was pleased with the result. The tree was beautiful, its branches gracious under the brilliant offerings, and from the topmost twig the angel, proud and lovely, looked indeed as though she offered her benediction.

When the little girl came again to the doorway of the store, she just stood still and stared. Behind her, a throng of brown children pushed their way in, until they, too, could see the tree and the angel.

"Merry Christmas, Layoni," greeted MacGregor. She didn't hear him until he had said it twice more. Then she ran, not to the tree, but to him, clutching his legs and looking up at his face; and he felt the strong unselfish love of a man for a child welling up in him, almost choking him. It was new in his experience and it took him by the throat and left him weak.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you!" she cried.

"Just for you," he smiled. "You and your friends. It's all yours."

She walked slowly over to the tree, picking her way daintily, and there was that in her eyes that dimmed the radiance of the angel enthroned there. It was a look of beauty, of complete adoration, reflecting the kind of sheer happiness that can bring tears. MacGregor watched her for long minutes; he sat there watching while she called the others; he sat on and on. And suddenly it was urgent that he should keep forever the memory of that

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The only trouble with bragging about your child to anyone is that other people either have children or they haven't.

DAN BENNETT

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look and that happiness; and almost unconsciously he reached for his sketch pad.

Working swiftly, he captured the moment. Quickly he made sketch after sketch—the face, the uplifted eye, a hand outstretched—not coldly and clinically, but in a mounting fever of excitement that was somehow intertwined with his other emotions.

Suddenly she was lifting up the animal that Timothy had carved—the six-legged monster with a dragon's tail.

"What is it?" she asked.

"It's a something," he told her. "Timothy said it's a camel." She dissolved into laughter.

From there it went on as a children's party does, except that the creator of the party sat there amongst them, his pencil flying, stabilizing and holding forever the moments in which a fat brown baby sat in ecstasy, fingering a spotty painted pig; or the whirl of movement with which a lucky lad raced to the water with a toy canoe. And when, at last, MacGregor retrieved the angel from the top of the tree and Layoni took it and sat with it in her arms, with her face molded into a pure testimony of love and happiness, he sat and drew that, too; his lines swiftly conspiring to produce, not merely the features, the waving black hair, the liquid brown eyes, but the configuration of love itself—of love and happiness and the true recipient spirit of Christmas.

When he had finished he realized that the afternoon was gone, that the sun was sinking, and that the Allisons would this day see neither himself nor the portrait of Doraima. There was no time for him to go, and no excuse. He could never explain such a late arrival.

Instead he stayed with Layoni, and when the village children went, read to her a little while, and watched her sleep at last; the painted wooden angel clutched in her arms, its cooking-pot halo against her shoulder. He realized he had probably made an enemy of the Allisons—the explanation that he had failed to arrive so that he could give a Christmas party to Layoni would certainly not be acceptable to the woman who had refused to invite the little girl herself. The Allisons didn't matter, but he regretted the lost opportunity of meeting Innstrom.

The day after Christmas was like any day after Christmas, MacGregor thought moodily as he cleared away the tree and the debris of children's play. He worked slowly, absorbed in his thoughts, and was surprised by a stranger at the door, a tall gray man, a little red in the face from walking, dressed in correct tropical whites and carrying an ebony stick. The stranger held out his hand.

"My name's Innstrom," he said. "You're MacGregor. I heard some talk about you last night, and I wanted to see for myself how an artist would treat all this magnificent material."

MacGregor could hardly believe his luck. They talked for a while, and he brought out his paintings; some of the lesser ones first. But as Sir Gordon looked at painting after painting, MacGregor's spirits sank. The visitor was politely appreciative, no more. When at last the Doraima portrait stood against the wall, MacGregor knew with certainty that his work hadn't passed the tests of this man's criticism.

"Interesting," said Sir Gordon, fingering a gray mustache. "A really interesting solution, and I can see the problems you're up against here."

MacGregor made tea, and managed with difficulty to keep up a conversation. Whatever it was the millionaire had come hoping to see, he had not found it, and the artist reacted with disappointment almost to the point of despair. But as he turned to go, Sir Gordon idly picked up the sketch pad with the drawings of the children at the party. Carefully he went through them, page after page; then, with the pad, seated himself at the table.

"Now these?" he asked. "You'll be working on these? They're quite recent?"

"Yesterday's," said MacGregor. He laughed. "They're the reason I didn't meet you at the Allisons'."

"Obviously," said Sir Gordon, "you found something better to do." He pointed to the Doraima portrait against the wall. "You see the difference? That one's good—good technique, good balance, a fine subject—but it's cold. It lacks emotion. You felt nothing. You had nothing to feel. These"—he took up the drawings again—"these are different. They have feeling. They are alive. Here your hands were directed through eyes altered by your own emotions. You were emotionally involved, you see. You are forever involved. And I think you will never be the same as you were before." He reached in his pocket and found a card. "I must go, young man. I'm glad I came. I'd like to see more of your work. Your later work. Look me up when you come to Sydney."

MacGregor walked with him to the Fishermen's Rock at the top of the hill. He had a feeling he might never see Sir Gordon again, for suddenly he knew with certainty that he didn't need him. When he returned, Layoni came racing from the beach and threw herself into his arms. The wooden angel hit him on the head, but he didn't care.

"Thank you! Thank you, Uncle Mac!" cried Layoni. "Thank you for the party!"

"Thank you, little girl," he said. "Thank you for everything." She didn't understand him, but he didn't bother to explain.

THE END

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Day of Manhood (Continued from Page 23)

holly brush until that last moment when he could still get back across the marsh before the school bell rang.

Now he was no longer a schoolboy; he was a man, a Fox Neck guide, and he strode down the length of the low-walled back wing of the clubhouse, confidently shoving open the heavy door.

"Li'l' Olly?" his father called from the inner room.

Shucking his jacket gave him an excuse to delay a reply, a moment to let the sting of resentment die down before he crossed to the doorway of the room where the guides were eating breakfast. The sight of his father seated in the chief guide's chair at the head of the table subconsciously prompted a reminiscent sharing of family pride, a temptation instantly erased when his father called him that name again. "Want something to eat, Li'l' Olly?"

He shook his head, silent except for the sharp exhaling of a deep breath, clearing his nostrils of the tempting odor of saged sausage and heavily siruped pancakes. He had eaten nothing at home, rejecting his mother's plea to wait until she could make coffee, afraid that lost minutes might cheat him of a chance to do a guide's full share of the work.

"I'd better be getting my decoys out."

"They're out," his father said.

The other guides all looked at him, grinning the way old men did when they thought a kid was getting too big for his breeches, imagining that he was smart enough to set his own stool of decoys.

"I'm giving you the creek blind, Li'l' Olly," his father added. "You ought'n' to have no trouble there."

He forced the demanded acknowledging nod, but dropped his eyes, tugging at his rubber bootstraps, knowing what all the guides were thinking—with a northeaster blowing, it would be rough work out in the big open-water blinds today, a man's work that couldn't be trusted to a green kid.

He felt driven to escape back into the outer darkness, but forced himself to stand firm until, finally, there was the signaling scrape of his father's chair and then the long walk down the dark hall to the brightly lighted lounge of the clubhouse. It was an enormous room, as big as Pruitt's store, seemingly filled to overflowing with strangely pink-faced men. Padded out to giant size with layer upon layer of cashmere sweaters and down-filled vests and coats, they appeared as men from another world. And they were: New York, Wall Street, millionaires. English double barrels that his father said cost as much as a man could make in a whole crabbing season. You had to be a big man to belong to Fox Neck—really big.

But the funny thing was that when you saw them like this, close-up, just their faces and not the clothes they were wearing, they didn't look much different from anyone else—except maybe Mr. Alexander.

But even Mr. Alexander wasn't too different. Men were like geese. There was always one old gander that did the honking, telling the rest where they were going and what they had to do: the way old Duke Hooper ran things around the crabhouse; the way Olly Crockett bossed the guides; the way Morton P. Alexander was standing there now, making all the others look at him as if they were only hired hands, not millionaires at all.

"Draw for blinds," the big man commanded, spreading a deck of gilt-edged cards over the table. "We're shooting six blinds. . . . That right, Olly? Got another guide, didn't you?"

"Yes, Mr. Alexander," his father said, anxiously polite, not sounding at all ganderish now that there was a bigger old gander around. "Li'l' Olly's going to help—wasn't time to get anybody else—but he can handle the creek blind."

"Well, if he's a son of yours, Olly, I guess he'll be all right," Mr. Alexander said . . . . "Draw your cards, men. Two gunners in each of the outside blinds; odd man goes back in the creek with Olly's boy."

The hunters crowded the table, blocking the view.

"Henry's high with the king of clubs," Mr. Alexander ordained.

A mass moan went up from the others, as if some great good fortune had been unfairly snatched away, and the man who had been called Henry laughed. "You have to live right, boys. In case there's the slightest doubt in anyone's mind, I'm shooting with Olly Crockett."

Mr. Alexander sounded a throat-clearing honk that turned into a gurgling chuckle, falsely apologetic. "I'm sorry, gentlemen, but I seem to be having more than my share of luck too—queen of spades—so, if Olly doesn't mind, I'll take the other place in his blind."

"Don't mind at all, sir," Olly Crockett said, speaking the transparent truth. There was always a pool on the first blind to shoot its limit and, with Mr. Alexander as one of his gunners, he stood a better than even chance to collect a guide's share of the pot.

The choice of blinds went on, selection indicated by the speaking of a guide's name, and John Crockett waited anxiously for the sound of his own. He wouldn't mind now what they called him, even "Li'l' Olly."

But silence fell without his name having been spoken.

The hunters were starting to button coat collars and shake out the earflaps of their beaver-lined caps.

"Wait a minute," someone called. "There must be a foul-up somewhere. Who's in the creek blind? There are eleven of us and ——"

"It's all right," Mr. Alexander cut in sharply. "Junior didn't draw. He can go out with Olly's boy. Creek blind is a good place for the kids today. . . . Right, Olly?"

John Crockett made no effort to catch his father's reply, his complete attention centered now on the thin figure of a boy, unnoticed before, who stood in the deep shadow cast by the great stone fireplace. As their eyes met, he had the uncomfortable feeling that the face he saw was a mirror image of his own, tight-lipped with resentment.

Green bills were showering down on the table, quickly counted and sheafed in Mr. Alexander's pudgy pink hands.

"Same rules?" someone asked. "Pot goes to the first blind to get its limit?"

"Not today!" Mr. Alexander snapped back. "We're shooting for the Thanksgiving goose. Pot goes to the man who downs the first honker."

There was the sudden shock of total silence; then the quick exchange of darted glances, supposedly secret, but John Crockett knew what all the men were thinking. It was club tradition that on some one day of this third week of November the daily pool was wagered on the first goose to be killed. Now Mr. Alexander had picked the day. With a hard northeaster blowing, the only blind that would be likely to offer a chance at a goose would be the one off Fox Neck bar, the blind where Morton P. Alexander, Sr., would be shooting. But no one talked back. The old gander was the boss.

At the first indication of a movement toward the door, John Crockett pushed outside, leading the way, turning back to watch the men spill out into the darkness, Junior laggardly bringing up the rear. Even as only a black silhouette against the lighted doorway, the boy confirmed his first impression—a green kid, not a day over eighteen, first time out, carrying his gun as if he were afraid of it, as if he'd never had one in his hands before.

"I'll take it," John Crockett said, reaching out for Junior's gun. But the door closed before he had it in his hands, snuffing out the light, erasing the chance for instruction by example.

By the time the long file of men had reached the wharf there was the watery glow of first light in the eastern sky, enough visibility to see the row of five blind boats bobbing in their slips, freshly painted and with new canvas covers shrouding the outboard motors. Without being told, John Crockett knew that he was expected to use his own battered old skiff, a push pole instead of a motor.

But a motor didn't matter. A push pole was all he'd need to get out to the river blind, and, once there, he'd have no trouble picking up all the ducks Junior could kill. The boy probably couldn't hit a bufflehead sitting on a marsh pond, let alone a canvasback riding a forty-mile northeaster. And that's about all there'd be back in the creek today—fast-flying singles, maybe a pair now and then, but no big flights stooling into the decoys the way they'd be doing at the outside blinds, hanging in the air with their wings set and their feet down, as easy to hit as if they were tied to the end of the gun barrel.

Carefully depositing Junior's silver-chased double barrel in the bow of the skiff, protecting it from his own battered old gun with a wadded burlap bag, he waited while Morton P. Alexander, Sr., honked out a string of last-minute instructions to his son.

"—— and don't go blasting away, Junior, if they aren't in range. Just spoil things for the rest of us. And no cigarettes, do you hear? Nothing flares ducks the way cigarette smoke does—cigar smoke's not so bad ——"

John Crockett blocked his ears to a further sharing of Junior's embarrassment, aware that he himself was being spared from the same fate only by his father's flurry of last-minute checking to make certain that lunch hampers and vacuum bottles of hot coffee and soup had been safely loaded aboard all the boats.

But his father's task was finally done and he bore down on him. "Now when you get out there, Li'l' Olly, be sure and ——"

He was saved by a quickly arising crisis. Junior's boots had stuck fast in the half-frozen mud and, in attempting to break loose, he had lost his balance and was now sprawled bottom down in the black muck.

By the time Junior had been extricated and the worst of the mud scraped off, the muffled laughter of the older men was lost in the drone of outboard motors.

There was nothing in any way unusual about the creek blind—a cluster of pilings supporting a high-perched box for the gunners, a hidden slip for the boat, everything camouflaged with a thick covering of cedar boughs—but as they approached it, Junior's worried expression proclaimed it the strangest structure he had ever seen.

Reaching back for his gun after he had clambered awkwardly up from the bobbing skiff, he said, unnecessarily, "I haven't done much duck hunting. If there's anything you can tell me—well, I'd appreciate it."

John Crockett nodded, turning away as he knotted the painter to a piling, his mind darkened by the anticipated ignominy of an empty-handed return to shore. There was no blacker mark on a guide's record than bringing back a skunked gunner on a day when the other blinds had all shot their limits. That had happened to Tootie Weimer, and he had never again guided at Fox Neck. It was always the guide's fault, never the gunner's.

"You're coming up here with me, aren't you?" Junior asked anxiously.

John Crockett hesitated, tempted, but challenged by his father's strict rule against fraternization: a guide's place was down in the boat, not up in the shooting box; and no guide ever lifted a gun except when he was chasing a cripple. But if he were up there with Junior, and if he could nudge him into killing just one duck ——

As a compromise decision, he swung himself quickly up through the aromatic cedar boughs, leaving his gun behind in the bow of the skiff.

Junior was shivering, and with all those clothes on, it couldn't be from the cold.

Eyes averted, John Crockett examined the set of the decoys, grudgingly admitting that it couldn't be improved. Off to windward there was a long buttonhook of canvasback, perfectly set to the curve of the shoaling point that made out from the shore. Up toward the creek were the baldpates and pintails and, inshore, exactly at the apex of the lee-shore slick, a pair of blacks. Out in the open water, well away from the rest of the decoys, there was a single sea gull, the trade-mark of an Olly Crockett stool.

Nor was there an alibi overhead. The distant sky was alive with ducks responding to the invitation of the dawn, clouds of canvasback rising from their night rest on Fox Neck bar, great skeins of redheads moving up and down the bay shore in the slow undulation of their swift flight, blacks trading potholes out in the marsh. The great southward migration was at its peak and these backwaters of the lower Chesapeake were a concentration point for all the waterfowl that followed the Atlantic flyway.

From the high vantage point of the shooting box, the whole length of Fox Neck was clearly visible. Four of the other blinds were beyond the land and hidden by the shore trees, but his father's could be plainly seen off the bar point where the whitecapped lather of the open bay met the sheltered water of the creek. Even as he watched, eyes sharpened by the constant practice of distant vision, he saw a dart of canvasback come in, turn and circle, circle again. Then there were two tiny splashes, all but lost in the whitecaps.

Junior's inquiring expression demanded an explanation and, responding, he tried to tell him what had happened at the other blind. It was a mistake. With his attention diverted, the boy failed to see a pair of pintails make a low pass over the decoys. They were out of range long before his gun came up.

"I'm sorry. I didn't see ——"

He was tempted to cut off Junior's apology by taking the blame himself, but the words died in his throat. Five canvasback had broken off a string high overhead and were plummeting down. Breath held, he traced their path in the sky . . . yes, they'd seen the stool . . . circling now . . . turning again . . . dropping. Five . . . no, six . . . tightly bunched. No one, not even Junior, could help hitting at least one. Wait . . . let them circle again . . . wings set . . . now!

As if propelled by his silent command, Junior's gun came up and the first barrel blasted out. But there was no second shot and the six ducks, spiraling up in what seemed unnecessary alarm, were riding

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out the wind that carried them far out over the marsh.

No explanation was necessary. His side glance had told him what had happened. At the moment of firing, Junior's eyes had been tightly closed.

A thin bloodless pink colored the boy's pale cheeks. "I guess I'm not much good at this."

"You'll get on to it in a minute or two," he answered hesitantly, uncomfortably aware that to offer advice would break another of his father's rules. But hadn't Junior asked for help? "The thing is——" he began cautiously. "Well, with all this wind, these ducks are flying faster than you think. You've got to lead 'em a long ways. Keep looking right at 'em—never take your eyes off the duck you're aiming at—but swing when you shoot, kind of like your gun was a broom and you were sweeping the duck out of the sky."

"I'll try," Junior said.

But ten minutes later a pair of redheads crossed the center of the stool and flew on untouched. This time the boy had managed to keep his eyes open, but he had fired only one barrel and the shot had spattered the water harmlessly low and far behind where the two ducks had been.

"I suppose my old man would have got both of them," Junior said, tight-lipped.

Almost instantly, exactly as if his words were being answered, there was the sound of distant shots and, looking toward the point of Fox Neck, John Crockett saw his father's boat nose out of the blind and circle the stool, the crab net dipping twice as he picked up dead ducks. "Forget about your father," he thought, not realizing, until Junior looked at him, that he had actually whispered the words.

"That's easy enough to say," Junior said in a grim half whisper. "But how can you? I try to forget him, but there's always someone reminding me—calling me Junior. If they'd only call me Alex—I wouldn't even mind Mort—but, no; it always has to be Junior! You don't know what it's like, having something like that hanging over your head."

"But I do know," he protested—and then, surprised, he heard himself add, "My name's John—John Crockett."

Clumsily formal, they shook hands. And that, too, was a mistake. A canvasback hen slipped in from nowhere, wings set to pitch before they saw it, flaring off wildly at Junior's windmilling grab for his gun.

The duck rocketed down the shore line, straight for the blind on the point. The sound of a single gunshot was carried back on the wind and his father's boat started out again.

"You'll get the next one," John said, trying without hope to displace the look of defeat in the boy's eyes.

Junior shook his head. "It's always like this. No matter what I try—well, even if I was as good as I ought to be, there's nothing I can do that he can't do better."

His voice drifted off, lost in the sound of the wind, and John Crockett stared out across the open water, pretending to watch a hell-diver that was swimming in toward the decoys. A moment before, he had felt a warm sharing with the boy beside him, a mirror image matching that gave them a kinship stronger than blood. Now, suddenly, what he saw in the mirror was the accusing image of a little boy feeling sorry for himself, excused only by the silly reason that people called him Junior. And yet ——

His eyes centered on the stool, seeing it as an example of his father's consummate skill. Maybe Junior was right. No matter how hard he tried, he'd never be able to set a better one. Someday maybe someone might admit that he could match it—set as good a stool as his father could—but that was all, the most he could ever hope to achieve. . . . Li'l' Olly.

The wind brought the sound of another distant fusillade and again he saw his father's boat go out from the blind on Fox Neck bar. The net dipped three times. Three and five made eight, the limit for two gunners. They'd be coming in now—less than an hour in the blind. He'd be here all day with Junior—sundown and there still wouldn't be a dead duck in the skiff.

But the minutes ticked by and there was no indication of a departure from the far blind. Why? The limit was never overshot at Fox Neck; not because of any special righteousness, but because the members of the Fox Neck Rod & Gun Club were all big men, too big to risk the bad publicity of having a game warden smear their names across the newspapers. Mr. Alexander and Henry had their eight ducks. Why weren't they ——

His ears prompted his brain, flashing a reminder of the Thanksgiving goose. Because he had seen no geese in the sky, he had forgotten the pool. Now, suddenly, the prospect completely filled his mind. He was positive that he had heard a goose honk somewhere high in the gray clouds, a gander looking for a safe landing, demanding an answering invitation from the ground.

Squinting, his eyes searching the sky, he tried to locate the string of geese that the gander was guiding. He saw nothing. Ears straining, he waited for another sound. Then he heard it again—but, no, that wasn't the high honker now. Or was it? Sometimes the wind tricked your ears. No, there it was again, and there was something wrong. Some subtle falsity, undefinable but definite, made him sure that the last "ker-honk" had not come from the throat of a goose, but from his father's old applewood goose call. Olly Crockett had seen geese and was trying to toll them in.

Then he saw it, too, not the V-string of geese that he had imagined, but a lone gander, high over the pines that backboned Fox Neck, headed straight into the northeaster, fighting the wind with the slow wingbeat of almost exhausted energy. If the goose held its course it would pass almost midway between the two blinds, safely out of range. But there was a chance that it might be tolled in for a shot. That's what his father was obviously trying to do.

Hurriedly, John Crockett slid his hand toward the pocket of his jacket, feeling for the bulge of the goose call that had been his last birthday present. The pocket was flat, the call gone. Terror struck, colder than the wind. The call wasn't in any of his other pockets nor in the skiff. He must have dropped it when he was getting Junior out of the mud.

The lone goose was clear of the trees now, making slow progress against the wind, but still coming on. In a moment it would hear his father's call from the point blind. . . . Yes, now a wingbeat missed . . . wavering. . . . Tonight they'd be saying again that no man on Chesapeake Bay could toll in a goose the way Olly Crockett could.

Suddenly a cry broke from John Crockett's throat, the breakthrough sound of an explosive mixture of resentment and frustration, unplanned, but clearly the call of a wild young gander, explainable only as the tortured echoing of the sound that was reverberating in the dark chambers of his subconscious mind.

But the gander in the sky had heard him! Desperately, now consciously, he repeated the call, hurling it into the wind, aware that he was in the fight of his life, his opponent not the goose but his father, the gander no more than a flag to mark the winning of the battle.

For the duration of a dozen slow wingbeats, John Crockett thought he had lost the fight. The gander had turned full away and was heading directly for his father's blind. Reaching out with the last ounce of lung power that he could summon, he loosed another series of calls, waiting out the seemingly endless time lapse until the sound could reach the high-flying goose.

His heart stopped with the goose's wingbeat, then started pounding wildly again as the gander broke its momentary wing set and turned back toward him. Exultation slackened his throat and his next call was terrifyingly off pitch. Instantly correcting his tone, he sent another cry skyward, repeated and repeated, the dragged bass notes tearing at his vocal cords.

Now there was the sensation of physically pulling the goose out of the sky, a tug of war with his father on the other end of the rope, a rope woven of twisted nerves and endlessly upreaching muscles.

Slowly but surely he gained ground, the flag on the rope inching toward him as the goose came closer and closer. His lungs were all but bursting with the demand of sustained effort, but, finally, there was the victory of set wings as the goose began to drop, making a cross-wind turn high over the blind. From some inner resource, he summoned the strength to reach up with a desperate call that turned the gander, bringing him back over the decoys again, lower now, but still out of range.

Then, suddenly, as if a quick-closing vise had clamped his lungs, he felt a heart-stopping acknowledgment of defeat. In the total concentration of effort, he had completely forgotten that victory depended not upon himself, but upon Junior. No matter how close he brought the goose, it still had to be shot down out of the sky.

If only he had his own gun! But there was no time to get it from the skiff. This was the one chance for a shot—the last turn—the goose almost motionless, the thrust of its wings only strong enough to hold it suspended against the drive of the wind . . . now!

Startlingly, double thunder exploded in his ears, more logically the bursting of his lungs than the sound of gunfire, but he could not blink away the all but unbelievable truth that the goose had crumpled and was plummeting down through the sky.

Quickly, he pushed open the blind door, dropped to the skiff and hurriedly poled out toward the stool, anxiously aware that many a lightly hit goose got away. But there was no need for haste. The big bird was belly-up, stone dead. Sweeping his arm as the dead goose slipped down the lee of the skiff, he scooped it up and tossed it nonchalantly into the bow, rehearsing the tolerant little smile that he would give Junior when the boy asked him to hold up the goose so that he could get a close look at it, bug-eyed, the way a green kid always was with his first kill—the way he'd been at thirteen when he'd shot that crowbill with a .22 rifle.

But no request came from the blind as the skiff approached. Morton P. Alexander, Jr., stood calmly poised, his face showing no emotion beyond the assured expression of a mature man who has just witnessed the justification of self-confidence. The skiff was fully in the slip before he turned to look down and, even then, his eyes gave the goose only the briefest of brushing glances.

"You were right about the way that wind's blowing, John. That was my trouble—not leading them enough."

"You've got to get out ahead of them," he answered, turning to hide his face, afraid that he would smile.

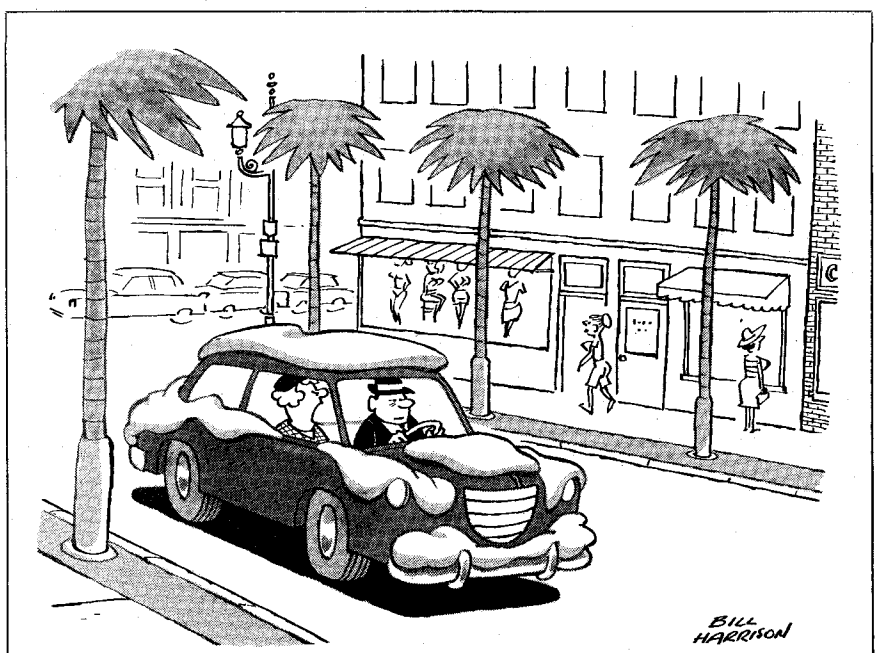
The goose had been motionless when Junior had shot, hanging in the air like a sack on a nail—even a three-foot lead would have meant a clean miss. But it didn't matter, the goose was dead—and, as his father had often said, a Fox Neck guide wasn't paid to argue with the members—not that his father knew all there was to know about guiding, especially when it came to calling geese, but ——

He picked up the painter, ready to slip a hitch around the piling, but the wind whipped a suggestive odor past his nostrils. He looked up and saw that Junior had lighted a cigarette.

"Look, Mr. Alexander," he said, the words slipping out, "if you don't mind holding up for a minute or two, I'd like to go out there and fix that stool. Don't quite like the way those pintails and baldpates are setting."

"Whatever you say, John—but lay off that 'Mr. Alexander,' will you?"

"Sure, Alex, sure," he said, poling the skiff out of the slip. That was another of his father's rules that didn't make sense—never calling a member anything but "Mister." If Morton P. Alexander, Jr., wanted to be called Alex—well, what difference did a name make? THE END



"Of course I'm glad to be here.
But I still say you drove too fast!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Good Genie of the Tank Company

(Continued from Page 27)

contributions he's been making since, come solely from his monthly pay of about $350 and the back pay he accumulated as a prisoner of war in Korea.

It was while in communist captivity that Artesani started his crusade of good will. He was captured with other members of his company after a desperate three-day battle in November, 1950. During thirty-three months of near-starvation, illness and torture, Artesani made American flags out of scraps of cloth and smuggled them around the camp to bolster morale. When the camp chaplain died, Artesani, a Roman Catholic, took over, preaching, leading the GIs in prayer and encouraging them to resistance.

Instead of filling him with hatred and bitterness, the privation of the Korean camps moved Artesani to make a postwar vow: "If I come out of here alive, I'll spend the rest of my life making up for this misery—making others happy."

Although he's reticent about his Korean ordeal, he has been living his vow ever since his liberation and assignment to Fort Devens. Thousands of men who have rotated through the Tank Company, which has an average strength of 100 men, know him not only as "the best damned mess sergeant" but also as a banker, lawyer and father confessor. An occasional sour note does come up—Artesani's efforts in behalf of his men do make it tough on other mess sergeants, and they don't mind letting you know they think he's overzealous.

The paneled walls of Artesani's mess hall are covered with landscape prints and photographs of the company's memorable occasions. At one end of the mess a beautifully embroidered American flag hangs against forest-green drapery. There are drapes in the windows. Unlike those in most Army mess halls, the tables are covered with white cloths, there is a potted flower on each table and each place is set with stainless-steel flatware and a napkin.

Artesani has menu cards printed for the company's Christmas dinner and he keeps a supply of book matches with an inscription: "To our friends—from Tank Co., 4th R.C.T." He displays a poster in the Inn reminding his men: "I'm proud to be a tanker." Another sign brags that the Tank Company is "the backbone of the 4th R.C.T."

Fenced in one corner is Artesani's "office"—a steel desk, a file cabinet and a safe that he never bothers to lock. In another corner is the TV set, flanked by a record player. As one grizzled tanker put it, "The only thing this place ain't got is a hat-check girl."

Recently, I watched Artesani make a premeal inspection of the Inn just before suppertime. He straightened a chair, adjusted a flowerpot; then marched to the serving counter, where he critically examined that night's meal—tossed green salad, cream cheese with chunks of pineapple, juicy roast beef, buttery whipped potatoes and baked yams, milk, coffee, ice cream. Smiling, he nodded approval to his cooks.

It was all regulation Army chow. The only exception was the cream cheese with pineapple, which Artesani admitted was a little extra he had "managed" for his men. Cooked under Artesani's supervision, served on blue china plates and devoured in the country-club atmosphere of the Inn, the food was, as one man said, "Out of this GI world."

Artesani's cooks are instructed to ask each tanker how he likes his eggs or where he wants his gravy. When a GI malcontent upsets things, Artesani is not beyond a practical joke to break him in.

A tanker, impatient with the slow-moving line, once loudly berated Artesani's serving routine. "I don't give a damn where you put the gravy! Put it anywhere and make it snappy!"

Artesani went behind the counter, loaded the grumbler's plate with chow, perched an ice-cream brick on top and poured hot gravy over it all. The GI got the point and behaved from then on.

Within half an hour after evening chow, the Inn becomes a social club. "There's the Red Cross and the PX on the post," says Lt. Harry B. Moorehouse, the mess officer. "But our men prefer the Inn." Sergeant Evans, the "program director," switches on the television, men settle around; others retreat to the far corner to write letters or read.

Meanwhile, Artesani goes to the kitchen, where he prepares double-decker sandwiches for the Inn's famous snack bar. Tankers back from a pass, night guards, men from other outfits—all are welcome through the night. Artesani, who supplies the makings himself, puts no set price on his snacks, although he invites donations. "I figure the sandwich is worth twenty cents," Artesani says. "But if a guy only has a nickel, that's O.K. too. And if he's broke—well, how can you refuse a hungry man?"

Artesani's customers never abuse his hospitality. They drop what they can into a glass-jar "piggy bank." "That's my Christmas fund," Artesani explains, rattling the jar. "A lot of orphans are going to have fun and at the same time my men get good chow—everybody's happy."

Despite Artesani's best efforts, the tankers grow restless at times. "Our men are used to action—plenty of it," says Capt. Edwin Nelson, the company C.O. "They are happiest in the field when the tanks are rolling. Life here at Fort Devens is pretty static by comparison. The men get impatient and the morale flags. That's when Artesani is invaluable."

Artesani's cure for the fidgets is a company party. On a party day he turns the mess-hall routine over to his right-hand man, SP3 Stanley (Pop) Kawa, and goes shopping at a market near the post. Upon his return he prepares such delicacies as stuffed celery, deviled eggs, canapés with ham, roast beef and cold cuts, several kinds of cheese and three kinds of salad. Olives, pickles, relishes and French bread complete the menu—enough of everything for 100 tankers and their guests.

Artesani also participates in the evening's entertainment. A wizard at addition, he matches his wits with an electric adding machine. He turns his back while a tanker writes a long column of four-digit figures on a blackboard. At a signal, Artesani spins around and in a flash gives the correct total; then waits for the adding machine to verify his sum. He's never been known to make a mistake.

Artesani's catering talents are well known in Fort Devens. The post NCO's Club, the Officers' Club and other outfits often enlist his help. The First Infantry Division Society's annual reunion party brings veterans from forty-eight states to the Tankers' Inn. Artesani tries to find time for everyone on his busy schedule, but his chief interest is in his men. When the Tank Company went to Georgia on maneuvers in April, 1954, Artesani was still recovering from his Korean ordeal. Over his protests, he was ordered to stay behind at Fort Devens.

First Lt. Peter Beczkiewicz, the former company C.O., recalls that the tankers had a rough time in the field without Artesani. Constant moves disrupted food service; the men griped and morale was low.

Soon after, Artesani showed up at the Georgia camp. His surprised C.O. asked, "You're not AWOL, by any chance?"

"No, sir. I had a post card from the outfit; I figured I'd better get down here, so I got travel orders."

"How'd you manage that?"

Artesani winked. "I have friends at post headquarters, sir."

What Artesani didn't mention was that his orders did not include travel allowance and that he'd paid his own train fare from Massachusetts to Georgia.

In short order the sergeant got the field kitchen operating on schedule, with hot meals and gallons of his famous coffee. The tankers perked up and finished the maneuvers as a top team.

There seems to be no limit to Artesani's concern for his men. On one occasion the post laundry was caught short-handed and the tankers found themselves running out of clean shirts and fatigues.

Always nattily dressed, like the GI on an Army recruiting poster, Artesani told his complaining men to keep their shirts on—literally. The next day a truck pulled up in the Tank Company area and unloaded four new automatic washing machines—another gift from the sergeant.

"By George! This calls for a celebration! Where do you keep your liquor?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

When his tankers have personal problems, Artesani has a ready ear and often a solution. Pvt. Harry Blanchard's predicament seemed complicated until he talked to the sarge. Blanchard's wife, an Italian girl waiting for her American visa, was seriously ill. Blanchard could get a fourteen-day compassionate leave, but travel by ship to Italy would take too long and he could not afford a commercial airline. Well versed in finding his way through military red tape, Artesani told Blanchard how he might manage a temporary-duty assignment to the Military Air Transport. The travel both ways would then count as duty time and Blanchard would get his full leave with his wife. Blanchard followed Artesani's advice and the plan worked without a hitch.

Artesani also attends to his men's financial troubles. If a tanker is broke, the sarge dips into his savings and lends money without interest. Sometimes he has to wait a year or more after his debtor has left Fort Devens, but the money always comes back, from places like Germany, Iceland or Okinawa.

On the rare occasions when the tankers get into serious trouble, Artesani—who insists that all men are basically good and will prove up if given a chance—rushes to the rescue. He once managed to get one of his men off the hook when all other help failed.

A young tanker had gone AWOL for two months. Worse, he gave the arresting MP's a rough time. A general court-martial and a three-year prison sentence seemed certain, particularly when the culprit clammed up under questioning by his defense counsel.

When the counsel failed, Artesani went to the stockade and got the full story—mitigating circumstances and all. "The kid's parents broke up," Artesani later told the C.O. "He figured he might bring them together, so he went AWOL to try. You see, sir, he risked his military record to save his family's happiness."

Artesani pleaded so persuasively for leniency that the company commander lessened the charges. A special court for minor offenses heard the case and the tanker got only six months.

Afterward, Lieutenant Moorehouse said, "I don't know what Artesani told the kid, but his whole attitude changed; he's become co-operative and I'm sure he'll make a good soldier." Artesani has already arranged a job for the wayward tanker in the Inn when he's released from the stockade. "I'll see to it that young egghead goes straight," he says.

Although a bachelor, Artesani acts as a fairy godfather to hundreds of orphan children. Every November, in preparation for a Christmas party, Artesani asks a nearby orphanage for a list of 100 names of his guests-to-be and the toys each child has been praying for. Then he empties the sandwich piggy bank, adds money of his own and goes shopping. Within reason, he fulfills each child's wish.

Comes the big day and Artesani arranges transportation for his guests to the Inn. The tots shriek with delight as Santa rumbles up in a tank or descends by helicopter.

At the Inn, each youngster is taken in tow by a tanker host. There are a huge Christmas tree and a painting of the Nativity scene—a must in Artesani's Christmas plans. "We're all so busy, we sometimes forget what it is we celebrate," Artesani says. "I figure the Nativity is the best reminder that it's Christ's birthday."

Records of Christmas carols are played on the phonograph. Tables are laden with hot dogs, cookies, cakes, candy, ice cream and soda pop. The big moment of the party, of course, is the distribution of

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the presents. A small boy clutches his football helmet so hard his knuckles show white. A golden-haired girl hugs a Teddy bear and timidly asks, "Can I have him for keeps?"

Artesani is everywhere, refilling cups, admiring presents and clowning for the kids. Inspired by their sergeant's example, the tankers go down on all fours, play games and laugh with the children—a happy family of strangers.

Artesani works hard to keep the party lively. When it's time for carol singing, he pulls out a dollar bill and shouts, "Here's a prize for the best singer!" He walks among his guests listening and finds a winner. Out comes another dollar bill and another, until every child has won a prize.

When the party breaks up, it's a toss-up whether the tankers or their guests had the most fun. As the children depart, Artesani assures them there will be other parties come spring and warmer weather.

"When Artesani tackles a job he does it well," says Lt. Col. George Juskalian, executive officer of the 4th Regimental Combat Team, "but he really outdid himself in the 1955–1956 March of Dimes drive."

As soon as the drive was announced, Artesani challenged all the units stationed at Fort Devens to try to top his company's contribution, although many outfits had twice as many men. For the winner he would throw a party—buffet, beer, the works.

Armed with a gallon-size tin can, the sarge raided his chow line at each meal, "persuading" his tankers to empty their pockets of pennies. With the C.O.'s cooperation, he staged a raffle with a three-day pass as the prize. He organized parties, and when the men were sufficiently mellowed, he rattled his collection can. He accepted bets against his talents at high-speed addition and won them all; the winnings went to the polio campaign. He wrote appeals to former company members, whose addresses he keeps on file.

As the day of reckoning approached, the tankers, caught up by Artesani's enthusiasm, turned their pockets inside out, even borrowed money from Artesani so they'd have something to drop in the collection can.

The first post-wide tabulations shocked the tankers into silence. The Signal Battalion led, with a total of $1550. Artesani demanded a recount. The final result: the Tank Company won with a total of $1672.50—an average of sixteen dollars per man. Ask Artesani about that recount and he'll shrug innocently, but his men will tell you that he probably slipped in a couple of hundred dollars of his own at the last minute.

Every year before Mother's Day he sends a note and a pound box of candy to the mothers of the men in the Tank Company. Another Artesani project is keeping the company's scrapbook up to date. Among the mementoes in the cloth-bound volume are letters of thanks from various orphanages, March of Dimes, the Jimmy Fund and Boys' Town; commendations from generals for Artesani's own work in Army recruiting, and one from the governor for the sergeant's "outstanding service to the United States and the Commonwealth of Massachusetts."

A yellowing snapshot reveals that Artesani's charity began at home. It shows some fifty youngsters in front of Dick's Diner—a restaurant that Artesani ran on Cambridge Street in Boston before his Army days.

"Just a Christmas party I helped put on for the neighborhood kids," he tells you, and turns the page. But visit the old-timers on Cambridge Street and they'll tell you Artesani went broke trying to help his underprivileged friends.

It is hard to imagine Artesani being slandered. Yet after he was released from the POW camp and reassigned to Fort Devens, there were rumors that he had kowtowed to the Reds to get extra food. Artesani emphatically denied collaboration. As for the food—he said he had stolen it.

Artesani refused to elaborate. Then one day a former fellow prisoner of war, Lt. Col. Bert Santora, arrived at Fort Devens and promptly squashed the rumors. The colonel had been desperately ill and starving in the Korean camp. Yes, Artesani had in fact stolen food—to give to Santora and save his life.

About the rumormongers, the sergeant says, "I try to be friends with everybody, but I'm bound to have a few enemies."

During his eighteen-hour working day, Artesani often finds time to drop in at one of the post chapels. "It's like eating chow," he says. "You can go without it for some time, but if you want to do a good job, you'd better eat regularly."

When the time comes for Artesani to take a well-deserved furlough, he first consults a large ledger with some 500 addresses of former tankers and fellow POW's. He plans his trip to take him through their home towns. "We promised one another to keep in touch," he says. "Some of the men drop in here and I go see those who can't make it." And whenever Artesani stops at his buddy's home he again fulfills the vow he made in Korea. He takes over the kitchen to cook his famous chow and to make his friend happy. THE END

"I'm tempted to get a postage meter!"

There's nothing like the annual Christmas card mailing stampede to convince a man (a) that getting out the mail is a slow, tedious, messy job, and (b) that the girls in his office are right in needling him for a postage meter!

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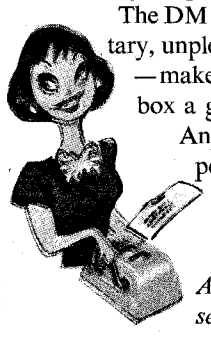

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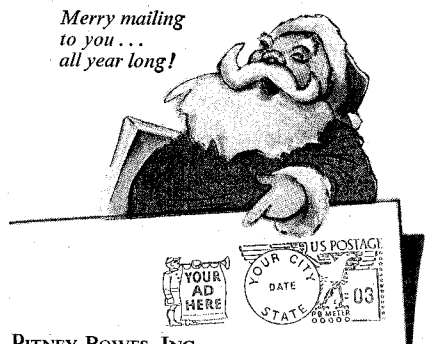

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Treachery at Rock Point

(Continued from Page 31)

For some indefinable reason, the girl's high spirits seemed subtly to have been dampened, for her expression was unnaturally sober as she went to the stove corner, took two chipped china mugs down from the nearby shelf and filled them with coffee. Giving Will one, she came on past him then and crossed the room to sit on the foot of his bunk, setting her coffee on the floor and reaching up to remove her makeshift turban, afterward lifting both arms to tighten the ribbon that held her rich black hair in place at the nape of her neck.

That moment she made a graceful and striking picture, one to arrest a man's attention. It suddenly struck him that he had been greatly mistaken yesterday, there on the Belle, in being so positive that his two-year absence had given him the strength of will to ignore the countless ways in which this girl attracted him.

He wondered just now how much Carrie might have guessed of his real reasons for leaving Rock Point two years ago, wondered if she even remotely suspected how intolerable he had found it to be such a constant witness to Ned Oakes' offhand acceptance of the affection she so generously gave the man.

"You're miles from here, Will. Care to take me along?"

Before he could think of an answer, she was speaking again, her words faintly edged with sarcasm. "Is your foot beginning to itch already? How long will it be before you pull up stakes and drift again? A day, a week, a month?"

"Hadn't thought much about it, Carrie." The barbs in her questions stung. He couldn't begin to understand what had so roused her.

She had been eying him speculatively, and now mused, "I can remember summer before last so clearly. How strange you were. How I asked Ned about it, and his telling me he couldn't understand it either. Then finally how you told us one day you were leaving to hire on as a cavalry scout. You and Ned had a few scalps coming to you, you said. And you weren't coming back till you'd collected them."

"Which was the truth," he put in uneasily.

"Part of the truth maybe, but not all of it, Will. When I—when we heard you'd been killed, I remember thinking, 'The fool! The poor sweet fool. Now I'll never know what he was running from.' And to this day I don't."

"Running from?" He forced a laugh he sensed was far from convincing. "Carrie, you're dreamin'."

"Was it a girl—a woman?"

This time his laugh was wholly genuine. Carrie, ignoring it, insisted, "Then why did you leave? You weren't so all-fired sore at the Cheyenne and the Sioux that you had to drop everything and go off to join the fighting. If you really felt that way, you'd have done it long, long ago."

She was skirting the edges of something he had no intention of getting involved in, and he drawled, "There's no telling why a man does what he does. Or a woman either. So suppose we forget it."

"Forget it? How can I?" She was eying him intently, as though trying to decide something about him. "I don't always think too hard when I put together my prayers. But last night was different, Will. I gave thanks for your being alive, first of all. And then I prayed that you wouldn't leave us again."

He was embarrassed and felt his face go hot.

Carrie evidently didn't notice, didn't expect him to say anything, for abruptly her eyes mirrored a strong impatience as she bluntly asked, "Don't you think it's time you stopped drifting and took on some responsibility?"

"Depends on what you mean by 'responsibility,'" he warily answered.

"I mean what you owe Ned. Nothing more. Would it mean anything to you to know that your leaving nearly ruined him?" There was a very real animosity in her this moment, one she had never before shown him. And as he stood speechless, she said hotly, "Look at the spot he's worked himself into. Taking on a gambler as a partner."

"I'd wondered how that came about."

"You'd wondered. Well, so have Tom and I wondered. But as for you, do you really care anything at all about Ned any more? Or about me?"

He shook his head in honest bafflement. "Girl, just what the devil did I do or say to bring this on?"

"It's what you didn't do, leaving Ned on his own."

"He's done fine on his own. I told him last night it was hard to believe what he's made of the yard." He eyed her questioningly. "Besides, the boy's over twenty-one. Why can't he look out for himself without a ——"

"Why?" she cut in. "Because he's had enough bad luck lately to last a man half a lifetime."

"Such as what?" he quietly asked.

"Such as one of his drivers losing a brand-new coach three months ago in a washout during a storm up Two Mile. Along with two fine teams. Then a week later a man named Drew at the yard in Leesville got drunk, tipped over a lantern and set the barn afire. Drew died in the fire. He left a widow Ned's having to look after. And with all that, it wasn't another week before the word reached us about your being scalped and buried."

"Ned mentioned the fire last night, mentioned this man that got caught in it. But he didn't say anything about the widow."

"He wouldn't. But is it any wonder that the bank—that Tom and Baker couldn't risk making him a loan? And is it any wonder he'd go to a man like Danbo for money to keep the business going?"

"Maybe not," he admitted. "But didn't he say he'd had the cash on hand to build the new barn?"

"Yes. Money he got by selling cattle off the layout here."

"Why didn't he use the cash he'd banked for me?"

"Because you weren't here to tell him he could."

She walked to the door now, glanced briefly outside, then turned to put her back to the wall and regard him once more with that same thinly veiled anger showing in her dark eyes. "I don't say that none of this would have happened if you'd been here. But it might not. If you had been here you might have been driving the day that stage was lost up Two Mile. You might have saved it. And you might have been driving last week when that gold shipment was lost. Did Ned tell you about that?"

"Yes. No particulars, though." She had been roughing him with her tongue, yet there was no resentment whatsoever in him as he asked, "Just what is it you want me to do, Carrie?"

"It's not what I want. It's what I'd like you to want to do."

"And what's that?"

"Go in there this morning and tell Danbo he's through as Ned's partner. If he's loaned Ned money, tell him you'll arrange for a loan at the bank and pay him back, call it quits with him. Tom and Baker will listen to you and Ned, now that you're back."

He carefully weighed what she had said as he sipped the last of his coffee. These past few minutes had shown him something he was powerfully aware of this moment—the fact that his long absence hadn't loosened the bonds that attracted him to this girl. Carrie belonged to Ned Oakes. He was willing to face that and accept it. But he wasn't willing to face the day-in-and-day-out awareness that he must never betray his feelings toward her. He could wind up his affairs here in three or four more days at the outside. Then he was leaving, leaving for good.

That decided, he looked at Carrie, drawling, "It wouldn't work. You say you've wondered why I left here two years ago. Well, half the reason was that I was a third wheel on the cart. The yard just wouldn't bring in enough for the both of us once Ned took himself a wife."

Her eyes came wider open in surprise, and she said quickly, "You're so wrong, Will. This boom hadn't even started back when you pulled out. Right now Ned could do twice the business they're doing if he only had someone he could depend on to help him. And Lyle Danbo can't be any help there, none at all."

Will shook his head dubiously, whereupon she insisted, "I know what I'm saying. Ned and I have never talked about it, but I can feel things aren't going right for him. He—it isn't often he laughs the way he used to. It's almost as though he's hiding something. Or that he's afraid. He needs you, Will."

An irrational anger all at once mounted in Will, and he said tartly, "You're the one he needs. You're two plain fools for having waited. You should've grabbed that man two years ago and led him to the church. If you had, he'd still be the same."

She smiled faintly, amused at his sudden vehemence. But then her expression gradually sobered as she considered some strictly private thought. At length she came across and set her cup on the table, telling him, "A woman knows when things are right and when they aren't, Will. Things haven't been right with Ned and me. I want them to be. You're part of it."

"I don't get that at all."

Her glance touched him briefly in a way that was almost shy and she murmured, "No, I don't suppose you do."

Something subtly intimate lay between them now, a thing indefinable but nonetheless real. He knew that she sensed this as keenly as he, for she hastened to say, "All right, I'm a poor persuader. So we'll forget you and just plain hope Ned can stumble onto a way of straightening things out." She folded her arms, staring at him very soberly. "How soon will you be leaving?"

Her question made him squirm inwardly. She had somehow managed to put him at a strong disadvantage, managed to make him appear selfish even in his own eyes. He all at once knew that it wasn't in him to turn his back upon her or upon Ned.

Reluctantly, knowing he might regret his change of mind even before the day was out, he asked, "Just what is it you'd have me do, Carrie?"

Her eyes lighted up with a radiance that shook him. "You mean—you mean you'll listen, after all?"

"Looks like I'll have to. What do I do?"

That moment her glance was eloquent, warmly and tenderly speaking her thanks. "Just as I was saying. Go in there and see Ned and Danbo. Tell Danbo you're Ned's partner and he isn't. Don't back down to a thing. Buy him out."

He breathed a deep sigh, a broad grin slowly softening the stern set of his angular dark face. "First time I ever thought you might be the kind to put a ring in a man's nose once you had him."

She laughed, and now it was as it had always been between them; they were lightheartedly sparring with their words, masking their strong awareness of the bond of trust and affection that lay between them.

Ned Oakes had spoken only briefly throughout this ten-minute interval the three of them had been in the stage office. He was letting Danbo and Will do the talking, not quite trusting himself to explain the details he and Danbo had agreed upon last night.

Just now the gambler abruptly rose from the chair behind the desk, stating, "It's settled. My hat's about the only thing I brought with me to this place. So I put it on and clear out for good."

Will Speer's only visible reaction to this blunt announcement was a slight shifting of his wide shoulders to put them more squarely against the deal filing cabinet at the room's inner corner. And Ned, knowing him as well as he did, sensed that his friend's lazy stance and easygoing manner over these past few minutes had hidden a strong surprise and perhaps a measure of suspicion over Danbo's startling pronouncement that he was ready and willing to call it quits on his partnership. It was obvious that Will had come here expecting a far different reaction from the man.

"Seems like you ought to be getting something out of this, Danbo," Will said now. "After all, you put in close to two months' time here. And you put up five thousand dollars of your money."

"Time?" Danbo glanced at Ned. "Ask Ned how much I've put in. Practically none at all. As to the money, we've already told you not a cent of the five thousand was spent. I've only kept it handy in case it was needed, which it wasn't. . . . Right, Ned?"

Ned tilted his head in the affirmative, warily wondering if Will was convinced. "He's right, Will."

"Lucky all the way around, eh?" The gambler was closely eying Will, and went on, "That's the way it happened, Speer. Ned had had a poor run of luck, it looked like he needed money. Is it any wonder he took me up on my offer, the paper saying what it had about you?"

"No wonder at all," Will agreed.

"Then it shouldn't surprise anyone that I'm pulling my stake out and leaving you partners like you were. No one's any the worse off." Danbo chuckled softly. "Except for Matt Kelso. You connected with a nice one out there yesterday. Matt's seeing out of only one eye this morning. No hard feelings about that, are there?"

"Not any." Will smiled, shaking his head. "You must've taken me for a real brush jumper. If it had been the other way around, I'd have tossed you out."

"And not with half the trouble you gave us."

Danbo came from behind the desk now, crossing the small room to the inner door. Ned, watching him, thought, *He made it sound good, just right.* Then, in another moment, the gambler, opening the door, looked around at Will to say, "Stop by at the house some evening if you feel the urge to try your luck at cards, Speer. Ned can tell you I run a reasonably honest game."

"Reasonably." Ned grinned, adding, "Thanks, Lyle. Be seeing you."

The door closed behind the gambler. And Will, sighing long and loudly, drawled, "This is hard to believe. We're lucky, friend. You especially."

"Why me?"

"For picking such a square shooter to throw in with."

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Will sauntered over to the platform window now, peering out across the lot. Ned, following his partner's glance, eyed the banners of dust blowing in through the gate and the ominous blackness of the sky above the rocky escarpment to the east.

"Two hours from now she'll be rainin' buckets," Ned remarked. "So the driver on the run to Bend and Leesville this afternoon'll be sitting the seat without me for company."

Will looked quickly around. "Didn't you say last night that the bank was sending a box across to Wells-Fargo today?"

"I did. But overnight old Baker and Tom got jumpy about it and called it off."

"What're they scared of?"

"Our losing that express box last week."

Will stared thoughtfully out across the yard once more. And Ned, watching him, gave way to a sudden impulse and reached out to shake him by the shoulder, saying heartily, "Can't get over you being back, you lanky devil. Now things'll begin to roll around here."

"Beginning today, I hope." Will eyed his partner with a frown. "Let's get up to the bank and try changing Baker's mind. If we can. Then you and I can take the haul to Bend and Leesville. Like in the old days, unless I've forgotten how to handle the ribbons."

Ned let his hand fall away, a tightness of apprehension gathering in him. "What's the difference who drives? We still run the chance of being stopped." Sensing that his words sounded somehow inadequate, he went on urgently, "Believe it or not, but last week they even made a try at the driver. And you know that throwing lead at a driver isn't the way even the tough ones play the game."

"What does Sheriff Hopps in Leesville say to all this?"

"Nothing he can say. He had a tracker out last week trying to follow the sign of the men that got away with the box. But he had no luck at all."

Will turned impatiently away, striding across to the inner door and putting his back against it. "Ned, this works two ways. By now the whole town probably knows the bank isn't shipping today. The weather'll be foul, which would help us if we can only get Baker and Tom to change their minds. If they do, I'll lay you ten to one we make Leesville without trouble."

This moment Ned was bleakly remembering last night, recalling Danbo's ultimatum that had been the price for giving up his partnership in the yard. It was this that made him insist, "But suppose we are stopped?"

Will regarded his partner in a probing, wondering way that only heightened Ned's uneasiness. "What's come over you? I can remember your tackling worse things than this at the drop of a hat."

Ned's glance fell away. "You haven't lived with this, Will. I have. I don't run those fool risks any more."

"Don't we make more out of hauling an express box than we do out of a full load of passengers?"

When Ned only nodded grudgingly in answer, Will asked, "You think someone's known when the gold was going out? Someone besides you and Danbo and the bank?"

"I'm sure of it."

"What about this crew you've got?" Will's tone was larded with irritation. "What's happened to Bill and Curly and Denver?"

"They quit. Claimed they could make better wages up at the diggin's. The only man left of the old bunch is Prentiss, across in Leesville."

"Why not pay what they ask and have 'em back again?"

Here was a ticklish point. Since his talk with Danbo last night, Ned had several reasons for not wanting his old crew back again. Yet, knowing Will could knock holes in any argument he could think of, he said hesitantly, "Might be worth thinking about."

Will's vacant stare told Ned that his partner was abruptly thinking of something else. And in another moment the tall man was saying, "If the bank will play along, you and I can wait till the last minute and then say we're driving across to look over the Leesville yard and pay Prentiss a visit. We'll head out the usual way. Only after we make the turn out the head of Lupin Street we swing back down the alley, pick up the box at the bank and go on. Now, if we do it that way, how can anyone here at the yard be any the wiser?"

Ned this moment began wondering if in arguing this further he would be giving Will cause to suspect him in any way. Last night's talk with Danbo had bred in him a stark and deep-seated dread of what might happen today, tomorrow or weeks from now, whenever he passed the word to the gambler that a stage was carrying gold. That had been their agreement, arrived at after Danbo's shrewd, cold threat of blackmail.

Regardless of how long it might be postponed, Ned knew it to be inevitable that he would one day have to pay off his debt to the man. Meantime the fear that Will or Carrie or Tom Knight might come to suspect him in any way would haunt him as it had throughout the long, wakeful hours of last night after he had left the house on Lupin Street. His bleak realization of all this made him abruptly tell himself, *The hell with waiting. We'll get it over with.*

The thought no sooner struck him than he was feeling almost lightheaded with relief. If he and Will could convince the bank, and if the bank shipped a large enough amount today, then by night his worries might be over and he might be a free man once again.

So now he lifted his hands outward from his sides in a gesture of surrender. "You win. I'd forgotten how tight you get the bit in your teeth and never let go. Only I don't like any part of it, Will. Not any."

"You've got to like it. Either we lick this thing and figure some way of hauling the dust out of these diggin's or someone else will. When that happens we're whittled right down to the pint-size outfit we were when we started."

"Which wasn't much," Ned grudgingly agreed.

"And take the bank," Will went on. "They can't shy away from this forever. Either they clear out their safe or sooner or later run the risk of having it blown open some night. You think the hard cases around this town are going to let sixty or seventy thousand in gold lie around without making a grab for it?"

"Try and tell old man Baker that."

"Which is what I aim to do. Right now. And while I'm at it, you try and find Tom and bring him to the bank."

Ned's hesitant nod was a signal for Will to reach his hat down from the elkhorn wall rack and open the room's inner door. He went out the door saying, "See you at the bank."

Ned listened for the slam of the street door. When it came, he stepped out onto the loading platform, closing the door softly so as not to attract the attention of Bailey in the front office. He glanced quickly around the wind-swept yard, then entered the feed shed. He found Matt Kelso inside.

"You alone, Matt?"

"Just me and the mice, boss."

"Then get this," Ned breathed, barely audibly, his glance fixed warily upon the open door. "If Speer and I drive the Leesville run this afternoon, you're to get the word to Danbo."

Kelso's left eye was swollen shut. But his right one went narrow-lidded with a look of cunning as he silently nodded.

It had started raining shortly after one o'clock, about half an hour before Will carried a heavy black leather satchel out of the bank's alley door and handed it up to Ned, who sat the high seat of the Barlow-Sanderson coach.

By the time they reached the foot of Two Mile nearly an hour later, the upward hills were all but obscured by the filmy banners of a near cloudburst, and Cat Creek, close below the road, was already booming with angry, muddy runoff.

Will Speer wasn't particularly minding the foul weather. It was good to feel again the lurching of the coach under him as it swayed against the thoroughbraces. Ned sat with the double-barreled shotgun resting across his lap, muzzle outward, hands stuffed up the sleeves of his slicker, shoulders hunched. Water dripped steadily from the trough of his wide hat, and Will, noticing that, laughed softly. "Three more hours and we come up for air. How does a man kill an evening these days in Leesville?"

"Same as ever." Will was puzzled by an odd, furtive quality that briefly touched Ned's glance. "Eat at Irma's, stop by at Pringle's for a drink, then head for bed. The morning local's never on time, so a man can sleep late if he wants."

"Does the new barn have a bunkroom?"

Ned's only answer was a spare nod. And Will, sensing that the man wasn't in the mood for further talk, lazily swung the whip to put the teams on at a faster trot. In ten more minutes they were on the open bench at the head of the canyon, with a wide loop of the river in sight two miles to the north, and downward.

Watching the rain-misted river, Will presently made out a white object along the far, timbered shore. He lifted the whip, pointing to it. "There's the Belle with a wood crew at work. A two-day chore, the captain said."

Ned looked off there and surprised Will by stirring from his preoccupied mood to say, "I'll be riding her down the river in a few days, along with Tom and Carrie. Tom bought Laird's horse layout down near Elkton last year. He's made me a good offer on some mares and geldings, so the three of us are going down there to drive them back."

"Sounds like a good way to spend a couple weeks." Will was reminded of another thing, and went on, "Carrie came across this morning and swept out the cabin."

"She did?" Ned smiled guiltily. "Bet she combed me over for letting the place run down the way I have."

Will shook his head. "Not at all." He eyed Ned impassively a moment. "Y' know, you two could do worse than move in there after the wedding. Add another room, plaster the walls, and it'd be as snug a place as you'd want."

"Unh-uh. It's town for me."

Pointedly then, Will asked, "When's the date?"

"For the wedding?" Ned shrugged nervously. "Carrie hasn't said."

Will pretended surprise. He didn't want to say what he was thinking just then, but the words were out before he could stop them. "Nothing's wrong between you two, I hope?"

"Nothing a man can peg down. She just keeps saying she wants to wait till spring."

"Talk her out of it."

"I keep trying to."

They fell silent once more, and in another forty minutes made the mail stop at the post office in Bend, where they picked up a passenger to keep company with the lone man who had boarded the stage at the Rock Point yard. They harnessed

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The Perfect Squelch

The crossword-puzzle craze, starting in the office as a fad, soon became a morning ritual. Everyone rushed to do the latest newspaper puzzles behind stacks of overdue work. The office manager's frowns went ignored. Next, his polite warnings failed to bring a response, especially from Freddy, one of the more enthusiastic puzzlers.

One morning when Freddy was stuck with a difficult puzzle, he called across his desk to a neighbor, "Herb, gimme a big word meaning 'an embarrassing circumstance.'"

The office manager, walking in just in time to hear the question, ended the puzzle craze with one ringing word: "Unemployment."

Robert F. Magennis

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fresh teams at Spence's ranch, three miles south of Bend and, from there on, the road wound in among a series of low ridges and buttes in its climb into the Burnt Hills.

And it was as the grade grew gradually steeper that Ned quietly announced, "It could happen any time from here on." He pointed ahead to say, "Up there's where they got us last week. By that table rock."

Will peered on along the puddled wheel ruts, seeing through the fog of the rain a high granite shelf some fifty rods ahead. It was at once obvious that the huge outcropping made an ideal spot for an ambush, for the road ran within twenty feet of its sheer face and it was impossible to see what lay directly beyond.

"How many were there?" he asked.

"That held up the rig? Two. They waited along the far side. Caught the joker riding shotgun half asleep. According to Kelso, all he did was dump his gun and reach for sky. I fired him the next day."

"Kelso, you say. What did he do?"

"The only thing a driver ever does. Sat tight."

Will shook his head, dryly stating, "This one wouldn't."

"No, not you. But sittin' tight's the rule for a hired driver."

During this interchange, Will's glance had clung to the high rock shelf they were approaching. And now, abruptly deciding something, he hauled on the reins and swung the teams hard to the right and off the road.

Ned looked around at him, sharply asking, "What's this?" and he answered, "Just playing it safe."

The ground to the west of the road and behind the rock shelf sloped gently upward for perhaps three hundred yards before it was dotted by a scattering of oak brush. Will put the teams up the slope as far as the margin of the brush, then swung them on a line to parallel the road. And as they came even with the big outcropping lying a good hundred yards below, he looked down there and said, "False alarm."

In two more minutes they were on the road again, the teams at a spanking trot. Will wondered why Ned had said nothing over this tense interval and finally decided that with the chill and the rain the man was just plain miserable. So was he getting a little cold and a little tired.

The light began fading before they had gone another mile, and presently, with a heavy grayness settling across the sodden land, Ned stirred on the seat, shivering against the raw chill, saying, "Time to light the lamps."

"Let's don't. We're nearly there."

Ned shrugged and settled back into his slouch, neither stirring nor speaking again until the winking lights of Leesville came up out of the wet blackness a good half hour later. The wail of a train's whistle sounded from the far end of town as the stage rolled up the single street. It was then that Ned announced, "We stop at the hotel first, then take the cross street as far as the alley alongside Wells-Fargo. You dump me there and wait in the alley while I walk up the street and get Charlie Woods to open the office."

They dropped their two passengers at the hotel, swung down the cross street, then into the pitch-blackness of a passageway alongside the brick Wells-Fargo office. Once the big coach lurched to a stop, Ned handed Will the shotgun and stepped down to the wheel hub, pausing long enough to say, "Be back in two minutes," before walking on out to the street.

Will was beginning to feel the chill. He swung stiffly down into the mud, the tenderness of the wound in his shoulder making him wince as he lifted down the heavy satchel. It was so black back here that he had to reach out with an elbow and feel for the brick wall to guide him as he made his way back along it, trying to wade out of the deeper mud.

He was even with the lead team before he found firmer footing. And now he leaned the shotgun against the wall and reached down to set the satchel alongside it. Suddenly from the blackness of the passageway close behind him there came a whisper of sound, as though some object were being pulled gently and carefully from the deep ooze. An instant wariness turned him rigid. He was wheeling toward the sound when a crushing blow caught him on the side of the head.

A blaze of light flashed before his eyes. Pain stabbed down into his spine, his knees buckled and he lurched heavily against the wall. He fell face down and helpless into the mud, his senses reeling as he vaguely felt a heavy object fall across his back.

A hoarse voice, seemingly from very far away, grated softly, "He's down! Here it is!"

Feebly trying to cling to consciousness, Will realized what this meant. There were at least two men here. They were after the gold in the satchel.

He dug his hands into the mire and tried to push himself up onto his knees, but couldn't. But he had moved slightly. And now the thing that lay across his back slid down against his hand. He closed his fingers about it, dazedly aware that he was gripping the stock of the shotgun.

It took all his strength to roll onto his side, to get a better hold on the weapon's smooth, slippery stock. He heaved himself onto an elbow and managed somehow to lift the gun and draw back its two hammers.

That moment he heard another sound from back along the passageway—the quick-cadenced sucking of a running man's boots churning against the mud. He lined the shotgun at the sound and pulled both triggers. The thunderous blast tore the gun from his hand. Blended with the explosion there sounded a shrill agonized scream. The rosy flash of the powder charges lit the passageway momentarily, clearly outlining a man's shape falling crookedly sideways.

The dead man lay face down and half buried in the mire, for the stage's two teams had bolted and run over him, panicked by the shotgun's blast. He was Clyde Worts, the hostler from the Rock Point yard who had yesterday helped Matt Kelso throw Will Speer out of the stage office.

Ned Oakes, with the Wells-Fargo agent at his heels, had been the first man to run down the dark, muddy passageway after the shotgun's explosion pounded up the street. He had found Will on his knees, weakly struggling to get to his feet, the empty shotgun lying nearby.

As the crowd gathered, someone had brought a lantern. By its light it was found that the bank's money satchel was gone and that the stage's two teams were standing in a tangle of harness heads-on to a slab fence lining the back alley's far side. And presently, after Worts' body had been hurriedly covered with a tarp, it was Will Speer himself who had taken the lantern and gone along the alley to find a brown gelding wearing his and Ned's Hacksaw brand tied to a downspout at the far corner of the Wells-Fargo building. This was obviously the animal Worts had been riding—one borrowed from the Rock Point yard. From the tracks, it soon became apparent that two riders had made the getaway.

Will at first had argued in favor of taking Worts' animal and, with the help of the lantern, trying to track the pair. But then common sense, along with the steady drizzle and Sheriff Jim Hopps' persuasive powers, had finally convinced him that this would be an impossible chore.

Over the next half hour, after the crowd moved down to the courthouse and stood milling along the hallway outside the sheriff's office, Ned Oakes had kept in the background, able to add little to Will's account of what had happened. Ned was still feeling the aftereffects of the hard shock he'd had on finding Will. Back there in the dark passageway, first glimpsing Will in the flare of a match, he had experienced a moment of blind rage and panic in thinking that Lyle Danbo had betrayed him, that Will must either be dying or seriously hurt.

He was still thinking of Danbo as he listened to Will and Hopps and the others talking in the office. For this had been a close thing, too close to stand alongside Danbo's solemn assurance of last night that, come what might, Will would be safe.

When the doctor arrived and began examining the gashed lump on his head, Will had once bleakly remarked, "Never thought I'd live to shoot a man from behind, let alone with buckshot."

The sheriff, the doctor and three or four others had at once protested, all speaking in chorus. And afterward it was Jim Hopps who dryly voiced the sentiments of everyone present, "From behind, frontwards or sideways, this bird needed killin'. So don't be so choosy about how you did it, Will. Besides, you fired at a sound."

Now, as Will and Ned walked up the street from the courthouse in the chill, steady drizzle—Will wearing his wide hat lopsided because of the hen's-egg swelling at the side of his head—Ned looked up at his partner to drawl in genuine relief, "You're plenty lucky, friend. Worts meant to cash you in."

"It felt like it."

They walked on toward the lights of Irma's restaurant, Will shortly saying, "Tell you what. We eat a meal and dry ourselves out. Then one of us had better take that gelding and head on back to get the word to Tom and Baker. Ought to be easy to make it by nine by taking the short road."

"Talk sense, man. You're not stirrin' tonight. It'll be me that heads back. Besides, you're needed at the inquest in the morning."

Will gave his partner a troubled, baffled look. "How do you figure this? Was Worts the one that had the hunch on what we were hauling across here today? Who were the two others with him? Was he one of the pair that stopped your stage last week? And were the two that sided him tonight two more men from the yard?"

Ned laughed uneasily. "Whoa, boy! I'm no fortuneteller. But there's one thing I am mighty pleased with. That hunch you had this morning."

"Which was that?"

"The one that made you cut in half what the bank wanted to send across. Tom was all set there to make it thirty thousand, if you remember."

Will nodded, saying gravely, "This puts the bank in a rough spot, Tom along with it. And us too."

"How come Tom and us?"

"Tom's part owner of the bank. He's liable for a share of any loss. And didn't he say this morning that they have eighty thousand more to go out, with more piling up every day?"

"So he did. But how does that ring us in on the thing?"

"We lose if we can't get their shipments out safely. We don't get paid a dollar for the haul we made today."

They strode on for several moments in moody silence before Will abruptly said, "I can't help thinkin' about Kelso."

Ned's nerves came instantly taut. "What about Kelso?"

"He helped Worts invite me off the premises yesterday. And this morning I noticed the two of them working in the corral together. Did they hang around together much?"

"Not that I ever noticed," Ned glibly lied.

"Even so, it wouldn't hurt to ask around when you get back tonight. If Kelso's there, try to find out where he spent the late afternoon. If he isn't, see if anyone saw him. Get it pegged down that he wasn't around town and we may have something to work on."

"We may," Ned said. He reached out and laid a hand on the shoulder of his friend's wet slicker. "Take it easy, Will. All we're talkin' about is 'if' this and 'if' that. Let's think about food for a change. After we eat I'll head on back and see what I can turn up. That suit you?"

"It'll have to."

Some forty minutes later, Ned rode out of the new barn's runway astride the gelding Worts had ridden across here. The prospect of two hours in the saddle—taking the short road across to Rock Point rather than the long one by way of Bend—wasn't much to his liking. But there were compensations. He had borrowed a sheepskin from Prentiss to wear under his slicker, his meal had warmed him. Best of all, it was a keen relief to be away from Will. For it had been a strain to be so constantly on his guard, knowing as he had since early afternoon that trouble might be in the offing.

When that trouble had come, he had been caught completely by surprise. He hadn't for a moment thought that Danbo would have the audacity to stage a holdup in the heart of Leesville. Here, if he needed it, was further proof of the man's shrewdness and cunning.

It now abruptly occurred to him that he was wasting his time in mulling over what had happened tonight. His debt to Danbo was settled; he had paid it in full. From now on, he was free; he could look Will Speer straight in the eye and not flinch inwardly, as he had ever since their first meeting yesterday. As to Kelso, who must surely have been one of the two men siding Clyde Worts tonight, he was positive that he and Rock Point had seen the last of the man. For Worts' death would surely make Kelso's return to his job at the stage yard too risky a thing to be thought of.

His spirits soared as he reasoned all this out. For the first time in weeks his conscience was at ease, or practically so. He regretted Will having taken so much punishment tonight, but consoled himself with the thought that another day or so would see his partner as fit as ever.

When he came abreast the small single-story house with the gingerbread trim on its porch and the lamplight shining so cheerily from its one front window, he had every intention of riding straight on. This he did, but for a distance of only a few rods. Then, abruptly, unable to resist the pull of long habit, he tightened rein and turned about.

He rode back past the house and shortly swung off the dark street to angle across the vacant lot he knew so well. In another half minute he was knocking softly on the rear door of Grace Drew's house. So it was that he didn't leave Leesville until well past eight o'clock.

TO BE CONTINUED

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The Man Who Wanted to Help Hungary

(Continued from Page 19)

left in the room where the Council was meeting. But the guards showed them to another room, with a big television screen and earphones at each seat. On the screen, a man wearing glasses was reading in a slow, cold voice, speaking in a language she could not understand. But the people around her could, for many of them were booing, and others were saying "Sh-h-h" so that they could hear. Then the voice of the translator, speaking in English, crackled in her earphones. He, too, used words she did not understand and her father had to explain what she had heard.

The Russian, he told her, had said that the fighting in Hungary was not the United Nations' business, and the UN had no right to interfere or even to talk about it. Then the American representative, Mr. Lodge, answered the Russian. He said that what was happening in Hungary *was* the business of all the free world, and the Council should say so, so that the Hungarian people would know they were not forgotten. And this time the people sitting around had cheered, and did not

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Petticoat Fever

Whenas in crinolines she goes
(The number of them grows and grows)
Our junior miss is wearing more
Than great-grandmother ever wore!

By May Richstone

• •

boo, and nobody said "Sh-h-h" to stop the cheering.

They stayed for a long time, until Teren's ears began to hurt where the earphones pressed on them, and her head was aching. Then they left to go home, and it was dark outside, and the wind was colder. But in front of the building, in the darkness, there were many people marching slowly around the plaza. There were old people, and young people and little children in the line, and some of them looked rich, and some of them looked poor. They carried big signs with scrawled handwriting on them, and one of them she remembered. It said: "Hungarians are dying tonight for the things America stands for."

As Teren and her father watched, the people began to sing a slow, sad song. It was their national anthem. They sang it in Hungarian, and she did not understand the words, but she found them later in a book, and the words were like the music, full of grief and pleading. "*Now, alas, no freedom thrives where our dead lie sleeping*," the song said in English. "*Tears of tortured slavery fall, hot from orphans weeping. Pity then our people, Lord, stricken by disaster. Ere a sea of grief engulfs, save our homeland, Master.*"

It was like a song that people sing at funerals, and as they stood listening, she felt her father's hand grip hers, so tightly that it hurt. And when she looked up, he turned his head away, so that she could not see that he was crying.

Quickly, then, he led her away to where they had parked the car. Behind them, the sound of the singing had stopped, but now the people began to shout, all in one voice, like a chant, "Help us, America! Help Hungary! Help Hungary!"

As they drove home, her father was very quiet, as if he were thinking of things far away. She felt tired and sleepy, and a little woozy, for she had had no supper except an apple her father had stopped and bought her. But strangely, she was not hungry, and at home she went straight upstairs to bed. For a long time, though, she could not go to sleep. She still could hear the sound of the shuffling feet and the marching people singing, and behind her eyelids she could see their faces and the way her father's face had looked, trying not to cry. Finally, she went to sleep.

Alone in the living room downstairs, John Richardson, age thirty-five, a quiet, hard-working associate in Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis, a venerable but vigorous old Boston investment-banking house in the Wall Street district, tried to sort out his own jumbled, troubling thoughts. He could not explain, even to himself, the deep emotion that had suddenly choked him as he stood with Teren, listening to the Hungarians singing their pleading song. All he knew was this: Somehow he had to help them. He remembered his mother, when he was a little boy in Boston, working earnestly for the League of Nations as the last and only hope for a peaceful world. He remembered his father, back from Europe with Mr. Hoover, proud that America had fed the hungry nations after World War I. He remembered his summer vacations from Harvard, laboring in Quaker work camps, absorbing, even as an outsider, the quiet Quaker doctrines of love and brotherhood. But the League of Nations had failed, and love and brotherhood had failed. And he, at twenty-five, had found himself jumping into Germany by parachute, with the howitzers of his airborne artillery battery thumping down around him.

With the memory of battle, his mind suddenly cleared. In Budapest, where men were fighting tanks with bottles of gasoline and attacking riflemen with stones, they needed all the help the free world could give. They needed money, food, clothes—and sympathy. But more than these, they needed weapons that could destroy a tank—simple but deadly weapons that a civilian could quickly learn to use. They needed bazookas, dropped by thousands from planes flying by night over Hungary.

But where, on a Sunday night in Westchester County, New York, could a quiet, sedentary commuter find a thousand bazookas or the planes or pilots to fly them to Hungary? Where, in the first place, could he find a Hungarian who might have contacts in the homeland, so that people who were fighting in the streets—the factory workers, grocery clerks, artists, poets, students, the little boys no older than Teren's playmates—could know that weapons were coming? He didn't know how, or where, to find the answers to these questions. But he knew he had to try.

He reached for the telephone. First he woke a sleepy neighbor, to find out from her the name of the Hungarian girl he'd seen sometimes, playing tennis at the club. From the Hungarian girl he got a street address in New York City. An hour later, in midtown Manhattan, he parked his station wagon before a tall apartment house, the headquarters of the Hungarian National Council. It was nearly midnight and the offices were closed, but in front of the building two men were standing, talking. In their lapels they wore the little ribbons—the colors of the Hungarian flag—that he had seen that afternoon. He introduced himself, and the three of them sought shelter from the wind in a bar down the street. It was a queer place, John Richardson thought wryly, for a Congregationalist deacon to find himself on Sunday night.

When he spoke of weapons, their eyes brightened momentarily. Then they shrugged. It was hopeless, they said. It was impossible. It was too late now for weapons to help. They talked on and on, in the same hopeless tones. Finally he left them. It was nearly three o'clock when he got home. In the big, comfortable house, on the tree-lined street in Westchester, Bonnie, his wife, and Teren, Hope and Kathy were all asleep. He lay awake a long time, thinking. The next morning, for the first time since he could remember, he missed the 7:53.

The days that followed are still a little mixed up in John Richardson's mind. When he got to the office on Monday morning, half an hour late, his desk was piled high with work. A new stock issue had to be analyzed, a prospectus

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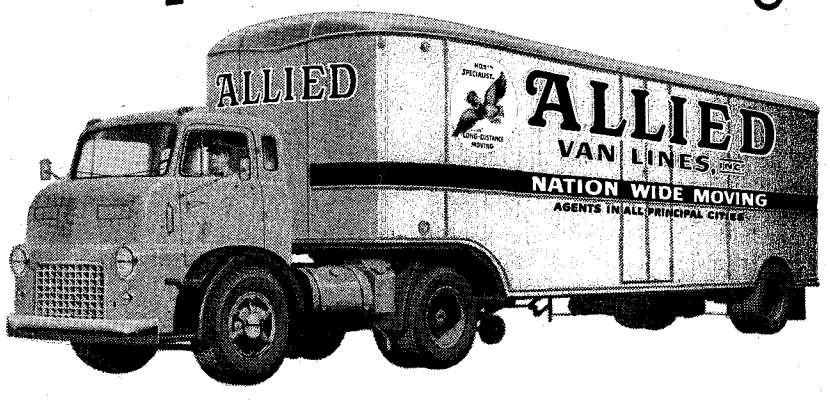

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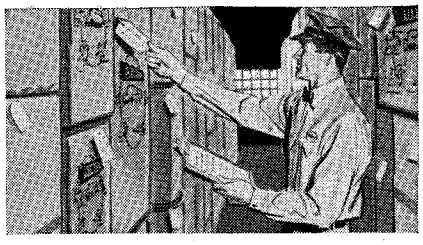

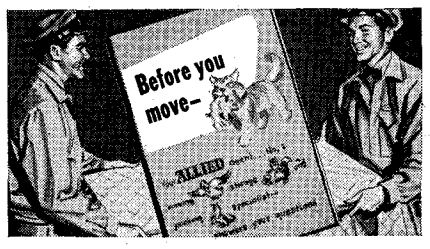

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prepared and sent [illegible] underwriters all over the country. He got to work. But the figures were meaningless to him, somehow, and he found himself sitting, staring out the window.

At ten o'clock he gave up trying to work. He shoved the pages of figures aside and put in a call to the IRC—the International Rescue Committee. A woman answered. She sounded harassed and fluttery, and in the background he could hear the ringing of many telephones. He told her who he was, and then came straight to the point, for he is basically a shy man, and shy men, when deeply stirred, are sometimes brusque. What was the IRC doing, he demanded, about sending weapons to Hungary?

There was a long pause at the other end of the line. The IRC, the voice explained, was a relief agency only. Since Hitler's time, and Stalin's, it had been helping victims of aggression to find safe refuge in free countries. But it operated under the authority of the United States Government, and all its functions had to be in support of Government policy. It could send no weapons. But if John Richardson really wanted to help, there was another way. Across the border into Austria, Hungarian refugees were pouring by thousands. Some were wounded. Many were ill. Vienna was calling desperately for antibiotics that could fight infection. That afternoon at three o'clock, Angier Biddle Duke, head of the IRC, was leaving for Austria. If John could find a packet of drugs, even a token shipment, for Duke to take along, it would be a sign, a symbol, to the Hungarian people that America had not forgotten them.

John Richardson's first impulse was to refuse. He knew nothing of antibiotics. And to send a fighting man a pill when he needed a hand grenade to him seemed a sorry thing. Then he thought of something he had read years ago, when he was in school. It went something like this: "I am only one, but still I am one. I cannot do everything, but still I can do something. And because I cannot do everything, I will not refuse to do the something that I can do."

"All right," he said. "I'll try."

He walked out to the elevator, through the outer office where from dark, paneled walls the portraits of deceased tycoons peered down above the old-fashioned roll-top desks. He didn't know an antibiotic from an aspirin tablet, nor who made them. And he didn't quite know where he was going. But he did remember that coming up on the elevator in the morning and going down in the afternoon, he had seen an office on the twelfth floor, where a sign on the wall said something about drugs and chemicals. A few seconds later, six floors down, he walked into the reception room of Charles Pfizer & Company. The receptionist looked startled when he asked if her company made penicillin.

Pfizer, she told him, glancing at the lighted displays of drugs that lined the walls, is the biggest manufacturer of antibiotics in the world. He felt like kicking himself. A man in the securities business should have known that, he thought. But at least he'd groped his way, blindly, into the right place.

He told her his story. The receptionist listened, waved him to a seat and picked up a pale blue telephone. He sat down on a red plastic chair, with the waxy leaf of a philodendron tickling the back of his neck. He waited a long time. Finally a young man in a brown suit came out. He introduced himself as Mr. Metelski, in charge of Pfizer's export operations. Again John Richardson told his story, of the fleeing refugees, of the sick and wounded, of Duke leaving for Vienna—he looked at his watch—in just four hours.

Mr. Metelski looked thoughtful. Did the State Department approve of the shipment of drugs to Hungary, he asked.

John Richardson does not lie easily. On Sunday, when the UN guard had stopped Teren at the door because she looked so young, he had told the guard that she was twelve years old. The fib had almost choked him, and he immediately had felt embarrassed and ashamed. But this was something else.

"I have spoken to Mr. Dulles personally," he said. This, at least was the truth. Years before, when he was just out of Harvard Law School, he had worked for Mr. Dulles' firm and had frequently said good morning as they met in the hall. He had not seen Mr. Dulles since.

"H'm'm'm," said Mr. Metelski. Since Mr. Dulles approved, they should next confer with Mr. Gaillard, who was in charge of Pfizer's exports to Central Europe. He led Richardson down a long hall, to another office. Mr. Gaillard listened intently. This, he said, was a matter Mr. C. R. Smith, the treasurer, should know about. They trudged down the hall again, to Mr. Smith's office. There, for the fourth time, Richardson told his story.

Smith heard him out, and then picked up his phone, a direct line to Pfizer's main office, over in Brooklyn. He got Pfizer's president, John E. McKeen, on the wire, and outlined to him the story as John had told it. Then he stopped talking and listened. John couldn't hear what Mr. McKeen was saying, and he couldn't tell by looking at Smith's face whether the news was good or bad. Finally Smith hung up.

"The boss says O.K.," he said. "The warehouse will start packing immediately. We'll get the stuff out to the plane. It'll probably be Terramycin, a good broad-spectrum drug. Just a token shipment, though. A couple of cases. Around seventy-five hundred dollars' worth."

To John Richardson, who'd never bought a drug more expensive than a ten-cent box of aspirins, this sounded like all the antibiotics in the world. He stammered his thanks to Mr. Smith. He'd see to it, he said, that there'd be reporters and photographers at the plane. To hell with the publicity, Smith said. Pfizer wasn't doing it for publicity. In a case like this, they just wanted to help.

Back in his office, a little dazed, Richardson got on the phone to Pan American Airlines, to ask if they'd carry the drugs free. PAA said sure—provided John could get clearance for the shipment from the State Department and the customs people and the Austrian Government. A few more phone calls took care of that.

"I think that's when it dawned on me just how deeply the American people felt about what was going on in Hungary," Richardson said afterward. "The way Pfizer pitched in, Pan American's willingness to haul the stuff free, the way the customs people and the State Department cut red tape to get the drugs cleared in time. To me that's the story—the way people responded. Everybody seemed glad to know there was some way he could help."

Duke took off at three o'clock, and the photographers and reporters were there. But John Richardson wasn't. He was still on the telephone, calling an old Harvard classmate who worked for Merck, over in New Jersey, asking for more drugs. His friend said he'd see what he could do. He called back a little later. Merck, he said, was sending $10,000 worth.

Richardson went home that night feeling tired, but fairly well content. He hadn't done what he'd wanted to do, for he was still thinking in terms of guns. But he'd done what he could.

Two days later Mrs. Anna Matson called from IRC to thank him for the drugs and tell him what had happened to them. In a wild night ride through Hungary, Leo Cherne, IRC's chairman, talking his way past the riflemen who stopped him, had hauled them by jeep from Vienna to Budapest. There, where the tanks were rumbling in the streets and snipers were firing from the rooftops, he had turned them over to Cardinal Mindszenty.

Now, she said, there was something else Richardson could do. Among the refugees fleeing the slaughter in Hungary were many mothers, bringing hungry babies with them. Could he, please, find some baby food? And some way to ship it quickly?

Richardson didn't know where to find baby food any more than he had known where to find drugs. But he said he'd see what he could do. He tried to remember the labels on the little cans that sat on the pantry shelf when Teren, Hope and Kathy were little—the labels that would be appearing there again soon, when John Richardson, Jr., arrived. Finally the name came to him.

The Gerber office in New York was a sales office only, they told him. He'd have to call the home office, the plant out in Fremont, Michigan. He called Michigan, and got a vice-president on the line. He'd have to check, the man said. But he was sure they'd want to help. He'd call back. A short time later he called back. Two thousand, five hundred pounds of baby food would be delivered to the airport at Battle Creek, he said. Could Richardson arrange to have it flown from there?

He said he'd see about it. At first there was some delay. He got Colonial on the phone and gave them the story about the baby food. Colonial said they would be glad to help, but he must have them confused with Capital Airlines, for Colonial didn't operate out of Battle Creek. Mumbling his apologies, Richardson called Capital's main office, down in Washington. Capital said sure they'd be happy to fly it, provided he didn't pass the word around that they were handling the stuff free. They'd pick it up at Battle Creek and drop it at Idlewild that night, if Richardson could find somebody to fly it on from there.

Again he called the people at PAA. Sure, they'd be glad to carry the baby food, they said. But right now they were loaded down with drugs. Why not try TWA? TWA said fine. But they didn't go to Vienna. Their terminal was Zurich. However, if he could get Swissair to pick up the shipment in Zurich and carry it on to Vienna.

He called Swissair. Baby food? For the Hungarians? Certainly, they'd haul it from Zurich into Austria. But why not let them take it all the way, so it would get there faster? They'd pick it up soon as Capital dropped it at Idlewild, and deliver it direct to Vienna.

So, in two days, more than a ton of baby food moved, free, from a warehouse in Michigan to the hungry refugee babies in Austria. But something PAA had said, about being loaded down, hauling drugs, had puzzled him. What drugs? He called IRC to ask about it. He got Mrs. Matson on the phone.

Oh, yes, she said. Drugs were still moving. She'd been so busy she hadn't had time to tell him about it. The day after Richardson had asked for the token shipment, Pfizer's president, John McKeen, had called his people in to tell them that he wanted the company to do everything in its power to help. Now more than $200,000 worth of penicillin, Terramycin, streptomycin, Sigmamycin—powders, tablets, capsules, vials—every kind of infection-fighting antibiotic that Pfizer made—was on its way to Austria. Much of it IRC's teams would slip across the border into Hungary. In addition, the other big pharmaceutical houses—Merck, Upjohn, Lilly, Heyden, White—were sending vitamins and drugs. One candle, she said, had lighted a thousand others. And now, wouldn't Richardson come down to the IRC office, so that she and the volunteers who were working with her could meet the man who had lighted the first candle?

That embarrassed him, and he tried to beg off. But she insisted. He'd been, she said, only a voice on the telephone. But somehow, he was a symbol, to them, of all America's sorrow at Hungary's anguish, and of all America's eagerness to help.

He went down to the crowded, shabby offices on West 45th Street. The telephone switchboard was a Christmas tree of blinking lights. Inside, he found himself wading through mail bags stacked hip high. Around the walls and on the desks there were pasteboard boxes full of unopened mail. Volunteer workers sat in rows at the desks and tables, opening the letters, taking out the checks and dollar bills, keeping a record of the donors' names, so that when the pressure lessened a little the proper acknowledgments could go out.

"Perhaps we should give him a two-dollar raise. His morale appears to be rather low."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Mrs. Matson showed him around. She was, he noted, young and coolly efficient, and not at all the flustered, fluttery person he had visualized when first he talked to her on the phone. As they talked, her phone rang incessantly. A New York *grande dame* called, to say that her family had grown up and she had a big house on Long Island. It was empty now, and she would be glad to make it available to a family of Hungarian refugees. Mrs. Matson told her how this could be arranged. A student called from the University of Vermont. There were several thousand dollars in the Student Association fund, he said. How best could it be used to help the Hungarians? She suggested that they set up a scholarship for some young Hungarian student coming as a refugee to this country. Again a young man's voice came over the wire. There were 250 young Hungarians in New York, he said, who wanted to be parachuted into Hungary, so that they could join their brothers in the fight. How could this be done? It couldn't, she told the young man gently. If they were American citizens, they would lose their citizenship if they volunteered to fight under another country's flag.

As soon as she hung up, the phone rang again. She listened, taking notes, then passed the memo over to Richardson. Westinghouse, the memo said, had an X-ray machine, especially built for use in disaster areas. They wanted to give it to Hungary, if somebody could find a way to get it there. She looked at Richardson. He grinned, took off his coat and found himself a place at a crowded desk that had a telephone.

He went home that night feeling both proud and humble. Humble that his own contribution had been so small, proud of the way that people everywhere had rallied to Hungary's aid. The letters, phone calls, money—more than a half million dollars in a week—had come in from all over the country, a vast outpouring of anger against the Soviet, of pity for their victims.

But still the old doubts gnawed at his mind. What good were pity and compassion when it was guns that were needed? On Mrs. Matson's desk was a copy of the last message from the Hungarian Freedom Station, and the words had burned into his mind. It was the last despairing cry from Budapest. The tanks were there by thousands now. The Soviet occupation troops who had grown soft, who had refused to fire on the Hungarian people, who had Hungarian sweethearts and Hungarian friends, had been pulled out of the country. Now ancient enemies who had harassed the Hungarians for a thousand years were there—Tatars, Mongols and Kirghiz—cruel, half-savage men, as pitiless as wild animals. "People of the world," this last radio message had said, "listen to our call. Help us—not with advice, not with words, but with action . . . with soldiers and with arms."

The next morning, at the office, a voice with a foreign accent spoke on the phone. Was Mr. Richardson still interested in the purchase of some stovepipes? For a minute Richardson didn't understand what the man meant. Then his old GI slang came back to him. A stovepipe was a bazooka. Cautiously, he answered that he was. They arranged to meet at the Harvard Club, as incongruous a place, John thought to himself, as ever two men sat down in to plot the shipment of arms to a nation in revolt. The man was middle-aged, well dressed, well mannered and well educated. There was nothing furtive in his manner. Over lunch, speaking as calmly as if explaining a business deal, he outlined his plan. Through contacts in Europe, he said, he could obtain a supply of antitank weapons and grenades. He could arrange for their delivery, by air, to Hungary. It would require several thousand dollars. If this money could be provided ——

Back in his office, Richardson pondered, trying to think the matter through, torn between his eagerness to help and his innate New England conservatism. Getting the money, he knew, would be easy. But wasn't it too late? Hadn't the big chance come and gone and now was lost forever? Late that afternoon he caught a train for Washington. That night, to a man high in the counsels of the State Department, he told his story.

The man looked at him hard a long time. Then he shook his head. "All you'd accomplish," he said, "would be to get a lot of Hungarians killed. And you'd get yourself and your Government into a peck of trouble. Go home and forget it. Stick to the antibiotics and the baby food."

Richardson went home, to call his Hungarian friend and tell him that the bazooka deal was off. He couldn't explain why, he said, but it was impossible. He sounded, he told himself angrily, as he hung up the phone, as hopeless and despairing as the two Hungarians he had talked to that first night.

He still is not convinced that he was right when he gave up trying to find weapons and send them into Hungary. To him, the Hungarians, in their week of bloody agony before the tanks rolled over them, were not fighting for one form of communism as opposed to another. They were fighting for liberty, for the things that free men everywhere believe in and will die for. And he feels that he, and all the free world, let them down. If the Hungarians could have held out just a little while longer, he believes that the restive, conquered nations of all the satellite countries might have flared into revolt. In East Germany, Czechoslovakia, Albania, Rumania, Bulgaria and Poland, brave and angry men, inspired by Hungary's fight, might have risen to strike down the Iron Curtain behind which they have lived in slavery for a decade.

If this flame of rebellion that flared so suddenly in Hungary could have been fanned, he feels—if the fire of revolt could have been spread by our help, official or unofficial—it might finally have reached the Kremlin. It might have meant the end of the Soviet tyranny, the finish for Mr. Molotov, and Mr. Khrushchev, and Mr. Bulganin, and all that crew of grim or smiling murderers who dream of a Communist Empire that will dominate the world. It might have been the end of them and the beginning of the peace that men have prayed for through years of fear and frustration and cold war.

It was a turning point in history, he feels, when the first homemade Hungarian bomb exploded under a Soviet tank. Then, for just a moment, the door of freedom opened. But a cold voice spoke in the UN, and the door slammed shut, and Hungary felt the clamp of communist chains again while the anger and the compassion of the free world dissolved in talk.

And this is why John Richardson today feels little pride in what he did to help, and is embarrassed and a little angry when you speak to him about it. Maybe he did do all that one man could do, he says. And maybe this country's Government and the United Nations did all that they could do. But it all boiled down to the things that are easy to give—to money, and medicines, and food, and sympathetic words, and a haven of peace for a few thousand homeless refugees. And that was not enough.

Uncle Sam's Reluctant Ally (Continued from Page 21)

armed forces should get off their island early in 1958. The government made this demand despite the fact that it was then, and intended to remain, a member of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO).

Only after Russia's brutal attack upon the Hungarian people did the Iceland Government withdraw its demand for departure of the American garrison on a definite date. The Hungarian atrocities so outraged many Icelanders, especially university students, that they gave their own communists a rough time on last November seventh, the Bolshevik holiday. They pelted and insulted communists attending a reception at the Russian legation, which noncommunists generally boycotted. The Soviet move came just in time to bolster American arguments in negotiations which were getting under way in Washington concerning the base.

American military planners entered these Washington negotiations hoping to get a long-term lease on the base. But all Iceland political parties were committed to the principle that foreign armed forces shall not be stationed on their island in peacetime. The Iceland Government is the sole judge of what peacetime is. When the Korean war broke out, Iceland decided it was wartime, and signed an agreement for Americans to operate the base so long as wartime lasted. Last March the Iceland Parliament, called the Althing, resolved that it was peacetime again, so that the Americans should leave. But after the Hungarian revolts, the government ruled that another warlike emergency existed. This uneasy situation makes the Pentagon feel that Americans are out on a limb in Iceland.

Despite recent anti-Soviet demonstrations, many Americans serving in Iceland believe that the people also are anti-American. One young officer said to me, "They treat us as if we have some contagious disease and need to be quarantined." The Icelanders still don't want American television in their capital city, and they still insist upon the American garrison sticking pretty closely to its base.

However, all the Icelanders I met, including one communist leader, earnestly assured me that they like Americans better than any other foreigners. They insisted that anti-Americanism is not the cause of their attitude toward either our television programs or our soldiers. The most respected man in Iceland, President Asgeir Asgeirsson, told me that he had just finished reading Carl Sandburg's six-volume life of Lincoln, and commented, "What an inspiration Lincoln's life is for us all! He is one of the very few world statesmen who completely retained his integrity."

One of the president's aides said to me, "Everything is upside down in Iceland. We don't want a permanent American garrison here, not because we hate Americans but because we like them altogether too well." This curious Icelandic viewpoint was elaborated in conversations with many of the arctic island's men and women. Their explanations can be summarized as follows:

Until World War II, Icelanders were among the most isolated people on earth. They number fewer than 160,000 persons, spread out over a freakish island which combines extreme heat and extreme cold. More than three fourths of its surface is covered with permanent snow fields, huge glaciers and lava rock upon which nothing will grow. But underneath this icy crust the earth's heat lies so close to the surface that active volcanoes, hot springs and geysers are to be found all over the island. There is so much natural hot water in some areas that it is used to heat buildings, homes and greenhouses. The habitable parts of the island are along the coasts, where the Gulf Stream moderates the climate.

This isolated little community has proudly preserved its identity ever since viking explorers settled here more than 1000 years ago. Most families can trace their ancestry for centuries, during which they have retained and developed their ancient Norse language and culture. They are extremely devoted to their distinctive language and traditions, and try to keep them as pure as possible. That is why, they insist, they don't want their children tempted to look at American television twelve hours a day. And that is also the reason why they hold aloof from members of our garrison, they say.

Iceland's attitude toward the American base seems to me to be unique. During the last fifteen years I have visited dozens of American military installations all around the globe, and I have not found another situation like this. Consider, for example, the Dan Cupid problem which crops up wherever our military bases are put. There is a woman problem in Iceland, certainly, but it is surprisingly different from that in other areas where our servicemen are stationed. The most common complaint elsewhere against our constantly rotated men is that they take up with local girls and then leave them, sometimes with unsupported children. But here in Iceland the most common complaint is that Americans do not love and leave the girls, but formally plight their troth and carry them off. Perhaps some Americans may think of Iceland as being populated by basically primitive peoples, like some other arctic regions. But all Icelanders are of European stock, mostly Scandinavian mixed with a little Irish. Icelandic girls, usually tall and blond, are generally very good-looking and they possess many other virtues. Naturally they appeal strongly to lonely American servicemen. But Icelanders want to keep their girls, most of whom are trained to do useful work. They lament the loss of a considerable number who have married Americans in recent years.

That is why the Iceland Government has won an informal understanding with American base commanders to reduce social relations to a minimum. This quiet agreement—it has had very little publicity—has rigorously restricted American movements outside the base. Individual leaves are severely limited. The only Icelandic women admitted to the base are those assigned by the government to work there. Even Americans engaged to marry Icelandic girls cannot bring them to base social functions. As a result, festive occasions at the base's recreation clubs present the melancholy spectacle of half a dozen women, usually

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all married, lost in crowds of several hundred attractive young American men.

The Army, Navy and Air Force at the base were thus more or less hobbled to please the government. But a few months ago the ever-ebullient Marine Corps broke loose and leaped over the traces. Five marines are attached to the American Embassy in Reykjavík. One of them, Sgt. Glenn D. Haddix, of Elkins, West Virginia, somehow succeeded in meeting Miss Agusta Gudsmondsdottir, who shortly thereafter entered a beauty contest and became Miss Iceland of 1956. The sergeant could hardly have picked a more striking girl to court. When he married Miss Iceland with, obviously, the intention of carrying her off to the United States with him, the outcries against American marriages were louder than ever. The sergeant also drew fire from the Army, Navy and Air Force personnel at the base. They muttered that the marines, as usual, were getting the breaks and stealing the show.

The situation in Iceland would be funny if it did not have such serious implications. Nowhere else, so far as I know, are several thousand American servicemen literally confined, most of the time, to 25,000 barren acres enclosed by a high fence. The fence keeps out communists and spies, of course, but its main purpose is to keep our garrison under control, or so servicemen think. At every opening in the fence Icelandic policemen are continuously on duty with American MP's. No person can enter or leave without inspection. One reason for this close scrutiny is to prevent PX or commissary supplies from getting into the black market. Almost all consumer goods are expensive in Iceland, because most things are imported and the exchange rate is unrealistic. So almost anything bought at the base will bring several times its purchase price outside. The stout fence and the rigid inspection system have prevented large-scale black marketing of PX goods.

So it is obvious why our servicemen call this base "the monastery." Their lack of opportunity for indulging in high jinks is illustrated by the fishing village of Keflavík—pronounced Kep'-la-vik—which has given its name to the base. The village is the only sizable community anywhere near the base, and it has tripled its population since the American garrison returned in 1951. When somebody told me that the village was bursting its seams, I naturally pictured the kind of overgrown communities I have seen spring up near our bases in Japan, Germany and elsewhere. Such places become swollen overnight with local people hunting the Yankee GI dollar—night-club and beer-hall proprietors and entertainers, "hostesses" of every variety, and camp followers. During their off hours servicemen swarm into such communities to blow off steam.

But Keflavík village presents a contrast so astonishing that it is almost ludicrous. The newcomers here are almost all extremely sober Icelanders who worked on base construction. I was piloted through the expanded village, now housing 3500 people, by Air Col. Ragnar Stefansson, of Baltimore, who was born in Iceland. His family took him to Baltimore when he was ten, and he became an American citizen. Colonel Stefansson probably is the greatest living authority on Icelandic-American relations, having observed them through all their phases. He went back to Iceland with the first American troops sent there during World War II, and stayed on until 1952, attached to our embassy during the years between 1946 and 1951, when there was no American garrison in Iceland. He came back again in 1955.

Colonel Stefansson and I agreed that Keflavík probably is unique among communities similarly located. It has never produced a single bar or night club, a single hostess or camp follower. In fact, no drinks stronger than near-beer are offered for sale there. Iceland does not permit public bars anywhere, and even here in Reykjavík only two restaurants are licensed to serve drinks stronger than light wines and weak beer. In Keflavík village the only night life is provided by two small movie theaters—and the pictures they show are considerably older than those screened free on the base.

The result is that about 99 per cent of the American servicemen stationed in Iceland have never visited Keflavík village. Many of them never leave the base during their year's tour of duty. The few Americans seen in the village are those whose wives have come to Iceland at their own expense, classified as tourists, in order to be near their husbands. These wives live in the village because the base provides quarters for only twenty-four families. Even the few soberly married Americans who visit the village regularly are subject to a ten P.M. curfew, which is very rigorously enforced everywhere outside the base. As a special concession the curfew is extended to midnight on Wednesdays, but long before then everybody in Keflavík is sound asleep. In Reykjavík city, which is connected with the base only by very bad roads, Wednesday happens to be the one day when even the two restaurants with liquor licenses cannot serve whisky or gin drinks. During my stay in Reykjavík the only two enlisted men from the base I encountered were in a bookshop solemnly examining the stock of English-language books.

In spite of this exemplary behavior of American servicemen and the unswerving efforts of base commanders to keep on good terms with Icelanders, only Russia's brutality in Hungary and Moscow's veiled threats against Britain and France induced the Iceland Government to relax its demand that our servicemen withdraw early in 1958, as they were bound to do by the terms of the 1951 base agreement if the Iceland Government insisted. Iceland's communists played a central role in creating that threatened crisis. In recent elections about one in five of the island's electorate voted communist, and for more than a generation the comrades were steadily extending their influence in trade unions.

The oldest member of the Althing (Parliament), Johann Josefsson, said to me, "We in Iceland have made a very important discovery about communism. We have learned that poverty is not what makes communists. While our living standards for everybody have been rising spectacularly, the number of communists has risen almost as fast." But after Hungary the local party really suffered.

Actually, personal rivalries among anticommunist politicians provided the chief threat to the base. The communists shrewdly exploited these rivalries. Until last June, Iceland was governed by a coalition government of the two strongest anticommunist political parties, known as the Conservatives and Progressives. Both these parties were and are middle of the road. But in 1955 the Progressives became alarmed about the party's future when they lost ground in the local elections. They decided that the coalition was benefiting the Conservatives more than it was them, and last March finally broke loose from their partners in the Althing. The issue upon which the two parties split was a resolution declaring that "peacetime" had come again, so that the American garrison should be asked to withdraw. This resolution was supposed to be a compromise because it reaffirmed Iceland's membership in NATO and continuation of the base under Icelandic, instead of American, direction.

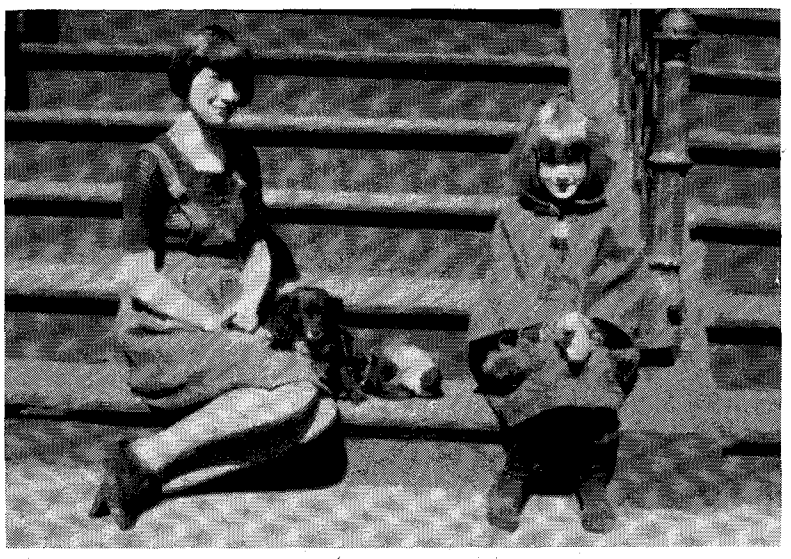
The Conservatives—whose official name is Independence Party—denounced the resolution as totally unrealistic. Iceland never has had an army, navy or air force and does not even now propose to create any. How, then, asked the Conservatives, could Iceland operate a huge military installation? But the Progressives voted with the communists and members of a third moderate party, the Social Democrats. The resolution passed. The government coalition was thus split wide open and it became necessary to hold general elections last June. The Progressives and Social Democrats devised a strategy which they calculated would give them a clear parliamentary majority. The two parties avoided putting up candidates against each other anywhere. But in the fiercely fought election that followed, the March resolution about the base became the hottest campaign issue. The Conservatives flatly opposed the resolution, while the other parties all favored it. That is how the communists really won last June's elections, although they won only eight seats in Parliament and only 19 per cent of the popular vote. They came out on top because quarrels among anticommunists had given them the balance of power.

The pro-base Conservatives were far ahead of any other party in the elections, getting 42 per cent of the popular vote. But, because their support was largely concentrated in a few districts, the Conservatives won only nineteen of the fifty-two seats in the Althing. The Progressive-Social Democrat combine also failed to get the clear majority hoped for. Under the circumstances, a government could be formed only if rival anticommunist groups got together again or if one of them made a deal with the communists. The Progressives and Social Democrats chose to make a deal with the communists by giving the Reds two of the six cabinet ministries. For the first time in a decade Iceland found itself with communist ministers. The little country became the only NATO member partly ruled by communists.

So Iceland's communists began complacently digging in after the elections, with time apparently running out for the American garrison. They held one trump card which they played for more than it was worth—a matter of fish. Iceland possesses so few natural resources and so little arable land that its people always have been largely dependent upon fish for their livelihood. Fish and fish products constitute more than 95 per cent of their exports. Until 1953 they sold almost all their fish on this side of the Iron Curtain, with Scotland a major buyer. But then the British Trawlers' Association got into a dispute about fishing rights near Iceland's coasts, and the dispute led to a boycott of Icelandic fish in Britain.

At this critical point Soviet Russia saw a chance to move in and offered to take a large portion of Iceland's fish in exchange for some of the things most needed by the islanders—oil, wheat, steel and lumber. That barter deal was economically sound because Russia has more need of fish than NATO countries. Iceland urgently requires petroleum, steel and lumber. The only building material made in Iceland is cement, and all political parties are pledged to carry out an elaborate building program.

Everybody knows how cunningly the Soviet brews trade with politics. Although Moscow last summer signed a three-year agreement to buy about a third of Iceland's fish, the contract could be can-



Can You Name This Star?

This wistful little nine-year-old, shown with her eleven-year-old sister and their pet dog outside a New York boardinghouse for show folks, starred in vaudeville song-and-dance as a teen-ager. Her more mature sister meanwhile made a name for herself in another form of entertainment. The younger girl scored a Broadway hit in Pal Joey and later in Mexican Hayride. Her first film was Four Jacks and a Jill, followed by more than twenty others, including My Sister Eileen and Gentleman's Agreement. Can you name her?

M. P. Haas

ANSWER:
June Havoc, with sister Gypsy Rose Lee.

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celed by either side on three months' notice. Naturally, Icelanders suspected that if they reversed their stand on the American garrison, then Moscow might suddenly lose interest in Iceland's fish. The fish issue sharply divided American policy makers in Iceland. A minority American group argued that we should match or outbid Russia's artificially high prices for the island's fish, in order to keep the base. But the majority of Americans I met here retorted that we would not be doing either the Icelanders or ourselves justice by encouraging the unsound governmental economic practices which were the real cause of the fish crisis. Currency manipulations were what created uncompetitive prices for fish, and thus lost previous markets. The foreign-exchange rate, pegged at almost double the currency's real purchasing power, had enabled the Icelanders to live beyond their means by disguising inflation.

The islanders became accustomed to this way of life during World War II. The war made it possible for them to sell their fish and fish products at very high prices, while they were spending exactly nothing on armaments. From 1941 to 1946 about 35,000 free-spending American servicemen were stationed in Iceland, and their needs resulted in local high wages, full employment and unprecedented prosperity. Since World War II, the Keflavík base, which cost nothing, has been a steady source of revenue. Between 1946 and 1951 it brought substantial rentals from commercial airlines and from the Pentagon, which used it to ferry fighter planes to Europe. In 1948 Iceland got an ample share of the Marshall Plan's billions. And after the Korean war exploded in 1950, we expended more than $150,000,000 on the base. The result: employment for thousands of Icelanders at good wages, and fortunes for Icelandic contractors. Americans had to pay about three times as much for base construction here as the same would have cost at home. Part of the added expense can be charged to the need for importing all materials. But the artificial exchange rate, a sort of concealed subsidy, has been responsible for most of it.

Iceland's communists, of course, resisted adjustment of the exchange rate, partly to gain the support of workers and partly because this provided an excuse for increased trade ties with Russia. So the majority of American experts, and some thoughtful Icelanders, believed that the Iceland Government itself should readjust its foreign-exchange rates to make its fish prices able to compete in world markets, and thus break dependence upon Russia or any other country. The measure would be unpopular with many voters, and would be fought fiercely by communists, but the example of Hungary has made Icelanders think again about ties with Russia.

The fact seems to be that the Iceland air base, with its garrison of several thousand Americans, is admirably adapted to become a built-in feature of the islanders' economy, without which they would have to return to much lower, prewar living standards. Even at inflated prices, their fish are not enough to maintain the standards to which they have become accustomed or to complete social programs already begun. The real state of affairs was becoming apparent to all political parties except the communists even before the Hungarian revolt. After last June's elections, fought on the issue of retaining the American garrison, Washington canceled plans for additional base construction beyond projects already committed. The Pentagon had announced that it estimated another $200,000,000 should be expended upon base construction here to make it first class. During the last half of 1956, with construction rapidly tapering off, the base payroll of Icelanders dropped to 700 compared to more than 2000 a year previous.

The American Government feels that the Iceland base is equally useful to the United States and all Icelanders except communists. Several years ago the world began to enter what military experts call the Age of Guided Missiles. The perfection of these fantastic new weapons vastly increased the strategic importance of Iceland and Greenland, which lie about halfway between the central masses of North America and Russia. A well-informed German military expert recently wrote: "In our judgment, these arctic islands are the most important strategic areas in the world today. From them it is now, or soon will be, possible to launch missiles which have a range of 4000 miles or more, and could reach practically the entire land mass of the Soviet Union or the entire Eastern and Midwestern areas of the United States and Canada. . . . So, in case of war, Moscow's initial move would be against these islands. By occupying them, the Russians could not only prevent the launching of long-range missiles against the Soviet Union but also could reach North American industrial centers with their own missiles launched from Iceland."

Everybody knows that both Americans and Russians have been developing guided missiles, and obviously have taken account of how invaluable Iceland might become to either side in another all-out war. Because the government here still insists that it will not create its own armed forces, the island is peculiarly vulnerable to occupation by a naval power. In 1940, a few days after Germany occupied Norway, the British Navy occupied Iceland with no armed opposition whatever, in spite of Icelandic protests. If the Germans had got to Iceland first, they might have starved out the British Isles through a more effective blockade.

If it were not for the American garrison, Russia might occupy Iceland today just as easily as the British did in 1940. A Soviet fishing fleet spends several months each year in adjacent waters, and has become thoroughly familiar with Iceland's lengthy and uninhabited coastal areas. Russian submarines have been detected nearby, and Moscow has the world's largest submarine fleet. It would not require many commandos landed from submarines to capture an undefended Iceland. Since 1951 the American garrison has included a combat team rigorously trained for the specific purpose of repelling any invasion attempt, and it would be impossible for the Iceland Government to provide adequate protection of this nature. In 1949, when Secretary of State Dean Acheson assured Icelandic leaders that if they joined NATO they would not even be asked to provide facilities for foreign garrisons in peacetime, Russia had not yet developed nuclear bombs and guided missiles. When Moscow did so, the world's strategic picture changed.

The year 1956 has been rough on military planners everywhere, especially those in the Kremlin. A year ago Red Army chiefs had reason to believe that they were sitting pretty. In Eastern Europe they had set up an elaborate system of satellite states, each equipped with a swollen army; the vast militarized system was held together by Russian garrisons. Then Poland and Hungary erupted in October, proving that satellite armies could not be trusted. The Russians themselves, for the first time since the end of World War II, suffered numerous casualties in suppressing the Hungarian revolt. At the same time, British and French military planners tried, and failed, to establish a regime in Egypt more satisfactory to them.

The attempts of both East and West to establish networks of military bases and garrisons circling the globe have become increasingly difficult. Resistance to foreign occupants, friendly or forced, spread during most of 1956 on both sides of the Iron Curtain. We Americans did not escape the general agitation. Our overseas installations were challenged, at least verbally, in the Philippines, in Okinawa, in Japan, and even in Britain, France and Germany.

But as the year was ending, some relief was in sight for the biggest headache to our strategists, caused by one of the world's smallest countries, Iceland. There is no doubt that the base which Americans have built in Iceland could be, in enemy hands, a formidable threat to American security. There is also no doubt that so long as we garrison Iceland, the island presents a powerful deterrent to Soviet aggression. American military leaders remained wholly unconvinced that in the conceivable future Icelanders could be trained either to maintain their great base for immediate use in case of war or to protect it from invasion.

The heavy-handed Russians, resorting again to brute force, did more than anybody else during 1956 to improve the American position in Iceland, just as they had done by setting off the Korean war six years earlier. For the time being, at least, American operation of the base was assured again. But the Pentagon would continue to feel that we are out on a limb in Iceland until some more or less permanent contract is signed for our operation and extension of this vastly important base.

Meanwhile, the American garrison has offered a striking contrast to Russian behavior in Hungary by its firm discipline during 1956, on and off the base. During this critical year the base commander has been Air Force Brig. Gen. John White, of Texas, a recent graduate of the National War College. In that postwar institution General White studied for a year how to co-ordinate military planning with diplomacy, politics and economics, especially in our relations with foreign countries. In Iceland he has found a laboratory to apply his lessons.

During months when there was so much violence elsewhere, the American military in Iceland have been so tactful with local civilians that they have won even the grudging respect of some communists. This American discipline, plus Russian atrocities, more than fish or any other factor, brightened chances for a settlement in Iceland which will satisfy the islanders' self-respect as well as American security requirements. But all this discipline is not easy on our servicemen. Many of them keep calendars to mark off the days until their year's tour of duty is completed. THE END

Words of Praise

When toasts are made at
banquets,
What compliments are
uttered!
Each person who is
toasted
Is always nicely
buttered.

By Richard Wheeler

How it happened

Pictures of the Hartford Stag hang in homes and offices all over the world.

Have you ever wondered how this stag came to be our trademark?

It all really began with an early English city—Hertford. The city seal pictured a stag (or *hart*) *ford*ing a stream.

Logically enough, the city of Hartford, Connecticut, also chose a stag for its seal. And that, in turn, was what led us to use such a symbol ourselves.

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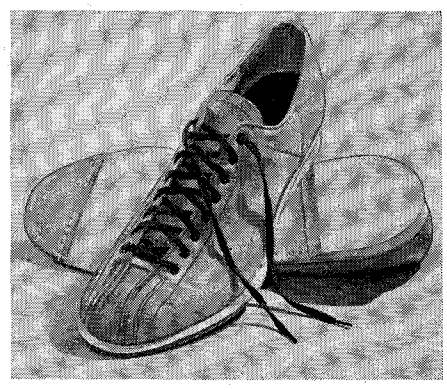

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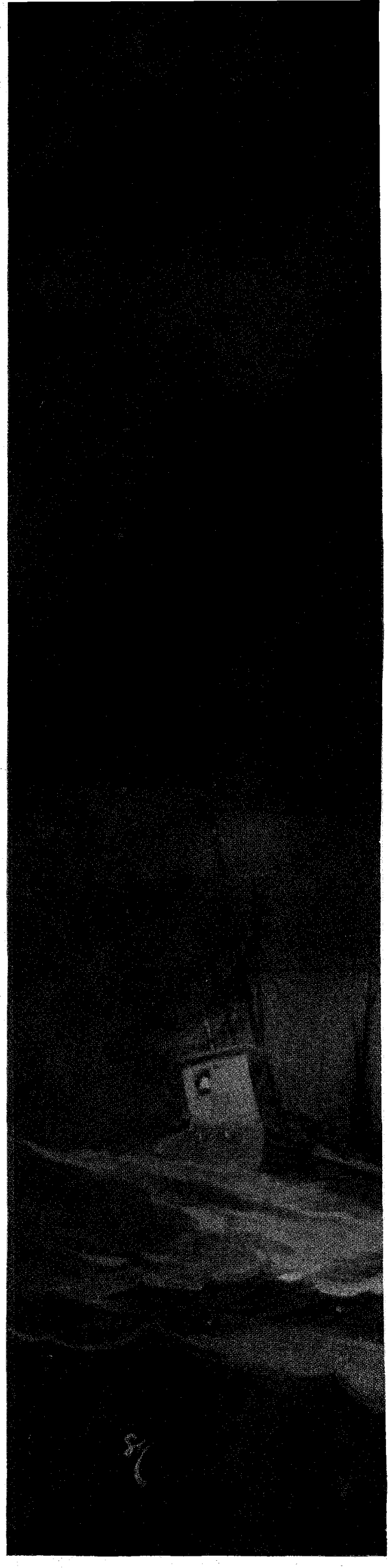
A Post Novelette Complete in This Section

Storm Girl

She fought to save her little island realm–
first against men, then against the hurricane.

By CHARLTON OGBURN, JR.

Illustrated by Stanley Meltzoff and Ken Riley



Walking up the path from the shore, the girl was still absorbed in the mood of the river, which made its nearness known in the rich, faintly sulphury odor of the tidal flats, in the tiny yelping of a tern, in the "putt-putting" of a tired little launch coming in with the tide. Reaching the house, however, she was brought up short by the sound of a jarring voice from the porch. It was a familiar voice, a loud, drawling voice that caused her to stiffen defensively. The speaker, her aunt's husband, was hidden from her by the corner of the house.

It was her grandfather who was being addressed. He was standing irresolutely at the head of the porch steps, his shirt and dark trousers hanging loosely on his fragile-seeming frame.

"Look at it!"

The older man did as he was told; though, of course, he knew well enough how it looked. The new bridge could be seen from twenty miles away. From Coosawah Island, which it connected with the mainland, its vaulting arch stood out high above the low, level horizon formed by the long-leafed pines and the oaks, resembling a feature of some great city of the future imposed upon a scene that had changed little since the advent of man.

"In a month," the girl's uncle pursued, "the gov'nor's gonna open her up to traffic. In a month." He had raised his voice, as he was wont to do when speaking to his father-in-law, and sounded impatient. He dropped into a wicker chair beside the porch railing and came within the girl's view. He was a big man and a powerful one, but he was fat and looked oily to the touch, and the girl shrank back as much from distaste as from the desire to avoid attracting attention.

"Look, Mr. Henry, Deakin wants to shift his plans forward, like I told you," he went on. "He wants to start construction just as soon as his trucks can get moving across the bridge. He'd still ruther have your property than the piece down at Sander's Landing, but he ain't gonna wait much longer! It beats me why you keep puttin' it off. You said you think the price is fair enough."

The girl's heart was cold with anger. Since the Hinsseys had come from upstate to live with them everything had changed. Even her grandfather seemed to have become so much older, appearing often to be unsure of what to do and sometimes lost to what was going on around him. And the idea of selling the land and the house and everything, which had seemed wildly preposterous when her uncle had brought it up a day or two after their arrival, was now almost the realest thing there was, looming up in the background of all her thoughts, like the new bridge over the Coosawah River, bigger than anything else. But she would not give in to it, even though her grandfather seemed unable to say no. It was impossible to think of selling the place! She watched her uncle with burning intensity. Why could she not be older, instead of just fourteen? She dwelt with passionate resentment upon the unfairness of differences in age.

"I keep telling you, you're gettin' to be an old man," her uncle persisted. "You're too old to keep running them fishing boats. Can't you see it's time to sell out and bank the proceeds,

Continued on next overleaf . . .

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Pressed against the wheelhouse and clinging to whatever her hands could find, she worked her way around to the doorway.

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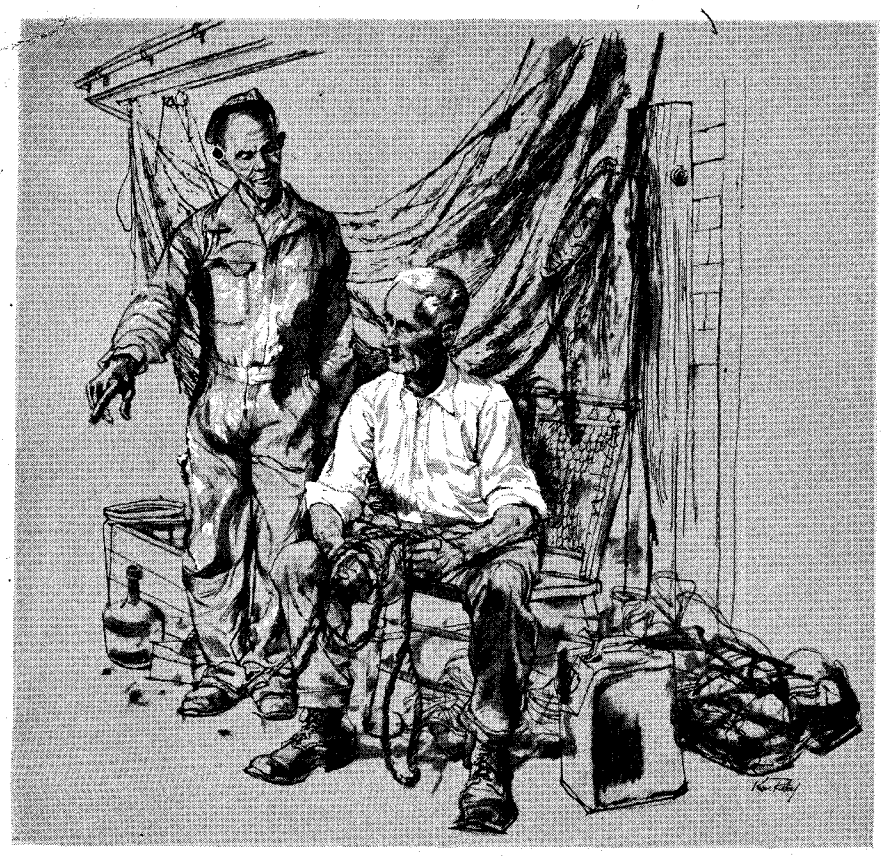
A Post Novelette Complete in This Section



"You jes' look at them bottoms!" Jayno admonished, pointing toward the boats.

so you'll have something to live on?" He paused for a reply, which did not come. "What's the matter?" The wicker chair cried out as he hitched himself forward. "If me and Emmy thought ——" He left the threatening sentence unfinished.

A warm wave of sympathy went out from the girl to her grandfather. She wanted to lend him the strength she felt.

"Well—well ——" the old man murmured. He looked uneasily from one side to the other, in a way he had acquired. "I'll be going down to the wharf, Tom," he said. "Teena may want to know where I am." He descended the steps, and crossed the yard.

The girl, awaiting a chance to slip away unobserved, had not yet moved when the screen door slammed and she heard her aunt's discontented voice from the porch.

"Did you get anywhere this time?"

"I ain't worried. When the time comes, he'll sign."

"When the time comes! How long is your Mr. Deakin going to wait? And how long is his offer to give you ten per cent good for?"

Her husband sighed. "Look. He really wants this place. And how else is he going to lay hands on it if I don't get your father to come across?" He paused, and then went on in a less patient voice, "It's them boats, more than anything, that stands in the way. You'd think they was goin' to make him live forever, the way he wants to hang onto them." He paused. "If something was to happen to them so's he wouldn't have that reason for not sellin' —— Then there's Teena too. If it comes to it, I reckon we could get the court to find the old man mentally—you know, not fit to take care of her, so she'd be put in our charge. That'd make him listen to reason. I ain't sure we oughtn't to do it anyhow, just to wrap things up."

"All I can say is, you'd better figure some way of getting us out of here, Mr. Hinssey," the woman interposed. "I'm fed up with this place. I want to get back to civilization." She moved toward the railing and stared with hostility out across the yard to the wide expanse of the river.

"I don't know why you should take on so," her husband observed. "You were born and reared here. If I hadn't come along, you'd 'a' been here yet."

"I was meant to live in town," she replied flatly.

"Well, we can't go back till I get some money. Real money." He stared briefly at the road down which his father-in-law had disappeared, and took a jackknife from his pocket. "But I'm lucky. That's what people say about me. You ain't forgotten that." He commenced to clean his fingernails.

The white egret picked its way stealthily along the mudbank.

The road to the boathouse at the Point went through unbroken woods. The old man, in the quiet of the sultry autumn afternoon, had succeeded at length in putting out of his mind the scene he had just been through. It was something to be alive at all! As he scuffed along the sandy lane the silence was a solace to him. He soaked up the hot sunlight through his shirt. His nostrils took in the pungent scent of the pine needles in the heat and the subtler fragrance of the oak leaves matted on the ground. It was strange, he reflected, how these scents took him back to his youth, as if he had been away all the intervening years, or had been too preoccupied to notice. Sometimes, when on a shift of the wind the smell of the salt marshes was borne to him suddenly, the recognition, carrying across a lifetime, was like a blow on the heart.

In his boyhood it had seemed to him that these woods were as vast as the primeval forest and as mysterious. Many was the time he had almost surprised an Indian prodding the embers of his fire behind the bole of a live oak—a tree that had in truth as like as not once looked down upon such a sight. No one, of course, had remembered the Indians when he was a boy, but he never tired of the tales that were told of the days before the railroads had come, before the towns had grown into cities, when time and distance were vast and the islands were each as big as kingdoms. In places the great forest had still reached the sea, and the rivers flowed from upcountry "as clean as air," he recalled one of the old men saying. There were still pumas, and even bison over on the mainland. Deer and wild turkey were around the bends of the trail, pigeons came through in flocks that wound the length of the sky like rivers, and the ducks thronged the marshes and bridged the channels in their great rafts. So his elders told him and he remembered how he had wondered if the world would ever be like that again.

And now it was his granddaughter who liked to hear about the old days, and all he could tell her of 'coons and 'possums and their ways, and about the giant cranes he used to see gleaming white as they flew above the gray river. Whenever she could, she would put out with one of the boats, whatever the weather, standing in the bow, lost in the panorama of marsh fields or open ocean, the first to see the cormorants that brought the end of summer, and the sandpipers that meant the coming of spring.

She liked to hear, too, about life in the times long past, when the families who were her forebears each lived in a world of its own, looking to themselves and to the woods and river for all they needed. She seemed to believe that because people then were unbeholden to the cities, they must have been as she was, eager, undemanding, self-forgetful in attention to all that was alive around her. Perhaps they were—some of them. Perhaps there had always been a few.

He did not know—he did not know. All he could be sure of was that it was wrong of him to let her live out of the world. For Coosawah Island was the past, and the future was waiting at the other end of the bridge. That was the world she belonged to, must belong to—if only he could make her understand! But he was too old to deal with the strength of her simplicity—just as he was too old to deal with the strength of his own weakness and make the decisions that had to be made. A weak old man!

Involuntarily he glanced over his shoulder through the belt of pines that, as you neared the Point, alone stood between the road and the water. Through these trees the new bridge could be seen glistening in the heady sunlight, taking the whole broad river and large parts of the adjacent islands in the stride of its trajectory.

The boathouse at the Point was a weathered structure extending over the water on pilings blistered with barnacles and furry with seaweed. Next to it was an icing shed, open on its near side, that sheltered a score of barrels and an old truck. A short distance away, set back from the water, was a small, single-storied dwelling as weather-worn as the boathouse, where a Negro lived who had been with the old man ever since the two together had started the business when both were youngsters.

Tom Hinssey.

He saw now for the first time how forlorn an assemblage it was. Everything was old, like his Negro helper—like himself. His eye swept the boats, which—the day being Sunday—were all in, Sapelo and Ogeechee alongside, Rosedhu lolling at her moorings off the end of the wharf. They were small craft, thirty feet over-all, foreshortened and a little tubby in the bilge. The wheelhouses, which were disproportionately tall since the helmsman had to stand erect in them, gave the vessels a top-heavy appearance which was accentuated by the massive, upright booms from which the nets were hung. For the first time in years he reckoned up their age, and he pursed his lips.

"Do you always like the river best for company?"

The old man turned around as his granddaughter took his arm, her black eyes sharp with the excitement of life and soft with wonder. "Where have you been, Teena?" he asked.

"Oh, everywhere. There were pelicans fishing off the old wreck. Do you know what they look like? Like little flying elephants. Elephants that have their trunks stretched out in front of them and their legs tucked up out of sight."

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"Flying elephants!"

"Yes; there are flying elephants in Through the Looking-Glass. You know. Instead of bees. But the best thing was the porpoises. They came right up the inlet. I was sitting on the dead tree and they came by close, to look at me. I love porpoises! I could see their eyes. One of them looked back at me. And he smiled—with the corners of his mouth sucked in. Like this. It was so funny. He knew about me. Porpoises have expressions. And they play games!"

"You'll be going out to sea with the porpoises next."

"Oh, yes. I'm going to follow them to where the fish are. Then I'll know as much as you about where to find the shrimp and the channel bass and the sheepshead and the black drum."

The old man basked in the girl's chatter much as he had in the warmth of the sun. "And why do you want to know that, Miss Teena?"

"So I can take charge here. . . . No, I mean it. You shouldn't have to come out here when it's cold and wet. And I'm fourteen now. I can handle the boats. You just see."

He laughed with pleasure.

They turned at the crunch of footsteps in the sand and exchanged greetings with an elderly Negro who had come from the house nearby and was walking—rather stiffly—toward them.

"Tell him I could run the boats, Jayno," the girl pleaded.

"Ain't no question 'bout that," the Negro affirmed. "You and me don't need to get up early no more, Mr. Henry. Any time you want to quit," he went on in an altered voice, giving his words significance, "you can leave the business to Miss Teena."

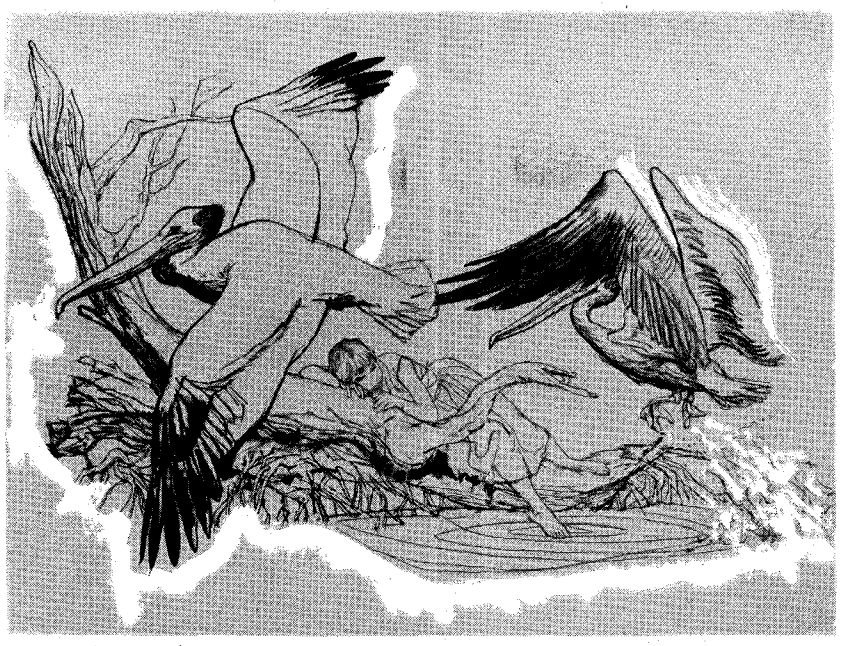
The old man dropped his eyes under the meaningful gaze of the speaker.

"Ef you're tired of it, you can jes' leave it to her—and me," Jayno repeated.

"Three old tubs that in a couple of years will cost more to maintain than they bring in! That would be a big favor for Teena, sure enough."

The Negro was smitten with amazement. "What's that you say? You must be outta your mine. Them bottom timbers is six inches thick. Keep 'em painted, they'll last till doomsday. Them boats is sound as the day they was built. On'y you gotta keep 'em that way."

The old man turned abruptly and made his way to the nearest of the boats, springing on board with surprising agility. The girl looked questioningly at Jayno, but he avoided her eyes and,



Dreamily, Teena watched the pelicans fly past.

grumbling audibly, went to join her grandparent, who was examining the otter trawls.

The girl gazed out across the water. The two rivers that bounded the island and met here opened upon a bay. On the other side were two of the outermost islands, narrow strips of land, and between them she could see the ocean. Nearby, the wavelets spanked with a jogging rhythm under the bottoms of two rowboats tied up to the wharf, and a white egret picked its way stealthily along the mudbank across the channel. Below her, at the foot of the pilings, the little fiddler crabs were sidling about on the mud—guilty, defensive creatures, shielding their faces behind their forelegs.

The two men had moved to the second boat. The girl could hear the louder sounds of what she supposed must be an argument. It was chiefly Jayno whose voice carried to her. She caught words like "repair" and "overhaul" uttered in tones of admonishment, and then, "You jes' look at them bottoms!" She could hardly hear her grandfather's voice, but Jayno's next utterance came across clearly: "Ever since las' winter all the money's been goin' to that son-in-law of yours. And one of these days them engines is jes' gwine to quit on you."

Whatever her grandfather said to that, it was such as to put an end to the talk. The two men came back, both looking grim.

"Do you want to work the rest of your life, Jayno?" the old man said, with an effort at good humor, as the Negro set off toward his house.

Jayno turned and faced his employer. "I doan want to work no more than anybody. But I notice that when men quit work they doan live much longer."

As they set off down the road into the woods, the girl turned to her grandfather.

"Mr. Henry, you aren't going to sell the place, are you? You can't do that!" she heard herself cry in a voice that seemed to come from somewhere outside herself.

She looked at him with surprise and apprehension at what she had said, and he responded with much the same expression. Then he looked away and seemed to draw back into himself, as she had seen him do so often with the Hinsseys. When, at length, he replied, his voice sounded as if it came from even farther away than her own.

"Now, Teena, is that a question—a question for a little girl?"

"I'm not little!" she declared. "I'm nearly grown. And you shouldn't listen only to Uncle Tom. It's our land! Don't let them take it!" His blue eyes, appearing to seek escape, were caught and held by her dark ones. "Please, Mr. Henry!"

"It's a question of doing what's right," he said in a voice without strength. "Later you'll understand it. When you're a child, it's as if nothing had to change. But it does. Nothing can ever stay the same. You think you know now what you want, but you'll grow older and discover many more things you didn't know about. You'll want change then, change and excitement and all kinds of different things," he went on, gathering conviction as he moved farther from the subject.

But she was not to be deflected. "Why should it be right just because Uncle Tom says so?" she interrupted.

"That's not the reason, Teena," he protested mildly.

"Then how do you know what's right?"

"You know."

"But how?" the girl asked relentlessly.

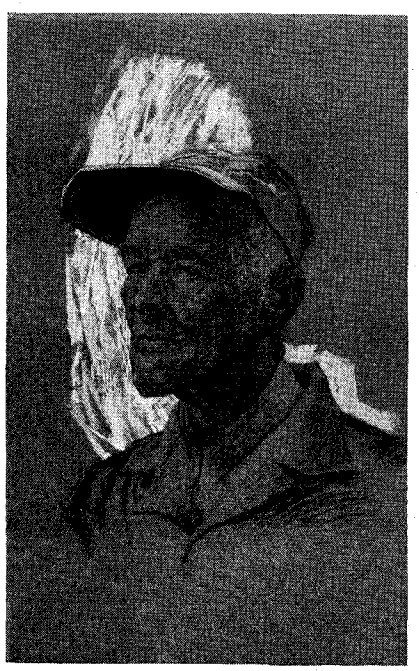
He sighed, but it was impossible for her to know how tired he was. He could see the coastal highway with the cars charging down it, their tires screaming, and the red-and-silver trucks, as big as freight cars, thundering by. He saw once again the smashed black sedan his wife and Teena's father and mother had been killed in—and Teena herself when she had come the next day to live with him, and each had looked with fear at the grief-ravaged face of the other. . . . Now there was Mr. Deakin, who'd had success. He'd built all those tourist cabins, and the trailer park, and that outdoor movie theater, and planned to build more of them on Coosawah Island. And Tom too—even though he seemed to need a lot of money, he had the same assurance, he was at home in the big cities, he spoke the language. They were the coming ones and he was an old man. The future was always right. It had to be right. That was what right meant. Only he could not explain it to the girl. All he could say was, "You can tell."

The woods had closed in behind them and they walked on without speaking. The trees were tall here, their boles straight and massive, and the sunlight that fell upon the meager undergrowth was subdued, like the sunlight at the bottom of a pool of water. The silence lay palpable upon the air, like an emanation of the trees themselves, as if it were an ancient silence. How was it, the old man asked himself again, that the forest could so transport him back to his boyhood, leaving him feeling once again that he was at the brink of an unfathomable wisdom, just as he had stood at the beginning of his memory, round-eyed and hushed among the lofty columns? Once more he was listening as he had then, straining to catch the faintest murmur of the forest.

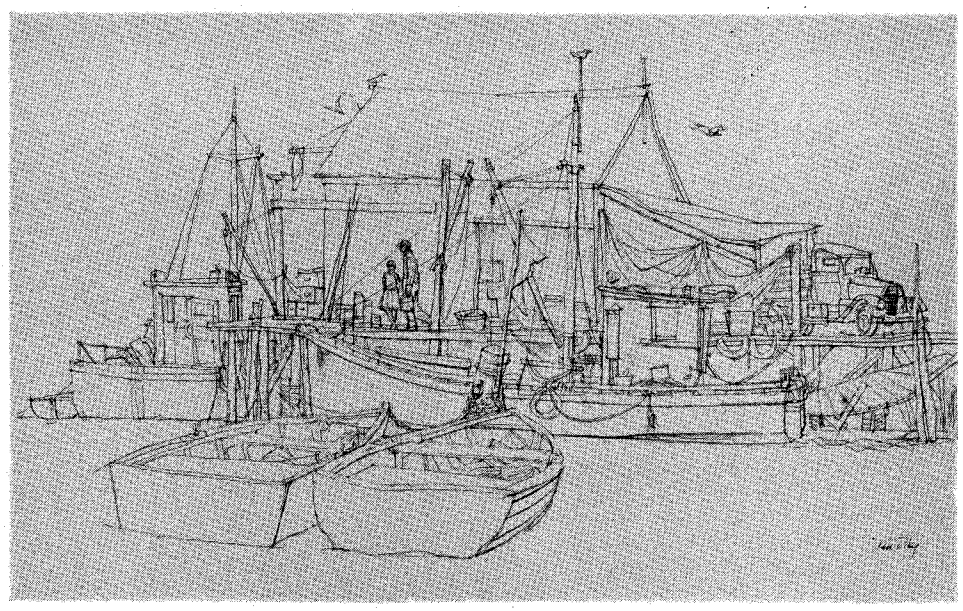
Then abruptly he had a sense of coming to, and they were a long way down the road from where he had last been conscious of precisely where they were. It was as if he had been pulled back from a dream, a dream of unchanging pines and an unchanging sea, forever as young as they were ancient. He thought that if the woods and sea of boyhood and old age were what was real, if it were the timeless things that you could count on, then there would be no cause for fear, even of death, for nothing could be lost.

He was afraid to have the girl watching his face. "Teena," he said, controlling his voice with difficulty, "you run on ahead. Go down the bluff to the Stewarts'. Ask Mr. Stewart if he—ask him if he's had any report on the weather. Yes, a report on the weather. Down at the Point, it looked as if it might be building up to something in the southeast."

When she had gone, he stood with eyes closed. Could it not be, as the autumn woods made him dream, that what counted in the end was the old pines and the wind over the marshes, that all things came back to this, that the vast flocks of wild fowl of long ago were not gone past recall, that truth revealed itself in what



Jayno



The boathouse at the Point.

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was ageless and would prevail even over time and the change and destruction that time brought?

He raised his eyes and scanned the treetops and the sky as if he might read an answer there. There was a gust of wind that was followed by a patter of acorns—a sad sound, like the passing of life.

It was an illusion, what he had dreamed, he told himself. Time and change were all that was real, and what was gone was gone past recovery. Time was a truck that came like an avalanche and crumpled a black sedan into a mass of jagged metal. Time would come to the island as an orange tractor on iron treads, and even the oldest of the pines would only cause it to cough and back off and come waddling forward again to nudge the bole and then, with a stuttering roar, bear all before it. How could he imagine he could hold out against it? How could he in good conscience even think of it? The girl should leave, as he had told himself before. She should go to the city, to the world she would have to live in and find her happiness in.

The sun had faded out when he emerged from the woods. The disturbance in the south had spread out. Across half the sky there now were tall cumulus formations like the smoke of immense conflagrations and, beyond them, streamers of dirty white cloud like the shores of islands, and other fronts that made him think of frozen surf. It was a sky that had gone sour and coagulated. The old man reflected that the hurricane reported the day before in the Eastern Caribbean must be moving up fast. Occasionally they were roughed up a little by the fringes of hurricanes that cut below them, across Florida, or struck the coast to the north.

The girl and her grandfather.

He was glad to reach the old house. At the porch steps, where he stopped for a last survey of the heavens, he was met by his granddaughter. She brought the news that the hurricane had indeed moved up fast, but was no closer than was common. "It's heavy, isn't it?" she said, holding out her hand as if the weight of the still air could be felt.

The old man nodded. The sense of foreboding he had had back in the woods when the wind had swept the treetops returned now, stronger than ever and, as he acknowledged, as irrational. He had lived in communion with the weather too long not to feel in his nerves a presage of a storm, but, he told himself, to imagine that the elements could have a purposeful malevolence was as childish as to look to them to give reason to hope. And what could a storm do that was any worse than what lay ahead for him in any case? The weight on his heart that made his breathing labored as he mounted the steps was not the weight of the heavy air.

At dinner, Tom Hinssey unburdened himself of reports he professed to have heard on the radio of the force of the hurricane's internal winds. "Yes-sir, she's really churning it up!" he declared with a satisfaction the girl found unaccountable.

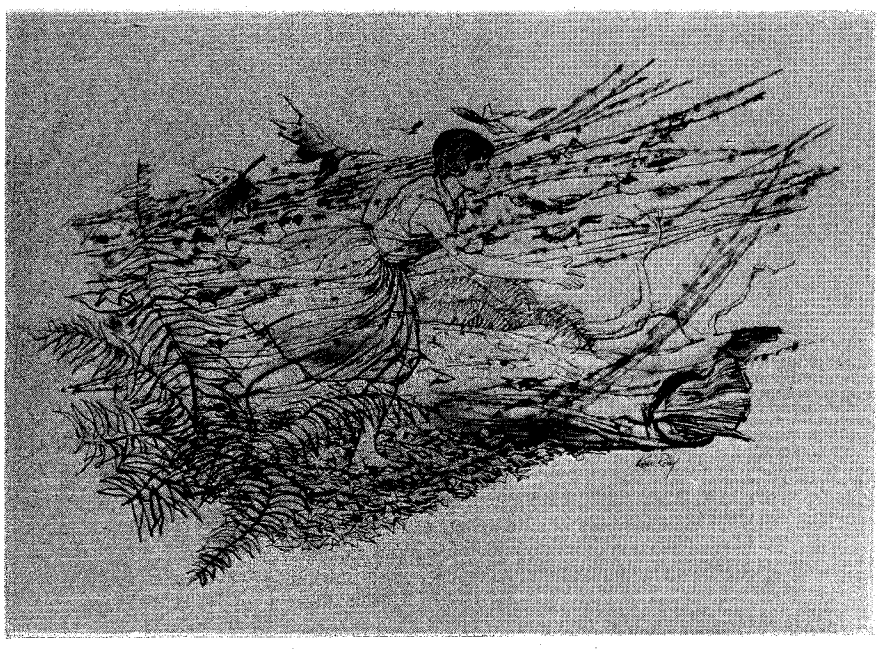
She found equally unaccountable the emotion with which her aunt received this news, especially since she had seemed to be only half listening.

"Now what? Now what?" She rolled long-suffering eyes heavenward.

"It ain't nothin' to take personal, Emmy," her husband counseled lightly. "The storm ain't comin' inland. Radio said it was keeping out to sea." He added maliciously, "Not that it mightn't be a good thing to have a storm come along and sweep away all them old shacks along the shore that make the island look so run-down. Give the go-getters a chance to make a fresh start."

But his wife was not to be done out of her complaint. "That's another thing I don't like about this old house. It gives me the creeps when the weather's bad. Specially at night. The way it creaks and carries on. Sounds like a dead man comin' to life, way out here in the woods. I don't never want to live in the woods again. I don't want to hear that creature that keeps callin' 'widow-widow.' I wish you hadn't told me that's what he says," she flung at Teena.

"It's just a bird," murmured the girl. She was impatient for the meal to be over. By then there were occasional brief gusts of wind, and she listened to them gratefully. She was uncomfortable in the company of her aunt and uncle; her face felt hot, as if she had some cause for embarrassment. The sound of wind made it better. It was reassuring to hear it in the pecan trees.



The raindrops struck her face and body like solid pellets.

When he had finished his dessert, Tom Hinssey pushed his plate from him and dropped the remark that he had seen Deakin again during the afternoon. He waited and glanced up at his father-in-law before resuming. "He'll be by tomorrow before dinner. Course, he'll be prepared to wind things up. I mean, he'll have the papers." His tone was still casual, but he watched the old man intently. So did the girl.

The old man returned his son-in-law's gaze, but without expression, and neither of those waiting in suspense for his response could be sure he had heard. It was still not clear when at length he rose from the table, put down his napkin and, excusing himself, left the room. They heard him walk down the hall and knock the case of the barometer.

"What's it say?" his son-in-law called out in a voice that had a thin note of menace in it.

"Down. And still falling."

The reply had the flat tonelessness of resignation. The younger man looked significantly at his wife and a smile of cynical assurance lifted the corner of his mouth.

When she had done the dishes, the girl, with heavy feet, followed her grandfather upstairs. Closing the door of her room behind her, she seemed gradually, as she stood leaning against the wall, to hear in the yearning sound of the treetops bending in the gusts of wind the things inside her that could not be put into words. She remained where she was, listening to the wind, for a long time. Perhaps it would carry her appeal to the place where the winds arose, where it might be heard.

She slept lightly and woke often during the night. The wind made her think of a living being rushing around the house trying to find an entrance, shaking the blinds, lunging against the walls, scratching on the roof. She could imagine it swooping through her room and lifting her off to the cloud castles of the sky—images that, as she dropped off to sleep, merged with the castles of fairy tales and folklore. Her dreams were vivid, as vivid as anything real, but they eluded her when she awakened, though she felt she had lived years in them.

At dawn it began to rain, and with it she fell into deep unconsciousness. When she awoke, it was with a start. She lay for a moment without moving, puzzled by the noise that had aroused her—the sound of rain driven like hail against the eastern windows. She looked out into the gray morning and saw the nearer trees—all she could discern—tossing wildly, as if desperately seeking to escape the fetters that anchored them. The yard was littered with branches.

The boats, she thought. *The boats*. The wind, above the roar of its sweep through the trees, sounded a whine of warning.

For once she was not the first downstairs. The two men of the house were before her and were facing each other by the door. She was instantly aware of something out of the ordinary between them.

"No, sir," the younger was saying. He was standing inside the front doorway in a slouching pose. "No, sir," he repeated, his voice raised against the noise of the storm. "I have to take responsibility. The blame would be put on me an' Emmy if we was to let an old man go out in weather like this. I got to think of public opinion, Mr. Henry."

She could barely hear her grandfather. "The boats won't have a chance if they're left at the Point."

"So what? What do you care about three ol' boats? Wait'll you see the

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money you're gonna get for this place. Let 'em go. What the devil! You'll be rich!"

The girl flew to her grandfather. "Don't listen to him!" she cried. "He wants you to lose the boats so you'll have to sell the place. I heard him tell Aunt Emmy!"

She was braced for a violent outburst, but her uncle appeared unperturbed. Her grandfather seemed not to have heard.

"Don't you hear?" she pleaded. "He's been planning for you to lose the boats!" She had seized him by the arm and shoulder, and her heart sank at how slack he felt. "Mr. Henry, I'll get the men! I'll get the men to move the boats! He can't stop me!"

Her uncle straightened up threateningly. The old man shook his head without speaking.

"See?" said the other, grinning at the girl as at some joke between them, discreditable to the old man. "And anyhow, who'd go out when it's like this? And if you did get some of the men, what do you think would happen to Mr. Henry if they was to come to grief? You want them to attach the house for damages or send him to jail?"

"Don't listen, Mr. Henry!"

But he had turned and, with his back toward her, was looking in the direction of the river through the rain-streaked panes. She thought, *It doesn't matter to him any more what happens to the boats.*

There was a crash that sounded as if a side of the house were being torn away. The girl sprang to the window. A great bough had been wrenched from a pine and had fallen against a corner of the porch, raking the side of the house in its descent.

Emily Hinssey could be heard calling her husband from the back of the house, and in a moment she rushed into the room, where she looked about wildly as if expecting to find it in ruins. Arousing no special response, she collected herself, poked ineffectually at her disordered hair, and clutched her dingy wrapper more closely around her. "What happened? I thought the house was coming down."

"It was just a branch," the girl said, when it became evident that neither of the others was going to reply.

"No electricity, no cook. . . . I thought you said the hurricane was going the other way." She turned upon her father. "Hadn't you ought to be worried and doing something instead of just standing there? What about the boats? Is everybody just going to stand around?"

"Oh, shut up, Emmy," her husband put in dispassionately. "Go get some coffee and eggs on the stove."

The drumming of the rain against the house had let up, and from the western windows it was possible to see beneath the flotsam of clouds across the leaping waters of the river to the flattened fields of marsh grass on the far side. But the wind was stronger than ever. The trees bent and tossed like frenzied dancers under its assaults, the black clouds sped by, resembling the hulls of ships seen from the bottom of an aerial sea beneath which the land was rushing to some fateful appointment.

The girl brought coffee and some cold biscuits to her grandparent. He pressed her arm gratefully, but, after taking them from her, did not touch them, remaining fixed before the window. The girl brought her own food from the kitchen to be with him while her uncle, moving restlessly between the rooms, kept his eye on her. Her thoughts were like an unruly herd that could not be collected.

Noticing the intentness of her grandfather's gaze, she looked in its direction—a fishing boat was out in the wilderness of the river.

"It's the Stewarts! It's Seagirl!" she cried.

The vessel, caught up and dropped astern by following seas, seemed actually to be going backward, though with the cannonading wind behind her she must have been fairly racing. She labored prodigiously under its blows, rearing, careening, as if she were straining to escape a force that was trying to pull her under.

The front door, when the girl threw it open in her haste, was almost sucked off its hinges. But on the porch, in the lee of the house, the wind seemed less violent. The girl tried to divine by an effort of will whether young Bobby Stewart was on board. She was sure he must be. He was only two years older than she, but he could do a man's job for his father—either in the wheelhouse or in the engine room.

He was certain to be helping at a time like this; he wouldn't have missed it. She went to the edge of the porch and waved her handkerchief back and forth as far as she could reach. And finally there was an answer! She watched the movements of the red cloth against the side of the wheelhouse and had no doubt that it was he, though the hemp-colored hair could not be seen. He would be wondering about Mr. Henry's boats—her boats, as he called them.

"They'll make it all right, won't they, won't they?" she cried out to her grandfather, who, with her uncle, had followed her out on the porch. She was almost afraid to ask him because maybe, she thought despairingly, he didn't care any more about Seagirl either.

"Stewart's a good boatman," he replied absently. "You needn't worry." From watching the laboring little vessel, which had already nearly merged with the streaming, swirling torrents of rain, he had turned to examine the lowering skies.

"Everybody will be making for Mayou Bluff now!" she cried.

She had a wild hope that the sight of those racing clouds and the frenzied lashing of the trees would arouse him to the peril the boats were in, would make it seem real, so that he could not help responding. But there was no anxiety in his face as he watched the clouds fly before the wind and the trees bend to it, nothing like the uneasiness that made her uncle's face look puffy as he stood backed against the house, his gaze shifting and uncertain. He looked more as if he had forgotten about the boats, about her, about himself, in his concentrated absorption in the storm. It was difficult for the girl herself to fix her mind on anything else. The power of it poured through her. She was on edge with it.

"Listen to it!" With his shirt billowing out behind him, the old man's voice rang out above the noise of the storm. There was a quality in its tone that made the girl think he must have heard something she had not. She gathered her hair up in her hand to keep it from whipping against her ears while she listened. The deepest note was a slow, uneven throbbing, like the ponderous pounding of a muted drum, that was probably the surf on the outer islands.

"Damn it, let's get back in outa this!"

The old man responded to his son-in-law's voice, but it was to his granddaughter that he turned. "Could you drive the truck through this?"

She nodded uncertainly, not clear as to his intention.

"Then get to the Point as fast as you can. I'll be as close behind you as I'm able. We'll try to get some of the men. I reckon we've still got an hour anyway."

"What's that?" The younger man interposed his bulk between them and the head of the stairs. "I thought we got all that settled." But his voice lacked assurance.

"You'd better get back to where you belong." The old man did not raise his voice. The two faced each other. After an instant, the younger retreated a step.

"You mean you're gonna leave us here in all this?"

The girl looked at him in astonishment.

"O.K. Why should I stop you?" he went on. "All right! You want to take the boats out in this, go ahead." He spoke rapidly, wetting his lips. "Go ahead. I ain't gonna stop you."

They were drenched the instant they stepped out from under cover, engulfed in the rain. But Tom Hinssey's voice could still be heard. "Take the boats out!" he yelled. "Only remember! I'm lucky! Just don't forget that!"

"Go ahead!" he yelled.
"Take the boats out!"

The old man held to the girl's arm for a few paces. "If anything should happen," he said then, "go to the Stewarts'. Mr. Stewart will know what to do about the boats—maybe they'd make good fleet mates for Seagirl. You go to the Stewarts' anyhow, as soon as you get back from the Point. Don't go back home without me. You understand?" She nodded again. She understood, but she had no intention of not being with the boats herself. He gave her a reassuring smile. "Off you go!"

She had one last glimpse of him before she bent into the wind, his shirt and trousers plastered against his startlingly spare figure. The raindrops struck her face and body like solid pellets. But she did not notice. She was aware only of the water in her eyes that made it difficult to see—and of her own frightening apprehensions. Her uncle must have read just what she had in her grandfather's face, she told herself. That was why he was willing to let him go.

Protected by the woods from the worst force of the storm, she ran easily, her long, bare legs like a deer's, her feet sure and light on the ground. Her grandfather had had a vision of the other world, she told herself. This was how the Indians went: the Great Spirit called in the laughing of a loon or the howl of a wolf at night—or in the drumming of a gale. It was that summons her grandfather had

"What do you care about three ol' boats?" said Tom. "Let 'em go."

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heard. He would go to his end in one of the boats. It would be certain that that was his intention if he took no one with him in it.

She ran faster with her fear, more than the strain of running, pressing against her heart. She saw him as she had left him, with the rain pouring down his matted hair and face and the wind snatching at his clothes. She would stay with him, no matter what. That way, he would have to save himself—to save her.

She half expected to find the Point swept bare by the gale, but everything was standing. The three boats were still there too. The two alongside the wharf were twisting and tossing as if prodded by demons. Making for the icing shed, she almost ran into Jayno before she saw him. He was standing in the door.

"Where's Mr. Henry?" he demanded. "What's kep' him all this time? You all want to lose the boats?"

"He's coming." She snatched the ignition key from its hiding place and leaped into the truck. The battery was dead.

"I been telling him for six months he got to put somethin' back into the machinery. You can't go on forever without any upkeep."

She slumped down in the seat, giving in at last to the labor of breathing. "Why couldn't the men have come down on their own? They must have known!"

The Negro was scathing. "You talkin' about boys puttin' theyselves out these days without bein' tol'?"

She jumped out of the cab. "I'll run back and get Jeff. He's got a car."

"You c'n save yourse'f the trouble. Before you get there and back, there won't be no boats. The wind she's gettin' strong, I mean. You come look at what it's doin' to them boats."

Together, from the shelter of the shed, they watched the vessels, cushioned only by the tires that served as fenders, pounding against the wharf.

"It's on'y a question of which is goin' first—the boats or the wharf," Jayno declared.

When the old man arrived, he heard the news of their predicament with apparent indifference. "We wouldn't have had time to wait for them anyway," he stated, after a glance at the boats. "Hold on, you two!" he shouted to the boats through cupped hands. "You've got a fight ahead of you!" His voice sounded actually gay, confirming the dread in the girl's heart.

"Jayno, I can take one of them to the Bluff. Have you still got it in you to take the other?"

"Ain't no better man alive for a boat on dis hyere river," the Negro replied. He seemed somehow immune to the elements as he stood there like a figure of bronze, though the rain whipped savagely across his face. "But what we gwine do about dat Rosedhu?"

"She'll have to take her chances where she is!" the old man cried. "We couldn't get to her anyway!"

"Mr. Henry, let me!" The girl, holding her hair back from her face, looked beseechingly at him.

"What?"

"You can bring up alongside Rosedhu and I'll jump aboard. I can follow you—I know what to do. If you'll lead, everything will be all right."

"You're out of your mind! Get to the Stewarts' before the storm grows worse!"

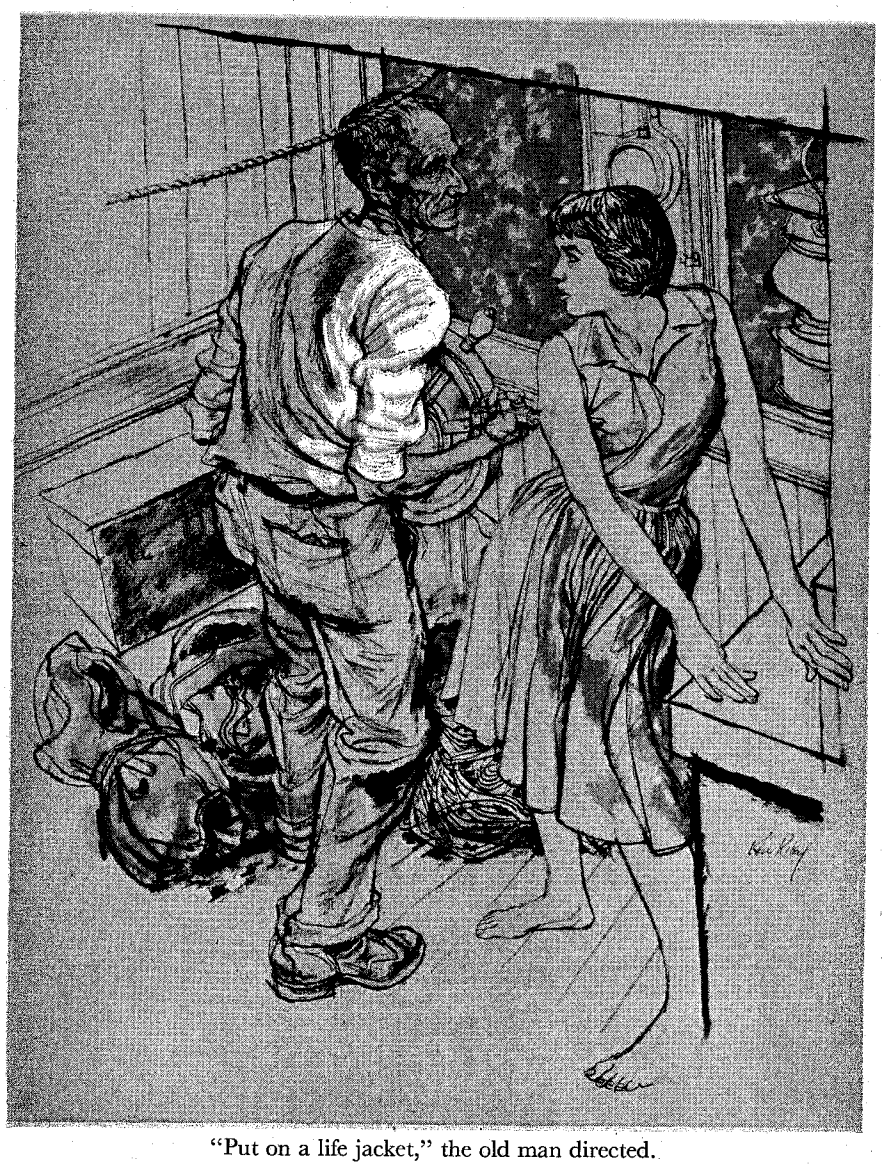
"If you don't take me, I'll jump in upriver and swim to Rosedhu! I swear!" She fell back a few steps toward the water, making the threat real.

The old man looked at the Negro, but the latter dropped his eyes.

"I mean it!" the girl cried.

He stared at her for a long moment, blinking to clear his eyes of the rain. His mouth framed an expostulation, but he closed it. He looked at the boats and, as if expecting them to be dashed to pieces if he delayed, gave in. "Come on." The girl had a feeling he perhaps expected everything to end with the storm anyhow, the whole world. She thought things could not seem wilder and more unnatural if he were right.

The two men separated and each, waiting till his boat stood momentarily at the crest of her rise, scrambled on board, clinging to the stanchions until it was possible to reach the wheelhouse. The girl remained on the wharf until they had the



"Put on a life jacket," the old man directed.

engines warmed up, then cast off the lines and leaped aboard Ogeechee after her grandfather.

She had been on waters rougher than these when squalls came up on the open sea, but the wind was beyond anything in her experience. It flung the rain like gravel against the ship and upon the river, granulating and smoothing down the surface of the brown waves it piled one upon another. It shrieked in the rigging and tore at the tattered remnants of the trawls that stuck straight out from the boom ends. She could feel the force of its blows in the lurching of the vessel as the old man, with set face, but with eyes that were clear and blue, like a boy's, brought her around the buoy where Rosedhu was throwing herself against her moorings. Caught between counterthrusts of wind and water, she swung now this way, now that, backing off only to bear down again upon the buoy, like a confused dumb animal that had been tied up and forsaken.

The old man was inching Ogeechee forward. In short sentences—for the maneuver required most of his attention—he gave the girl directions. He spun, then eased the wheel, not looking at her.

"Put on a life jacket. And don't get flustered when you get aboard. I'll be standing by."

"All right." Fearful that her nerve would desert her, the girl did not wish to talk.

"Teena, give it up!"

"No!" She stripped out of her dress to free herself for her leap, and donned one of the kapok jackets in the locker. Ogeechee had come up even with her sister and now was sidling over. Rosedhu looked forlorn and also terrible, like a derelict. The girl swallowed, with an effort.

The screaming of the wind and the lash of the rain on deck brought a piercing sense to her of the pitilessness of the judgment that awaited. The desolate expanse of the uprearing waters and the smell of the brine brought back in a flash all the tales she had heard of shipwreck and of drowned seamen awash in the waves.

The two boats were pitching to a different rhythm, rolling toward each other, wallowing apart. Holding to a guy wire, she signaled to her grandfather to narrow the gap. More . . . more. . . . She made it easily, landing hard on the deck that had soared up to meet her.

From inside the wheelhouse, she could see Ogeechee, but her grandfather had veered off sharply for safety's sake, and she had never felt so alone. Rosedhu rocked ponderously, a dead weight in th water. They would be swept out to se and be capsized! She closed her mind to her thoughts and bent over the controls. With Rosedhu, you advanced the choke an inch. She was shivering when she pressed down on the starter button.

The engine caught and, after coughing, settled down to an even rumble. She put the clutch lever forward for an instant experimentally and felt the vessel start forward.

She had still to cast off. On deck, she stretched out flat and moved by hitching herself forward on her elbows along the gunwales. The life jacket was an encumbrance, and she kept kneeling on the line she had fastened under her arms as her grandfather had told her to do. When she had slipped the painter, the speed with which the buoy moved away threw her into a panic. They would be lost before she could regain the helm! She sprang to her feet and ran back down the steeply sloping deck, fetching up hard against the forewall of the wheelhouse. Pressed against it and clinging to whatever her hands could find, she worked her way around to the side and back in through the doorway. Then panic seized her again when she could not find her grandfather's boat. It was gone, and there was nothing in the world but a desert of storm-blasted waters. . . .

When Ogeechee came into view again, she was on the opposite side from where she had been, and at four times the distance. The girl threw in the clutch and, hand over hand, as if she was climbing it, put the helm all the way over. She could feel Rosedhu kicking with full force beneath her feet, as if she had caught a sense of the emergency. The vessel came around and, catching the gale broadside, heeled over as if she meant to go all the way. Clinging to the wheel as her feet went out from under her, the girl had a frightening view of the upended river blocking out the port beside her before the boat, with a mighty effort, righted herself once more.

With the wind squarely astern, Rosedhu kept a fairly even keel, though she pitched laboriously. Ogeechee was dead ahead, and the girl opened wide the throttle. The deck vibrated to the heavy spanking of the propeller, and the timbers of the hull squeaked and grated above the wailing of the hurricane.

The sight of Sapelo standing by with her head in the gale, taking the combers like a shying horse, water pouring off of her as if she had been submerged, added to the girl's sense of the remorselessness of the elements and of the remoteness of human help. Jayno was invisible through the mingled spray and rain, but she knew he was there, she knew that it was to look out for her that he had held back and now was coming around, Sapelo heeling with a kind of wild desperation, to bring up astern of her.

The vessels were in line now, and she was close enough to Ogeechee to read the name on the stern. The gold letters were those she had herself painted on a month before—when she was a child. Now she stood at the helm of her own boat, like a man, braced against the heaving of her water steed with legs apart, gripping the massive old wheel in her own hands. A feeling of strength began to well up in her.

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She thought then of her grandfather, of all that was on him, of the anxiety he must then be enduring. She wanted to tell him it was all right, that there was hope—hope that touched everything! But surely he must be sharing some of that very hope that stirred inside her, perhaps from the contagion of the vessel's buoyancy as she foiled the succession of brutal, bull-like seas. She gave a blast of the horn on the slight chance he might hear her over the din of the gale, downwind of her as he was, and was elated to see the unmistakable movement of a waving arm in the wheelhouse.

If you could tell what a boat had in her mind before she started to act on it—Mr. Henry had said—then you could make a helmsman. And now she was sure that she could. She could feel Rosedhu's intention through her legs, in the pit of her stomach, and then, when the bow commenced to yaw, she had already put the helm over to bring her back on course.

She could tell by the shift in the direction of the gale's pressure when they had rounded the end of the island and had a course that lay dead ahead to the shielded anchorage of Mayou Bluff. The waves in the lee of the island were diminished, but the shrieking wind seemed bent on climbing to ever higher peaks of violence. Even though it struck her at a sharp angle, she had to fight it, keeping the vessel she was following not in line with the bow, but off the port quarter. The shore of Coosawah Island, when she could see it intermittently through the driven rain, was a tangle of fallen limbs and even whole trees, it appeared.

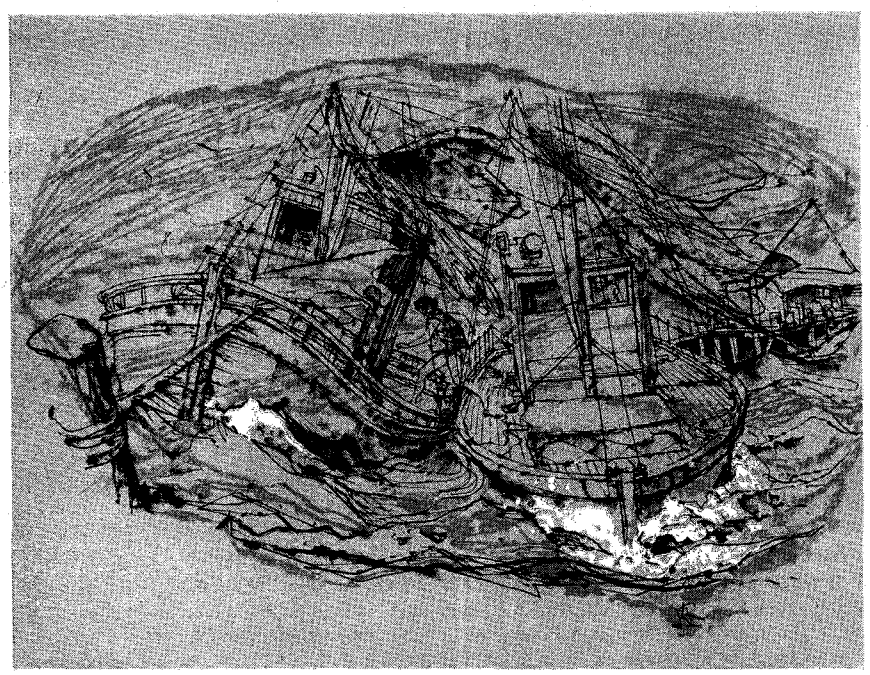
The wail of the storm made the girl think of the cries of an animal in headlong pursuit of its quarry as it closes in for the kill. It seemed wonderful that the vessel did not give up, did not cease to struggle. And yet she was not afraid. She could feel the surge of the waters carry her up, and as she balanced in rhythm with it and leaned against the heeling of the boat under the chargers of the hurricane, she experienced a kind of self-possession she had never known before. It was not that she felt safe—she had never felt less so. Yet the roaring furies that lashed the vessel and snatched off the tops of the waves thrown up by the tide rip off Audusta Channel did not reach the curious calm she felt around her heart. She could not find words for the sensation. Suddenly she knew as certainly as if he had spoken to her that her grandfather had no intention of dying. She knew how he had felt, though this was part of what she could not put in words.

The only words that came to her rose unpremeditated to her lips, and she spoke them with an unaccountable exultation, "Let it blow! Let it blow!"

She had forgotten the new bridge. She had a fearful start when its span loomed through the rain ahead, but immediately recollected what it was. She passed close enough to the western end to see that the construction barge with its derricks and winches had been driven ashore. With one end in the mud, its other end was being blown against the foundations of the tower.

The barge would surely break up, the girl reflected. It seemed a trivial matter, by the scale of everything else. The tower, revealed only in misty silhouette, rose skyward like a temple indifferent to the plight of its votaries below.

At length, through the rain-spattered glass, she saw Ogeechee turn broadside. A moment later she herself picked up the buoy at the entrance to Mayou Channel. She cut close to it, as her grandfather had done, coming around as sharp as she could to reduce the time when she would have the force of the gale on her beam. Every joint in the old vessel grated its pain, but she made the turn. Still imitating her grandfather, the girl brought the boat's nose still farther around and made for the inlet by steering well upwind of it and sidling up to it.



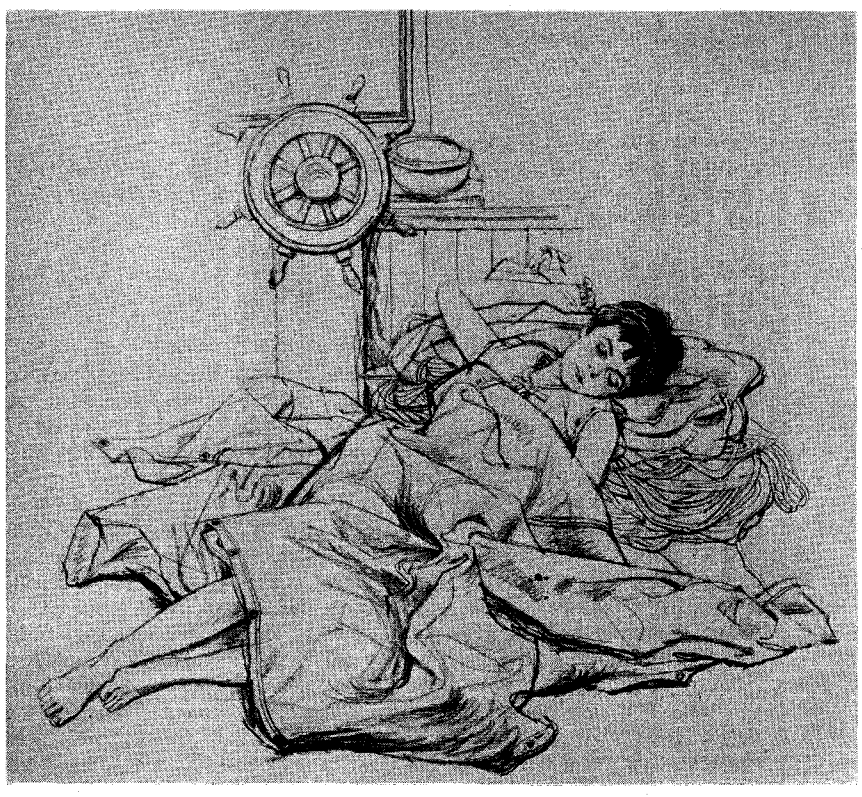
As the two boats rolled toward each other, Teena jumped.

There were human figures outlined against the clouds at the end of Mayou Bluff. The girl was amazed that people should choose such a time to visit the eminence; then realized with pleased excitement that it must have been to see whether the three boats would reach safety that they had come out.

Coming under the headland, the vessel steadied, relieved in the space of a few seconds of the pressure of the gale and the thrust of the waves. The bluff was not high, but boats could work in close to it and find, in its deeply concave configuration, sufficient protection to ride out any wind on the seaward side. A dozen trawlers the size of her grandfather's, together with many more, smaller launches, lay rocking to the wind in the comparative shelter of the cove, looking miraculously peaceful to the girl. Near where her grandfather was bringing Ogeechee in, she saw Seagirl and, at the edge of the vessel's stern, in the pelting rain, the figure of her youngest skipper scrutinizing the three arriving boats. Suddenly the vessel under her control seemed to her enormous. It was like bringing in an ocean liner! She picked out an oak on the shore upriver and concentrated on keeping the bowsprit aimed at it, fixed upon it as unswervingly as a spear embedded in its trunk.

As she passed astern of Seagirl, the boy waved and shouted to her through cupped hands, but, though she had lowered the glass of the port and cut the throttle, the words were lost in the wind. She returned his greeting with a gesture intended to convey a negligent regard for the perils through which she had navigated, but immediately afterward was not sure it had been as casual as she had intended.

Two lengths beyond Ogeechee she disengaged the engine, ran forward, tumbled the anchor over the side and, when the rope stopped paying out, whipped a half hitch in it. The rope squeaked, the vessel came around—and it was over. When she straightened up, she saw her grandfather watching her from the doorway of Ogeechee's wheelhouse. He smiled and threw her a salute, and even at that distance she could detect a kind of sadness in the admiration he meant to express, though she could not account for it. She waved gaily in return.



She fell asleep from utter exhaustion.

Back in the wheelhouse, she was overcome by hunger. In the locker were tins of crackers and corned beef. Sitting in a corner, she made a meal of them. She had hardly finished when, as if struck on the head from behind, she fell asleep from utter exhaustion.

She awakened to an impression of golden light and lay blinking for a moment without trying to move, to decide where she was. Everything was quite still. There was only the lapping of waves.

Her grandfather met her eyes, and she sat up, throwing off the tarpaulin with which she found herself covered. The wheelhouse was filled with radiance from the low sun, which shone richly beneath the edge of a table of gray-blue cloud.

"You might like to put those on," her grandparent suggested with a faint smile, indicating a set of denims thrown over the wheel. "I think you're about to receive a young caller in a rowboat. If I were you, I'd take off what little else you have on, since it's sopping wet."

"Oh ——" She was still wearing the life jacket and not much more.

The old man turned his back. "Jayno!" he called across the darkening waters separating Rosedhu and Sapelo. "What do you think we'll find when we go back to the Point?" The girl could not hear the old Negro's reply, but her grandfather chuckled. "This time we'll build something prettier. It's a good thing you don't want to stop working yet."

"Mr. Henry! You're not going to sell the place!"

He appeared surprised. "I doubt very much if we have a buyer now. Hadn't you noticed?"

She looked in the direction he indicated with a toss of his head. One tower of the bridge alone was standing, and from it the remains of the span sagged limply into the river.

"Gone!" she breathed in disbelief and wonder.

A moment passed before either spoke. "I don't suppose Uncle Tom'll be wanting to stay any longer now," the girl ventured then.

"Certainly not if it would mean pitching in to help rebuild the boathouse and put the boats in shape. And that's what it would mean." His granddaughter snatched a glance at him. "So I think," he went on, "we can assume he and Emmy will be leaving—though not the way he expected, over a spanking new bridge and with a satchel full of currency."

The girl voiced her gratitude again, "The bridge is gone—the bridge is gone!"

"Yes, it's gone. But not for good, Teena. Not for good. You can be sure they'll build it back," her grandfather declared. "Oh, yes. They'll throw another span across."

The girl looked down the channel to the island on the other side of the river. In the faint golden light that molded the contours of the forested shore, it appeared as mysterious as it must have to the eyes of its first discoverer. On the other side, across the glowing western sky, three ducks flew in tight formation, slim, black silhouettes speeding with a faint whistling of wings.

"But they can't take it away from us, can they?" she said ardently. "Not if we won't let them!"

"Not if we won't let them," he repeated. "Not if we won't let them."

The End

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Inside Dannemora Prison (Continued from Page 13)

listed 185 murderers, 46 of them doing life; 118 men doing time for manslaughter; 422 armed robbers, 271 burglars and 184 dope peddlers, along with lesser offenders. The population is 2075, which is virtually capacity.

In such a prison, remoteness magnifies the tension. Warden J. Vernel Jackson can count on an average of twenty-five fist fights each month. By common consent, knives are outlawed, for the penalty is "a general frisk." The men are locked in their cells for two to three days while the prison is searched from top to bottom. This inconvenience is not relished. From time to time there are plots to escape, which generally come to the warden's attention through the prison grapevine. Above all, there is the issue of sex, an ugly one when men are locked away from women.

Any single one of these things could set off a riot. What has forestalled an explosion, to date, is a tightly run establishment and a regime that is strict but humane. That this new system pays off better than the repressiveness of the past was established on the dark, snowy afternoon of January 7, 1956. That was the day all the lights in the prison went out. A blackout is a godsend to conspirators and a menace to the prison staff. In the penitentiaries of New York State, only the guards on the walls are armed. Moving among restless prisoners, an armed guard might have his weapon snatched away. The 325 guards at Clinton carry police billies for self-defense. About 150 were on duty at the time, outnumbered 20 to 1.

The news came by telephone to Charles L. McKendrick—at the time, principal keeper. It was 2:30 P.M., getting on toward dusk. "We have a fire back of one of the switchboards," said a message from the powerhouse, which is outside the walls. "If that goes, everything goes." Warden Jackson came down to the prison yard to meet McKendrick. Some hundreds of idle prisoners—those not yet assigned to jobs—walked past briskly, keeping warm. A good warden can smell trouble, and Jackson has had his job since July 1, 1943. For fifteen years before that, he was industrial superintendent. Jackson sniffed the air.

"Send them in quick, and feed them right now," he said. "Then bring in the men from the shops in a hurry. If we lock them in their cells and feed them there, it will be midnight before we're done. The whole place will be in an uproar. Maybe, this way, they'll think it enough of a lark not to make trouble."

The lights began to dim at 2:45 P.M., as the idle prisoners were eating. Not long after 3:00 P.M., when the men from the shops had moved to the mess hall, the power went off entirely. The only light came from two cranky gasoline lanterns and a dim assortment of flashlights. The nine barred gates separating the front entrance from the interior of the prison were locked. Extra guards were posted.

"The only thing that occurred to me," said McKendrick, "was to try a little good-natured banter. I wandered from table to table, exchanging a few jokes with the men I could recognize in that dim light. I saw one bunch that could cause real trouble. If they felt like it, they could throw dishes or slug the guards. Then we'd have a real riot under way.

"'H'm'm,' I said. 'Candlelight and silver. We must try this more often.'"

The mess hall rocked with laughter. The men ate their supper and sat wisecracking until 5:30 P.M., when the power supply was cut in again. They moved quietly to the cell blocks. McKendrick, who had been sweating lightly, went home to dinner outside the walls. He ate very little, for he was shaking like a leaf.

What happened on July 22, 1929, was vastly different. There already had been one riot at Auburn Prison, downstate. At Clinton, at eight o'clock in the morning, about 1300 prisoners were moving from the mess hall to the yard. The trouble started there. Guards were stoned. The power was cut off by the prisoners. A three-story carpenter shop went up in flames. A civilian employee was held hostage. The National Guard, the State Police and customs inspectors from the Canadian border laid siege to the prison. Eight hours later the riot ended with three convicts dead.

What caused this riot will never cause another. A wave of crime after the first World War impelled the legislature to adopt a law introduced by State Senator Baumes. It was a vindictive piece of legislation. A second offender received double his first sentence; a third offender double his second sentence. A fourth offender went to prison for the rest of his life, ineligible for parole.

"The men were desperate," says Warden Jackson, who was in the yard that wild morning. He had come to the prison in 1928 as superintendent of the shops. "They took the attitude: 'What's the use? Whatever I do, I can't be worse off.' Since then, the Baumes Law has been repealed. We have indeterminate sentences, with a good chance of an early parole if a man behaves himself. Even a prisoner in for natural life can at least hope for a commutation of sentence from the governor."

Even so, some blithe souls still hanker to escape. The schemes evolved have been ingenious. In 1942, one group of convicts proposed to incinerate the guard in Tower 10 by lobbing homemade Molotov bombs at him. The bombs were contrived from milk bottles, filled with lighter fluid, and then capped with metal into which the heads of matches had been inset. Having dispatched the unsuspecting guard to his maker, they planned to scale the wall on a demountable ladder made of piping.

In 1946, after studying the encyclopedia in the prison library, five other conspirators produced five magnesium bombs from a mixture of iron filings and powdered aluminum. These ingredients were available in the shop. The intense heat of the bombs would soften the bars of their cells, which then could be spread apart. Once out in the corridor, the plotters intended to capture a guard, to use him as a hostage, and to stroll blithely through the front gate. In both cases, however, somebody told, and the escapes were frustrated.

To make good an escape calls for infinite patience, a meticulous attention to details and a loyal group of friends who can be trusted not to squeal. The most nearly successful attempt in recent years was described to me by the man who undertook it. Edward Morgan, thirty-nine, is a husky six-footer, serving until 1962 for robbing a finance-company office in New York. He was devoted to his mother, who lived in the Midwest. In 1948 he decided to go over the wall to see mother again.

While occupied with his duties as hall porter, helping to clean the cell block, Morgan discovered that a utility corridor behind his cell led to a flight of stairs that ascended to the attic. On the back of each cell is a steel vent plate eight by eight inches. However, the walls on each side were of plaster. First, Morgan acquired a hand drill and a brace and bit from the shops. Next he manufactured a wooden frame through which his body would pass, and used this as a template, establishing the exact size of the aperture he needed.

"Every night I'd drill a few holes," he told me. "I was lucky—the guy in the tier of cells above me liked to play hot licks on his saxophone. That drowned out what I was doing. First I removed the plate, and then I drilled fifty-one holes in the wall. It took me four months. To hide my work, I filled the holes with peanut butter, swiped from the mess hall. I also swiped a fire hose and hid it in my cell.

"Then I had to have a ladder. That was easy. They let us prisoners make deck chairs for ourselves from scrap wood. We set them up in the prison yard. I took out enough four-foot pieces of wood to do the job. Each time, I made sure that a different guard would be on duty at the entrance to the yard, checking me in. I stored this wood where nobody would find it, along with some pieces of broom handle for rungs. I had already made myself some keys to fit the locked doors on the utility corridors.

"Only one thing went wrong, but at the time it didn't impress me. I couldn't get enough hardwood one day, so I carried out two pieces of softwood. On the night of May ninth, I knocked loose the hole I had made in the cell wall and crawled out. When I got to the attic, I unscrewed two steel shutters, tied the fire hose on a beam, pulled the hose through and slid down it twenty-five feet to the ground.

"I was carrying the last two pieces of hardwood I needed to make a perfect ladder, but before I got to my cache, the light in Tower Nine went off. I figured the guard had seen me, and I dropped the hardwood. I kept on crawling, though. I got to my cache, carried the wood to the wall, and then I discovered something else. The bolts I'd carried out were quarter-inch diameter. Like a fool, so were the holes I had drilled. I had to screw in each bolt by hand, and I had to use the two pieces of softwood. By then it was six-thirty A.M.—broad daylight—but still the guards hadn't noticed me.

"I set up the ladder and climbed eight feet. The softwood gave way, and the whole thing collapsed. I walked straight across the prison yard, still with nobody noticing me, and up to the door of the prison hospital. 'Let me in,' I said to the guard there. 'I didn't make it.'"

In thirty years only five men have got away. Three were recaptured within forty-eight hours. Two others, who got away in 1928, are still at large.

Morgan's project was *bona fide*, but Warden Jackson still is not sure whether the men who produced the Molotov bombs and the magnesium bombs really intended to escape. Sometimes such plots are "a setup," devised as an elaborate hoax.

The warden is a chubby man in his early fifties, imperturbable enough to walk unarmed and unaccompanied through the prison yard whenever he feels like it. He is also well acquainted with the workings of a prisoner's mind.

"We get these setups every now and then," he says. "A prisoner may be well liked, but he may have lost what we call 'good time.' A man who behaves himself and follows all the rules can accumulate 'good time' at the rate of a hundred and twenty days a year. However, if he loses it by misbehavior, then he's just that much farther away from a parole.

"So this fellow will get together with some of his pals who have a long, long time to go before parole. The other lads will dream up some sort of scheme for an escape. It has to look realistic, of course. He will then tell on them. This gets him nowhere with the prison. We don't reward a 'rat.' But the Board of Parole is an independent agency. Its members can hear his story. If they believe it, they can restore his good time and give him extra consideration for an early parole. In this way, he gets out of prison before he should. The fellows who hatched up the scheme will be sent to the segregation block for a while and lose some privileges, but they figure it's time well spent if their buddy gets out of prison."

A new generation of convicts has come to Clinton Prison—men who go to the warden with their complaints as a matter of course, or talk freely to the guards if something goes wrong. Twenty-five years ago, when knifings were commonplace, a "rat" wouldn't live for a week, once found out. At the moment, one known squealer, who testified in court against his accomplices, is quietly finishing out a ten-year term for a $20,000 robbery.

The tipoff is used, most generally, to get even. One man, marching in line past a guard a few years ago, murmured, "Look in the wheel shop." A search disclosed a suit of civilian clothing, essential to an escape. Another called over a guard to complain. "They tell me I got a package from home," he said, "but I haven't received it yet." When interviewed, he put the finger on a man who had been winning heavily in card games. Gambling is forbidden, and so is payment for gambling. In this man's cell, guards found a handsome supply of cigarettes, candy and foodstuffs bought from the prison commissary and paid over to him by losers.

The most fetid subject in every prison is sex, and Clinton is no exception. In this abnormal setting, extracurricular romances flourish rankly. They rarely get past the starting point, however, because of close surveillance. If two prisoners hold hands while walking in the yard or seem to be devoting too much attention to each other, the principal keeper is informed by the guards.

"You run into incredible emotional resistance," says McKendrick, who has since become the warden of a downstate reformatory for mentally defective delinquents. "If I call in a man to question him about a liaison, he is apt to become almost tearful. He'll insist that it's nobody's business whom he chooses as a friend. From my experience, a true homosexual is not much of a problem in prison. He considers himself superior to the average roughneck."

I sat, as a spectator, at a principal keeper's court last summer when a tall, husky man was brought in for fighting. The principal keeper holds court once a week to pass judgment on petty infractions. He can suspend a prisoner's privileges, such as the right to buy from the commissary, or he can send a man to segregation when it seems desirable.

The conversation was brief.

PRINCIPAL KEEPER: Now, the guard, here, reports to me you were fighting with this other man. What was it all about?

PRISONER: Aw, this guy and me thought a lot of each other. We used to go around together. Then he started going around with other guys. (*Almost weeping*): I couldn't stand it any longer. I couldn't stand it! One day when we were passing in the hall, I took a punch at him, and that started the fight.

On the basis of this frank confession, McKendrick sent him to the F-1 ward.

The next man in was a tall Negro with a baffled expression on his face.

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PRINCIPAL KEEPER: I see here you wrote a note saying that you wanted to be keep-locked. (A prisoner may, at his own request, be kept locked in his cell for a period of time or sent to segregation.)

PRISONER: Yeah. Mister, I'm all bugged up. (Meaning, in prison argot, "all upset.") I'm gonna get in a fight if I don't get away from the rest of these guys.

He was keep-locked for thirty days. Sometimes a man will ask for this strange privilege because he has run up a gambling debt and is afraid that his creditors will beat him up. The third man in was a dockside racketeer from New York, once famous as a machine gunner who would kill anyone for hire. He was filthy.

PRINCIPAL KEEPER: The guard tells me you won't take a bath, you won't wash and you won't shave. What's the trouble?

PRISONER: Aw, I'm sick. I want to go to the hospital, but I'm sick—I can't move.

PRINCIPAL KEEPER: But the doctor says there's nothing wrong with you. It's easier to walk to the hospital than it is to walk down here. Either you shave or you go to the box (the segregation building).

PRISONER: All right, I'll shave. But I'm still sick.

There followed immediately the principal keeper's indoctrination. Every new man assigned or transferred to Clinton Prison is interviewed by the principal keeper. A good share of the prisoners, if convicted within the area extending from Utica on the west to the Canadian border on the north, the Vermont border on the east and the neighborhood of Poughkeepsie on the south, come directly to Clinton. Just three men were due for questioning.

The first was a baby-faced young man who had held up a filling station. McKendrick has a sharp eye for the things that cause trouble. This young man had an innocent look that promised to make him difficulties. After some preliminary questioning, McKendrick got down to facts.

PRINCIPAL KEEPER: You know what to do if anybody lays a hand on you or starts giving you presents or writing notes?

PRISONER: I can take care of myself. I already been in Coxsackie (a reformatory for juveniles).

PRINCIPAL KEEPER: Well, just remember: Don't get in a fight. You fight and you lose privileges. Just tell the nearest guard and he'll see you aren't molested.

The second man was a dreamy Negro, who scarcely paid attention. "Yeah," he yawned, "I'll be all right. I ain't gonna have trouble." McKendrick referred him to the prison psychiatrist. Within two days, certified as a paranoid, he was transferred to the State Hospital next door. The third man, a young Southerner, had forged a check.

"I was workin' on a highway crew and my job ran out," he said. "I needed money for my wife and kids. So I wrote a bum check."

McKendrick shook his head. "Now," he said, "you want to get back to your family. So take my advice and keep your nose clean. That way, you'll get out fastest."

Rough justice, but it works. Three years ago the segregation block, in which each man has his own recreation yard, was so sparsely occupied that the prison was able to close it down for repainting. In the old days, going into segregation was a stern business. A prisoner was delivered at the door and told, curtly, "Strip." He then walked, naked, down a dark and ice-cold hall to a gate where the guard supplied him with other clothes. Now a man in segregation is treated fairly leniently. He is forbidden to smoke for thirty days, but he is permitted to see any visitors who come to the prison.

However, he loses his prison pay—thirty cents a day if he works in the shops; two cents a day if a job has not been found for him. As this money accumulates, he can spend it in the commissary at the rate of $7.50 a week, buying such things as shoes, clothing or canned goods. The figure is modest, but Clinton Prison operates on a frugal basis. Each convict costs the state just $1450 a year, a figure that includes all operating expenses.

The segregation block is unusual for a maximum-security prison, but the main yard is even more startling. There is not another like it in the United States, and probably not in the world. The lower yard is familiar enough—a baseball diamond, an enclosure with bar bells and other muscle-toughening equipment. But above this are about sixty small courts, terraced up the hillside and separated by low walls or wooden fences. Each has a stove, made from oil drums, on which prisoners can cook food bought from the commissary during "yard hours," which run from 3:30 P.M. to 5:00 P.M. There are deck chairs, a table for card playing, and generally a small vegetable garden.

As I passed through, one summer day, two rugged prisoners, stripped to the waist, were dining elegantly on lettuce salad. In the next court, a bridge game was under way. At the top of the yard, looking out over the mountains, a group of older men were playing *bocce*, an Italian version of bowling on the green. Twenty-four guards encircled the yard, but there were no fights. There rarely are, for the loss of yard privileges is a bitter blow.

"This yard represents a wonderful method of maintaining discipline," said my escort, William H. Johnson, captain of guards. "When I first came here from Auburn Prison, a few years back, I was horrified. I said to myself, 'I'm going to try to get rid of this hobo jungle, if I can.' But then I realized how valuable it was. There are eighteen hundred men out here, on the average, every day. You practically never have a fight. I'll bet if you cooped up eighteen hundred civilians in a space this size, just seven and a half acres, you'd have a dozen of them. They like it so much that they're even out here when it's forty below zero."

At such frigid times the winter sports season gets going full blast. There is a ski jump, a small bobsled run and a skating rink. Outsiders, who think of a prison as a place where men are punished, find this program hard to comprehend.

One young boy from upstate, sentenced for stealing a car, wrote home to his mother: "Dear mom: I like it fine here. Send me my skis, my skates and some garden seeds." The mother was appalled. She wrote to the Catholic chaplain, the Rev. John F. McNamara, to ask if her boy had lost his mind. Father McNamara assured her that her son's requests were perfectly logical.

The system of courts in the prison yard bears a faint resemblance to college fraternities or college eating clubs. A man does not walk into a court and say to its tenants, "Well, boys, here I am. Now what do we do?" He waits to be invited, and the wait is often as agonizing as rush week in a college. When a vacancy occurs in the court, the waiting list is carefully considered. The man who receives a bid is considered the most likely to succeed—either as a card player, as a cook or because he has already proved himself in crime. In this latter category fall men such as Luciano.

Within the yard, as within the walls of a college, some groups have more prestige than others. The Irish court, which identifies the national origin of its founders, is one of the most sought after. It was this one that Luciano joined. The constituents, at the time, consisted of one Irishman, one Italian and three Jews. Luciano was its most unobtrusive member. He was so retiring, in fact, that he refused in 1943 to leave prison for the funeral of his mother. "It might attract too much attention," he said. In 1946 his thirty-to-fifty-year sentence for compulsory prostitution was commuted and he was deported to Italy. The records by law are secret, but apparently this represented repayment for his help in preserving order and keeping the longshoremen working on the New York water front during the war.

An equally spectacular feature of the prison is the Chapel of St. Dismas, "The Good Thief." Dismas was crucified for thievery beside Jesus Christ, who forgave him before he died. The chapel is a handsome, spired stone building for the Roman Catholic inmates, built by volunteer convict labor and dedicated August 28, 1941. It accommodates 1200 persons. Even the stained-glass windows were made by the inmates. In one of them, I noted, the infant Jesus has the face of a grown man. The explanation was that the convict who made the window had been in prison so long that he had forgotten what a child looked like.

A prison chaplain has a difficult life. Convicts constantly attempt to "use" him. Father McNamara has the right, when he feels that a man has genuinely gone straight, to intercede for him before the Parole Board or to ask for reconsideration when he thinks a man has been convicted unjustly. He has been at the prison since 1953. Since then, he has had his share of disappointments, along with a few successes.

A forger once convinced him that he had gone straight. When the man was paroled, Father McNamara got him a job. Within a week the man began forging checks all over again. "A forger," as another prison chaplain once observed, "is suffering from an incurable disease. Even if he's dead twenty-four hours, he'll rise from his coffin and start kiting checks again."

A second man, who seemed the height of trustworthiness, wrecked the most promising program of rehabilitation that Father McNamara ever has undertaken. The chaplain convinced a firm of manufacturers that ex-convicts made good risks. The firm was prepared to hire a sizable number of them. The first four men worked out all right. The fifth got drunk, got involved in an assault and kicked the whole program sky-high. The company refused to take any more parolees.

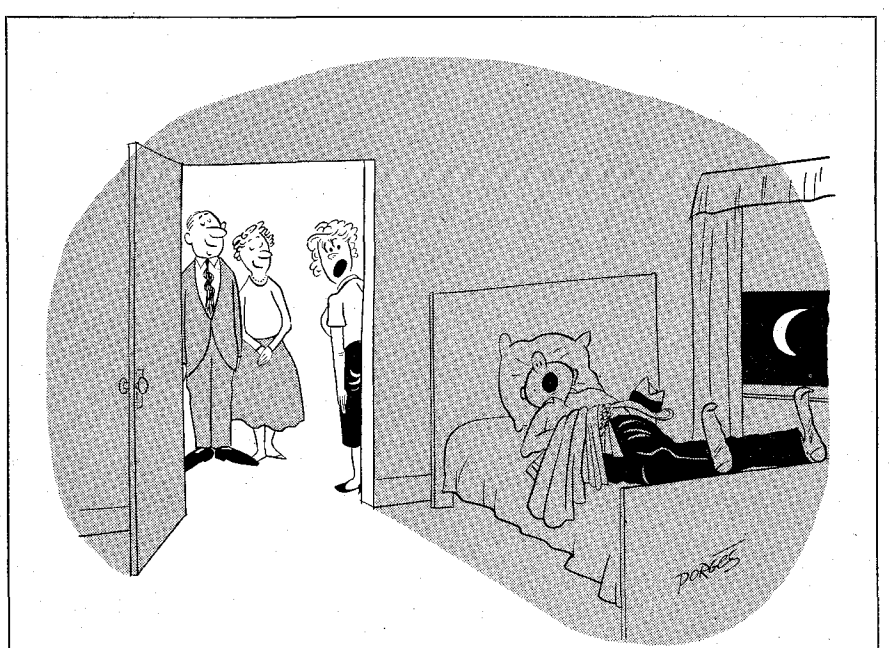
To balance off these failures, there are some successes. One thief was released, with Father McNamara's backing, to return to Canada. He found himself a good job. "The first thing they told me to do," he wrote the chaplain, "was to carry ten thousand dollars in cash from Vancouver to Edmonton. I did it, father—but believe me, I sure sweat blood."

The rehabilitation program at Clinton Prison is limited. There is a course in ethics, conducted by the chaplain, and there are some classes for elementary students. The shops manufacture clothing for the prisons of the state, so a man can learn only one trade. If he wants to teach himself, the prison will co-operate. One recent parolee emerged as a skilled ophthalmologist and as a laboratory technician. He already has a job.

The program may seem scanty, but the results are promising. Of prisoners paroled, 65 to 68 per cent never come back again. "We still need many more things," says commissioner McHugh. "We need a broader training program. We need a special institution for the aged—in some prisons I've found old men who haven't the strength to get off their beds locked behind five successive gates. We need training for the blind, the deaf, the amputees and paraplegics. We need a separate institution for sex offenders, where they can have psychiatric care. With these things, in time, perhaps our prison population will drop instead of rise."

Until that time comes, there always will be a Clinton Prison—a place with a bitter past and a sad present. On late fall nights the fog lies thick over the prison, and the guards on the wall walk their posts blindly. On a crisp winter night the catwalk is slick with ice, and the wind rattles the panes in the towers. Outside each guard post, exactly on the half hour, the little signal bulbs switch from red to green, and then back again in another half hour—evidence that all is well. The lights glare down on the prison yard, and the cell-block corridors are heavy with darkness.

It is not Siberia, of course, but a man is a long way from home up there in the hills. THE END



"The Wilsons are saying good night . . . are you getting their coats?"

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The Marriage Prospect

(Continued from Page 18)

pocket. This was only partly true. At one time your grandfather could have been hanged as a horse thief and, if you had the money to put on the line, you could have become one of the elite owning a home in Surf Pines. But as the development continued, the residents themselves put pressure on David Gramson, Jud's boss, to be more selective, and now, if you didn't need clearance from the FBI, the First Families of Virginia and the Junior League, you at least had to give the appearance of being able to provide that clearance on request.

Mrs. Bradley, who served as secretary, receptionist and saleswoman, came into the office. She was a woman of some forty-odd, who looked as if she should be home baking pies like mother used to bake. She had deceptively mild blue eyes, a mind like a calculating machine and the conscience of a hungry wolf.

"'Morning, muscles," she said. She went back and hung up her raincoat. She looked at the piece of driftwood on Jud's desk. "Been roaming the beach again?"

"Uh-huh," Jud walked to his desk and looked down at the configuration of the driftwood piece, seeing in its high lights and streaks and twisted fibers a thing of beauty far beyond man's ability to reproduce it. "How do you like it?"

She glanced at it. "It's O.K., if you like driftwood. I imagine Mr. Gramson would rather you collected a few prospects for that thirty-thousand-dollar job he's been trying to sell for six months, though."

"Yeah," Jud said. "I wonder how many years ago this thing started roaming around the ocean?"

"Look, muscles," Mrs. Bradley said, "you put all the money you'd saved in the bone-crushing business into Surf Pines Development. That was four months ago. You haven't sold a house yet."

"I know," Jud said. "I'm just no good at it, I guess."

"What about that retired doctor and his wife? I gave you them as a prospect out of the goodness of my heart. It was a struggle, but I gave. What happened?"

"They liked the house. They said the view was sensational; they particularly liked the big fireplace and the beam ceiling."

"But they didn't buy?"

"No."

"What didn't they like about it?"

"Thirty thousand bucks they didn't like."

"You didn't ease them into it, I don't suppose? You hit them over the head with it."

"Look," Jud said. "Thirty thousand bucks is thirty thousand bucks. The man's a doctor. He can count to thirty."

"Mr. Gramson would take twenty-seven-five."

"Then why doesn't he say twenty-seven-five?"

"Look, muscles," Mrs. Bradley said, "selling a house isn't like selling a ticket to watch the Rams and the Forty-Niners, you know. You say 'thirty thousand dollars' and it sounds like half the money in the world. But you say this property is going fast, there's very little coast-line property left on the West Coast, that a man is not only buying property, he's buying insurance for the future, and where else can you get that for five thousand? The lot alone would cost nearly that."

"Five thousand?" Jud said. "Where do you get five thousand?"

"That's all the down payment Mr. Gramson wants. Then you slip in twenty-seven-five, saying that you think Mr. Gramson would take it. Along with that, get in a word about low taxes, the fact that water is furnished for practically nothing, and then the clincher about an exclusive development, gracious living, privacy, in one of the few unspoiled areas left in the United States."

Jud listened, fascinated. When Mrs. Bradley finished, he said, "I don't get all this real-estate gobbledygook. Twenty-seven-five, five down, exclusive development, unspoiled area, last frontier. You can go up and down this beach and buy all the property you want. In the winter, when the storms blow real good, you can even buy property you don't want 'cause the price is right."

Mrs. Bradley put her chin in her hand and looked at Jud. "Muscles," she said, "why didn't you stay in the football business?"

"Frankly, Mrs. Bradley, it got so I was a second slow getting to the line of scrimmage. In that business, a second might as well be five minutes."

"I think," Mrs. Bradley said, "that you're a second slow in this business too." She picked up her telephone and then put it back on the hook. "What about the Calvert girl? They live next door to that place. Didn't she say her father was going to dig up someone to buy the place so the Calverts would be assured of some pedigreed neighbors?"

"Patricia?" Jud said. "Yeah. The people her father dug up are so pedigreed their roofs leak. Still, she might have heard something." He stared at the piece of driftwood, seeing it now, hand-rubbed and polished and gracing a mantel or mounted in a corner above a planter and acting as a ladder for climbing ivy. All things cast on the shore fascinated Jud to an extent that sometimes embarrassed him, when, on rare occasions, he became articulate about the mystery of their origins. *I suppose it just ain't right*, Jud thought, *for a man as big as I am.*

Jud looked at his telephone, loath to call Patricia Calvert for valid reasons of his own. In the first place, he admitted, without inner reservations, that she was vastly brighter in the head than he was. In the second place, she was as lovely as a last-second field goal, and he was fully aware that the mere sound of her voice made him throb much more than he cared to acknowledge. And third and most important of all, it seemed apparent to his tortured mind that Patricia might decide to become Mrs. Judson Carter so that she could reform him and change his way of life. She took a dim view of both the real-estate business and the gathering of driftwood, glass floats, bits of cork, bamboo, crab-pot floats and old rope, and more and more used phrases like "burying yourself down here at the beach" and "living in the backwash" and "planning for your future." Jud did not know the nature of her prospectus for his future, but he did not doubt for an instant that she had one. He wasn't certain that he'd have sufficient strength of character to avoid it.

"You going to call or sit and stare at that hunk of flotsam?" Mrs. Bradley said.

At that moment his phone rang. Jud picked it up and said hello.

It was Patricia. "Is this Jud Carter, the real-estate tycoon?"

"That's very funny," he said bitterly.

"Then I'll try again. Is this Jud (The Horse) Carter, the erstwhile tailback of the Los Angeles Rams?"

"Take out the needle," Jud said.

"Look, darling, I want you for cocktails. Five o'clock, and bring all your muscles. People are coming down from Portland and I promised I'd have you here."

"What am I—a trained seal?"

"Judson, some of them might be interested in the house next door."

"That's different."

"Besides, dad wants to talk to you—and don't wear that wild-looking sports coat."

"No, ma'am."

"Wear that Ivy League model I picked out for you, your gray flannels and a knitted tie."

"Yes, sir, coach."

"Don't be facetious, Jud."

"Look, Patricia, I don't want to stay out late tonight. There's a west wind and I want to be on the beach at daylight. There'll be ——"

"What is more important, lugging home driftwood or meeting people who will be able to do you some good in the future?"

"Do I have to answer that?" Jud said.

"No, just be here at five."

Jud hung up the phone. He looked at Mrs. Bradley. "Her father wants to talk to me. Whatever it is, I bet you it'll be good for me, and I also bet you that I won't want to do it."

"You might as well go to lunch," Mrs. Bradley said. "There's a man coming in and I may be able to unload that white elephant over on Tenth Street."

"Where's our esteemed boss?"

"Portland. He'll be back sometime today."

Jud left the office and walked up to Art's Place. Art poured a cup of coffee and put it on the counter. "Give me the word in a word," Art said.

"No," Jud said. "Thirty thousand was too much dough."

"He could be right. What you want to eat?"

"Hamburger," Jud said. "The works."

"You're a growing boy," Art said. "You can't live on hamburger." He went to his steam table, ladled out Swiss steak, mashed potatoes and peas. He put the plate in front of Jud. "I'm long on this stuff. Besides, if I didn't fix Swiss steak, every character who comes in the door wants it. Now everyone wants hamburger."

Jud tasted the Swiss steak and then looked at Art. "You like this business, don't you, Art?"

"I'll say one thing for it—it's never dull, with characters like you for customers. Sure I like it. I've never done a thing I didn't like."

"You know what I like to do, Art?"

"Yeah, you like to roam the beach. You like to make lamps and book ends and stuff out of things you find on the beach."

"Uh-huh," Jud said, "but try and make a living doing that. So I'm selling real estate. I couldn't sell a hundred pounds of cork to a drowning man," Jud said miserably. "And that isn't all. Patricia's dad wants to talk to me tonight. Next thing I'll end up somewhere counting money."

Art lighted a cigarette. "Dame was in here for breakfast. Parked a black Mercedes-Benz right out here in front. She was all gussied up like a jobless actress, mink coat and all."

"So what?"

"Oh, nothing," Art said. "She merely asks do I know of any beach property for sale."

"Oh, no!"

"In an exclusive area," Art said.

"And you let her get away!" Jud screamed.

Art looked pained. "You hurt me, kid, but I forgive you because you let me sell you the Swiss steak. Her name is Miss Abigail Quinn. She's staying at The Tides."

"She's an old maid?" Jud said.

"She's a maid," Art said. "I told her you'd stop and give her the pitch on Surf Pines."

"Art, I'll remember you in my will."

"If it's all the same to you, Jud, you being about twenty years younger than I am, I'd just as soon settle for a dozen golf balls."

"You got 'em," Jud said. He paid for his lunch and took off.

The black Mercedes-Benz was parked beside one of the corner apartments. He walked up to the door and rang the bell. Inside, he heard music coming from a radio or record player. Artie Shaw's Gramercy Five was working on Summit Ridge Drive. Jud rang the bell again. The music stopped. The door opened.

She was a blonde, with shoulder-length hair, somewhat tousled. Her eyes were as green as a handful of mint leaves. She was wearing an old pair of pedal pushers, paint-stained and ragged at the bottoms, and an old sweat shirt. Still, she was as cute as a little red tricycle.

"Miss Quinn?" Jud said doubtfully.

"Guilty," she said. "Come in."

"My name is Carter—Jud Carter. I'm with Surf Pines Development Company."

"What are you developing—the surf or the pines?"

"Well—both. It's a real-estate development. Very exclusive. It ——"

"Oh, Art told me. Said that if you didn't sell a house pretty soon, you'd either slash your wrists or go back into the football business. At your advanced age of thirty-one, he said you might get your neck broken."

"There's privacy out there and gracious living in ——"

"If you're the Jud Carter who was with the Rams, I saw you operate on the Chicago Cardinals last year. Three touchdowns. You don't look as if you're creaking in the joints, but then we aren't getting any younger, any of us, and the beach is a good place to retire. I intend to sit quietly in a chair and rusticate in a genteel manner, probably developing a middle-age spread and two chins."

Jud stared at her. "You're retiring?" She didn't look as if she had even started.

"I'm not only retiring, I'm going to collapse in one piece."

"I see," Jud said. He didn't see at all. "You'll never be eligible for Social Security," he said.

"Thank you for those kind words. Nevertheless, I feel sixty-five."

"Well, Surf Pines is quiet. We just happen to have a home out there that ——"

She held up a hand. "Never mind the jet-propelled sales pitch, Jud. I've seen the place. In the position of a buyer, I realize that I shouldn't tell you this, but frankly, I'm nuts about it."

"You are?"

"Goofy. But I'm not idiot enough to pay thirty grand."

"Well, I think I can talk Mr. Gramson into twenty-seven-five."

"You'll have to talk better than that, Jud."

Jud shook his head. "I don't think ——"

"That place has been on the market for fourteen months, Jud," Abigail said. "Why don't you take me to dinner tonight and we can haggle about the price? I just love to haggle about prices. Particularly in that bracket. Also, my father used to say, 'The buyer needs a hundred eyes; the seller not one.' And he should know. He was in the used-car business."

"You can make an offer, Miss Quinn," Jud said, "and I'll pass it along to Mr. Gramson."

"At dinner?" she said. "Six?"

Dimly enough, Jud remembered Patricia's invitation at five, but business

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was business, remote though the possibility was that Miss Quinn would really buy the place. "Right," he said. "Six o'clock."

He went back to Art's Place.

"The dame's nuts, I think," he said, when Art put coffee in front of him and raised his eyebrows.

"As long as she can write her name on a check, who cares?" Art said.

"She says she's retiring. What could she be retiring from? She isn't over twenty-five or twenty-six."

Art shrugged. "It isn't the age of a man, woman or used car that counts; it's the mileage. For all you know, she might have been a child movie star and retired at the age of thirteen."

Jud drank his coffee and then put a dime on the counter. He stood up. "Well, she's the first prospect I've been able to dig up in four months that looks like a live one. Wish me luck."

Judson went back to the office. Mr. Gramson was back and called Judson into the inner sanctum. Mr. Gramson was a tall, lean, nervous man with a bank roll, a gift for making money and an ulcer. He peered at Jud over his glasses and motioned to a chair.

"Jud, I want to start building another home out at Surf Pines, maybe two homes. The weather's improving and the building season is here. But that home out there has to go before I start."

"I just dug up a prospect, Mr. Gramson," Jud said. "She's loaded, she's already seen the place and she's nuts about it. But she won't pay thirty or even twenty-seven-five. She's going to make me an offer over dinner." Jud did not feel that he should mention Miss Quinn's obvious charms, or the fact that she was retiring at an early age, or the fact that Jud thought that Miss Quinn was a bit odd. "Her name is Abigail Quinn."

"H'm-m-m," Mr. Gramson said. "Wonder if that's the Quinn family from over near Pendleton? They were loaded."

"Look, Mr. Gramson," Jud said. "What's the least you'll take for that place?"

"Hang tough at twenty-five thousand, Judson," Mr. Gramson said. "If she likes it, she'll go for that much. And the best of luck to you."

Jud went back to his desk and called Patricia Calvert. He explained the situation.

"All right," Patricia said. "Bring her to the party. After all, we have an interest in the place, too, since it's right next door. What's she like?"

"Her name is Abigail Quinn," Jud said.

"Sounds dull," Patricia said. "Have her put on her high-buttoned shoes and her bustle and four petticoats."

"Yes, ma'am."

He hung up the phone and called The Tides. When Abigail answered, he said, "We're invited to a cocktail party at five. Can you make it? The Calverts, right next door to that house you're interested in."

"H'm-m-m, the Calverts, eh?" Abigail said. "Look, Judson, I didn't bring my pedigree along. Let's pass it up, shall we? Why don't you invite me over to your place and show me the Judson Carter equivalent of etchings?"

"Huh?"

"All those things you make out of driftwood, and floats. Art was telling me about them."

"They're nothing," Jud said. "They're junk."

"Says who?"

"Everyone."

"The Calvert woman, for instance? Art tells me that she thinks everything's junk that doesn't have a fancy price tag."

"Art talks too much," Jud said.

"All right, what do you want to do—go to the Calverts' cocktail party or listen to me while I make an offer on that house?"

"I'll pick you up at five," Jud said.

"Now you're talking," Abigail said.

At five o'clock, when she opened the door, Jud had the sensation of being hit high and low at the line of scrimmage. The ragged pedal pushers and sweat shirt were gone. She was wearing a gay Paisley-print dress with a very full skirt, and as protection, presumably, from the evening mist, a white cashmere cardigan was tossed over her shoulders. She looked as merry as New Year's Eve and as pretty as an acre of daffodils.

Judson drove her over to his place at Gearhart. It was a huge place, much too large for him, located on Ocean Avenue, sometimes referred to as Gin Row. Judson had bought it because he liked big things, including houses; it had an ocean view, and the price was right since it was over fifty years old. He opened the front door for Abigail and she walked inside. There was a huge, fieldstone fireplace, and in front of the fireplace a king-size coffee table made of teakwood which Judson had built out of an eight-by-eight he had found on the beach. It was hand-rubbed, and the rich, lustrous wood gleamed in the firelight.

Jud switched on lamps. One was a floor lamp, made of a gnarled and twisted piece of driftwood, bored through the center for wiring. There were two matching table lamps of Japanese glass floats with hand-painted shades. Over the fireplace was a six-foot, twisted-mahogany piece which Jud had patiently rubbed hour after hour, sitting in front of his fireplace, and which now was mounted with driftwood pegs.

"This," Abigail said, waving her arm, "is junk?"

"More or less," Jud said. "I got a basement full of the stuff."

"Le'see," she said.

Jud took her down into the basement where his workshop was located. There were lamps made of glass floats, of driftwood as dissimilar as fingerprints, of lacquered bits of cork. There were book ends fashioned out of bronze fittings which had once been a part of ships. There were candleholders and ash trays and occasional tables and even picture frames fashioned out of the things Jud had found on the beach. All of them were patiently and meticulously molded, and showed imagination and impeccable taste.

"And you, you big baboon," Abigail said, "are selling real estate!"

Jud frowned at her. "I'm trying. Why not?"

"Why not!" she screamed. "This stuff is fabulous! Why, just the things in this basement are worth thousands. And that coffee table upstairs ——" She shook her head. "Did you ever price a coffee table remotely resembling that one?"

Jud scratched his head. "Unh-uh. Figured I could make one."

"Oh, brother!"

"Something wrong?"

"I priced one something like that in San Francisco last fall. Twelve hundred and fifty dollars. Look, you could open a shop in Oceancrest and sell this stuff like hot cakes in the summer. I have some connections in San Francisco and Los Angeles. In the winter, when the tourists are gone, you could ship this stuff south and clean up. I've never seen anything like it."

Jud frowned. "I put all the dough I'd saved into Surf Pines Development. Four thousand bucks. Besides, I don't know whether this stuff is so hot. People around here think I'm nuts for roaming the beach and picking up driftwood." He snapped his fingers. "That reminds me. I didn't call Patricia and tell her we weren't coming." He went to the phone. When Patricia answered, he said, "I can't make it, Patricia."

"Oh, honestly! Now what?"

"Well, Miss Quinn wanted to see my etch—— I mean my driftwood stuff, so we'll just go on to dinner from here."

"I see," Patricia said coldly. "Apparently what Miss Quinn wants to do is vastly more important than any plans I had."

"She wants to talk to me about that house."

"Can't she talk in the daytime?"

"I didn't ask her."

"Well, ask her, and let me know sometime what she says." Patricia hung up.

Abigail grinned at Jud. "Trouble?"

"She'll get over it."

"Art tells me that she takes a very pale view of these things you make."

"Uh-huh. She says I'm wasting my time."

"Don't you know why she doesn't like them?"

"No; do you?"

"I thought you'd like it."

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"Certainly. Once you found out the value of these pieces, the string would be broken."

"I beg your pardon?"

"The string that she is pulling, gently enough, to keep you in line, Jud. I bet she's mentioned that her father is going to line something up for you, in keeping with your talents."

"That's right."

"She's running interference for you. What did you do when your interference got spilled?"

"Why, I put my head down and got all the yardage I could get."

"Exactly," Abigail said. "Shall we go to dinner?"

"Are you implying that I'd let Patricia run my life?"

"Why, Judson, whatever gave you that idea?"

They went to the Copper Room and had charcoal-broiled steaks, and when the coffee came, Abigail said, "I said I'd make an offer, Jud. Twenty-five thousand. My first and last offer."

"Mr. Gramson will buy that," Jud said. "Want to come to the office in the morning and do the paper work? He'll want at least five thousand down."

"All right, Jud. Now that we have business all taken care of, you can walk me in the moonlight."

They walked down to the beach. Abigail took off her shoes and Jud put them in his pocket. They walked to Ocean House and back, and then Jud took her home.

She put her hand on his cheek and said, "You're nice, Jud. I realize that I should have kept you on the hook over this house deal so you'd sweeten me up with more dinners, walks on the beach, that sort of thing. But I don't like to mix fun with business. So now that the deal is settled, want to kiss me good night?"

Jud bent over and touched her lips; then his arms went around her and he was suddenly filled up with stardust. Presently he released her and stared at her.

"There went the old ball game!" she said.

"It was to be a nice, businesslike kiss, Miss Quinn. I don't know what happened."

"I do," she said. She put her arms around his neck and kissed him again.

Jud trembled, like a volcano about to erupt.

"I never thought that my retirement would be so enjoyable," she said.

Jud drove home in a state of suspended animation, not knowing whether he was elated over selling the house or numb because of Abigail's kisses. It didn't seem to matter, one way or another.

In the morning he roamed the beach and found two floats, and walked up to Art's Place just as Art was opening up.

"I'll bring your dozen golf balls around this afternoon," Jud said.

"No kidding," Art said. He put coffee in front of Jud.

"No kidding. She's coming around this morning to sign the papers."

"Well, well."

"You don't seem surprised."

Art shrugged. "I knew she was going to make an offer. We talked it all over."

Jud stared at Art. "You know her?"

Art inspected his fingernails. "I haven't spent all my life dealing out hamburger and coffee. I knew her father. She's a real nice kid. I sort of watched her grow up, you might say."

"Where'd she get all that loot—that Mercedes-Benz, twenty-five grand for the house?"

"She earned it," Art said.

"How?"

"Using her head and her other assets."

"I see," Jud said.

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He left Art's and walked down to the office. On the way, he realized that he didn't see at all. Art hadn't told him a thing. He walked into the office and grinned at Mrs. Bradley, and at his boss, Mr. Gramson.

"Well, I sold the house," he said happily.

"Yeah?" Mrs. Bradley said gloomily.

Mr. Gramson was more vocal. He looked almost apoplectic. "You featherhead!" he yelped. "You muscle man. For ten years I've been building Surf Pines up as a spot for gracious living—for genteel people to live in an exclusive area not liable to be infested by the *hoi polloi*. Look at this!" He took from his desk a newspaper clipping and held it in front of Jud.

Jud looked. It was an advertisement for The Trivoli, a burlesque theater in Portland. Across the top it said: GIRLS—GIRLS—GIRLS. In the center of the advertisement was a luscious young lady not overdressed. Under the photo was the caption: And Now, DAWN DUVALL presents, direct from FRANCE, the sensation of the Continent: RENEE LA SALLE!

"What do you think of that?" Mr. Gramson thundered.

Jud looked. "Pretty, isn't she?" he said.

"Yes, she's pretty," Mr. Gramson yelped, "but that is not my point! Do you know who Dawn Duvall is?"

"How should I know?" Jud said.

"You should know," Mr. Gramson said. "You just said you sold a house in Surf Pines to her."

"Oh, no," Jud said. "I sold a house to Abigail Quinn."

"Abigail Quinn is Dawn Duvall, you knothead!" Mr. Gramson said. "She owns two burlesque theaters in Portland and one in San Francisco. That's all we need in Surf Pines—a burlesque queen."

Mr. Gramson sat down and breathed heavily, his head in his hands.

"The Calverts are wild," Mrs. Bradley said. "The O'Dwyers are wild; the Blakes are wild; the Newcombs are out of their

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Little Traditionalist

By Philene Hammer

Christmas morning:
screeching tykes
Rush outside to guide their
bikes
Along the walkway; small
commuters
Cross the street on brand-
new scooters;
Little shavers proudly haul
Red wagons up and down
the mall;
And, grimly, one determined
lass
Drags her sled across the
grass.

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minds and threatening to sue; the Oldhams are hysterical; the Bancrofts are going to plaster their house with 'For Sale' signs and ——"

"Tell me one thing, Judson," Mr. Gramson said, calmly enough for a man who felt like throwing a chair through a window, "are you bound? Did she hand you any earnest money?"

Jud shook his head. "No, but there was a meeting of the minds."

"Minds, schminds!" Mr. Gramson roared. "You're with me four months and don't sell a house, and then what do you do? You sell one to a burlesque queen! Judson, you're fired! You're through!"

"You can't fire me," Jud said. "I'm a stockholder."

"Mrs. Bradley," Mr. Gramson said, "please give our Mr. Judson Carter a check for four thousand dollars, dig his stock out of the safe and have him sign it over. If I ever see another football player ——"

Jud looked at the newspaper advertisement while Mrs. Bradley got out the stock and made out the check. As he peered at the photo of Miss Renee La Salle, the door opened and Abigail came in, as gay as a schoolgirl just starting spring vacation.

"Greetings, Judson," she said. She looked at Mr. Gramson and at Mrs. Bradley. "I seem to detect a sour note in the offices of Surf Pines Development Company. Something develop?"

Judson wordlessly handed her the newspaper advertisement. She glanced at it negligently.

"Here's your check, Judson," Mrs. Bradley said. "Just sign this stock certificate right here." Judson signed right there. He put the check in his pocket and he and Abigail went out the door.

Judson looked at Abigail. "Dawn Duvall," he said. "I can hardly believe it."

"It's easy," she said. "Dad bought those three theaters during the depression, for peanuts. When the motion-picture business went sour we turned them into burlesque houses. Now really, Judson, can't you just see Abigail Quinn presenting Renee La Salle?" She grinned.

"People would stay away in large numbers."

Judson thought that over while they walked up to Art's Place. Art grinned at them as they came in. "How'd it come out?" Art said.

"He got his dough back," Abigail said, "and got fired. I think."

"You people seem to know a lot that I don't know," Jud said. "What about this retirement business? What about you wanting to buy that house? What about ——"

"I sold the three theaters last week," Abigail said.

"She never intended buying that house," Art said.

"Art and I figured that was the only way you could get your money out of Surf Pines Development Company so we could start our own business."

"We even got a name for it," Art said, "The Beachcomber."

"Holy Hannah!" Judson said. "All this just so I ——"

"Listen, buster," Art said. "You were disenchanted with the real-estate business, you were trapped in it 'cause you had your dough invested. That Calvert dame was going to get you into something else you didn't want to be in, and you'd probably end up married to her. Abigail came along and we decided to give a nudge in the right direction. If you'd asked Gramson for your dough, he'd have laughed at you. We had it all figured, Jud. You never had a thing to worry about."

Jud looked at Abigail. She smiled at him.

"I have a hunch," Jud said, "that my worries are just beginning."

"Uh-huh," Abigail said, "but you'll love every minute of these."

Beautiful Rebel (Continued from Page 25)

to issues or strategy since the day he put on his uniform.

"We're bound to win," he said, "but I haven't any notion when or how. Meanwhile, I thought I might help with the settlement of the Carey estate. You'll remember they're cousins of mine."

"Ah, yes. Richard Carey died while you were away. His wife, Harriet, inherits everything except a few keepsakes."

"I lived with them, you know, after my mother's death. She's extremely pinched for money. I wondered why."

"A matter of formal releases," said Mr. Durham. "I must have the signatures of the Maryland branch of the family. They have ignored my letters. I understand Henry Carey is very bitter about the war. He and his wife, your Cousin Phoebe, have a place on the Maryland side of the Potomac, beyond Harpers Ferry. Lancelot, the son, retired from the Army three years ago to help his father. Then there's Lucinda."

"I remember Lucinda," Andy said. "Very pretty girl, but rather shy and silent. Is she still here in boarding school?"

"She was expelled from Miss Chauveau's last November," Mr. Durham said testily. "I can't think why you call her shy and silent. The A.P.M. gave me twenty-four hours to get her out of the jurisdiction, provided she went South. Otherwise, he intended to jail her."

"A child of sixteen?"

"She is now eighteen, Andrew, and has decided ideas about the rebellion. The day the Fire Zouaves marched to the Prime Street Depot, a riot broke out in Locust Street when they saw the Stars and Bars flying from a bedroom window at Miss Chauveau's Academy. Lucinda had sewn the flag herself, in secret. She did not deny it. She gloried in it."

"Her father can't be Secesh. He was chairman of an Anti-Slavery Convention three years ago."

"He is a States' rights man by conviction. Lucinda, naturally, is loyal to her father. I sent her home."

"Couldn't I go see them and get their signatures? You always said, sir, that a lawyer's true function is to compose differences. I can't believe they'd let Cousin Harriet starve, if they knew."

"You have certain advantages," Mr. Durham admitted. "Getting an Army pass would be easy for a convalescent soldier. And you're kinfolk, which counts a lot, I believe, in Maryland. I'll have the papers prepared for you. And there's one other thing. Under the will, Lucinda inherits a breastpin made of a miniature portrait of her Great-grandmother Carey. You'd better take that with you."

It was a handsome little picture, painted on ivory, in an oval setting of gold fretwork. Riding toward Baltimore on the afternoon train, Andy looked at it a dozen times. He had his documents and a change of linen in a small carpetbag, but the portrait fascinated him, and he kept it in his pocket. It showed the head of a charming woman, with her hair dressed away from the pure line of her forehead. "Remarkable thing," Henry Durham had said. "That could be an exact picture of Lucinda herself." The lawyer in Andrew Woodley argued that no one had ever fallen in love with a portrait. Still, something kept drawing his thoughts back to the miniature.

At Baltimore, Andy changed to the B. & O. for Harpers Ferry. There he had to wait overnight, before he caught a morning ride on an Army wagon headed toward Sharpsburg. The driver, Cpl. Joe Voigt, barrel-chested, with mighty arms, wore the plain new blues of the Army of the Potomac. The war had passed through the fancy-dress stage. Joe knew the Carey place well. "I got a detail right down the hill from their house," he said. "Watching a rope ferry, in case the Rebs get cute. Easiest duty I ever drew since I started soldiering."

That was ten years ago, he explained. He'd had seven years with the 2nd Dragoons on the plains, most of it escorting the Santa Fe mail. Some hard fighting against the Cienaguilla Apaches. Then back East, a civilian again, working on the B. & O. around Martinsburg.

"This fuss began, and Old Jack stole all our locomotives. Made wooden wheels for them, hitched them up to forty horses apiece and hauled them over dirt roads to the Manassas Gap line at Strasburg. He did me out of a job, and it made me mad, so I joined up with the infantry. Had enough stables in the Dragoons. You visiting the Careys?"

"On business."

"Old Mr. Carey's practically under house arrest. And that Miss Lucinda! She treats a Union man like he was a toad. The one I feel sorry for is Miz Phoebe, eating her heart out for her boy, Lance."

"What happened to Lance?" Andy asked, suddenly alert.

"He's over the river, a captain in the C.S.A. Every afternoon for the past three weeks he's been riding his little mare, Rowena, down to the meadow across the Potomac, like he wanted to make sure the old place was still there. On detached service, I reckon."

"You seem well posted on the Careys."

"Lance was my C.O. for five years in the Dragoons. Resigned and came East to help his old daddy with the farm, the year before I bought out my enlistment. He's a hard man, even for a West Pointer, but you don't want a better cavalry officer. And a real good Indian fighter. Tough. I wish I had a five-dollar gold piece for every time he took my stripes away. But he was fair. I'd get them back when I earned them."

Pride echoed in Joe Voigt's tone, the feeling of an old regular for the stern, just, inflexible, all-knowing commander. He and Lance would be opposite sides of the same clear-stamped medallion.

The corporal pulled his team of Army mules up to a halt at the beginning of a steep downward turn in the road. "If you're going to Careys'," he said, "you better cut through their woodlot. The house ain't more than a quarter mile. When you finish your business, come down and visit. I always got coffee for a comrade."

"I'll drop by," said Andy, stepping down to the wheel and then to the rutted country road.

At the woodlot's end there was a length of open meadow, and then an orchard screening the long, low stone house. Across the valley, Virginia was a long sweep of brilliant green pasture.

Three hundred yards away, Andy saw a horseman in gray ride suddenly out of nowhere from a fold in the terrain.

Nearly at the same moment, Andy was conscious of a flash of white under the apple trees. A girl was running toward

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him from the house, both hands holding the fullness of her skirt. It was Lucinda. She saw him and gave a startled gasp, letting her dress fall into place.

"Why, it's Cousin Andrew," she said, her hands going automatically to her wind-blown hair. "You're very welcome."

"Thank you, Cousin Lucinda." She was even more beautiful, he thought, than the miniature, with a shapely body, finely turned wrists and ankles, lustrous blue eyes and a magnetic vitality. She put her arm under his and turned him toward the river.

"That's Lance," she said, raising her free hand in a salute to the distant horseman. "Mother watches from the kitchen, but I always come down here to wave at him, so he'll know we're all right."

Before vanishing behind a screen of trees, the gray rider flourished his hat.

"One day," Lucinda said indignantly, "one of those blue-belly sneaks at the ferry fired a shot at Lance. Their corporal came up afterward and apologized to mother. He said it was a Massachusetts man did it and he gave him a thrashing, because he had served under Lance in the Dragoons, and, anyhow, pickets aren't supposed to fire on casual targets. It was just hypocrisy. Corporal Voigt was really afraid mother would stop giving them fresh eggs and butter and home-baked bread. She's so kind she can't bear to see men hungry, even if they are Feds. Come into the house. You know, I'm not sure you even remember me."

"I couldn't forget our polka at Cousin Harriet's party."

They were walking through the orchard and she smiled at him. "It wasn't a polka. It was a schottische, and the music was Listen to the Mocking Bird. You had a blue dress coat with brass buttons, and a white neckcloth that I longed to straighten, because it was all under one ear after you waltzed with that odious Fenton girl. You see, you made an impression on me. You were the first man that ever asked me to dance." All this came out impetuously, in a manner that confirmed the complete trust in her brilliant eyes.

They went through a puzzle of passageways and steps up or down, to reach a large, comfortable family room, where a man with white hair sat by a wood fire.

"We have a visitor, father," said Lucinda. "It's Cousin Andrew Woodley, from Philadelphia."

Henry Carey looked at Andy with sad, tired eyes. It was plain that the times had defeated him. "You must be Cousin Mary's boy," said the old man. A spark glittered. "Have you come here to spy on us?"

"I came," Andy said in an even voice, "on business, to get the signatures of your branch of the family in connection with your Cousin Richard Carey's estate. And also to give Lucinda a breastpin which she inherits under the will. I have the forms here."

When he had arranged the documents on the marble-topped center table, Andy took the miniature from his pocket and handed it to Lucinda.

She gave a cry of delight. "Mother! Come look!"

A stout, handsome, flustered woman with a kind face and smiling eyes entered from a door beyond the fireplace. Her hands were white with flour.

"Why, you're Mary's boy!" she said. She kissed Andy affectionately. "You have her eyes. I remember when you were a baby. And now you're a grown man, and a fine lawyer, so Lucinda tells me. My, since she came back from Philadelphia last year, she's never stopped talking about her Cousin Andrew. I declare, you made a conquest, honey."

"Mother!" said Lucinda, suddenly scarlet.

"And how is Cousin Harriet bearing up?" Mrs. Carey said.

"Well enough, ma'am, but poor as a church mouse. That's why I'm here to get you to sign these papers, so she can have her money."

"That's easily fixed. . . . Run and find the pen and ink, Lucinda, like a lamb, while I fix Andrew something to eat."

Andy had a warm, comforting sense of being welcome among his own people. Mr. Carey seemed more relaxed. Lucinda, he saw, had scarcely heard her mother. She was standing before a mirror, candidly comparing her reflection with the miniature.

Henry Carey shifted his position in the chair by the fire. "Stay where you are, Lucinda," he said. "We won't need any pen and ink."

Lucinda and her mother exchanged troubled glances. Andy said, "It's only a legal form, sir. I'm sure you don't contest Cousin Harriet's right to the property of her late husband."

"It is not a question of property, but of principle, sir, if you can apprehend the difference. My son is in the field, defending his state. As long as you cannot get his signature, you shall not have ours."

"I believe we might dispense with Lancelot's signature," Andy said. "The President's proclamation of nonintercourse last year included Virginia, but omitted Maryland, which has not seceded. Your son is serving with Virginia troops. I believe a contention would hold that by joining the rebellion Lancelot has brought himself under the provisions of the decree. That is ——" Andy faltered, appalled by the sudden fury in the old man's face and by the cold contempt in Lucinda's eyes.

"Why, damn it," Mr. Carey shouted, struggling to get up, "you're nothing but a pettifogging Philadelphia lawyer! My son, sir, is serving his state, and his family will do nothing even remotely acknowledging Lincoln's fancied right to brand us as rebels! . . . Mrs. Carey! Show your cousin out!"

"I can find the door," said Andy.

Mr. Carey looked at him with disdain. "A young man your age," he said, "should have no trouble meeting Lance face to face."

Andy picked up his carpetbag. "I got this limp," he said furiously, "from a Confederate shell fragment at Bull Run!"

The old man was darkly entertained. "Nicked you, did they?" he crowed. "By thunder, you were one that couldn't skedaddle!"

Mrs. Carey showed her distress. Andy followed her outside to a bricked area under a wide porch by the kitchen. "You mustn't mind Mr. Carey," she said tearfully. "It's this awful war."

"Let Cousin Henry sleep on it," Andy said. "I'll spend the night with Corporal Voigt." Tomorrow, he thought, he could try again.

"I'll fix you some food. Give me your carpetbag."

As Mrs. Carey went into the kitchen, Lucinda came out. Her chin was high, her eyes hostile, and Andy's heart sank when she gave him the miniature, quickly, as though it cost her a great effort.

"You must take this back," she said coldly. "Papa says we must have nothing to do with the estate as long as Lance is over the river."

"Lucinda!" he protested. But she turned sharply, without another word, and went back into the house.

Waiting for Mrs. Carey to come back, Andy walked up and down the brick pavement with the miniature still in his hand. He felt deeply depressed. By some unhappy inspiration, he had gone directly to the one point that would enrage Mr. Carey. And then there was Lucinda, of the once warm eyes and dazzling smile, who had been so tender until he attempted to rule Lance out of any consideration. Now he had lost her. His one hope was Mrs. Carey. But when she came out of the kitchen and returned his carpetbag, much heavier, she was in a dispirited mood.

"If I were you," she said, "I think I'd start back to Philadelphia now. Mr. Carey's on his high horse."

"But what can I tell Cousin Harriet?"

"I'm just as sorry for her as I can be, you know that."

He gave her the miniature. "Would you keep this for Lucinda? You needn't mention it until you think best."

"Of course, dear."

Andy, preparing to walk down to the ferry, paused at the edge of the porch. "Suppose," he said, "Lance came here with me tomorrow and was willing to sign. Then you could all sign, couldn't you?"

"You know right well that's impossible, child." She searched Andy's face with anxious eyes. "Or could he? Is there someway I could see him, even for a minute?"

"I don't know. But I can try."

At the ferry, where a narrow road angled downhill to the riverbank, he found Joe Voigt in the small stone ferry house. A shabby scow, just big enough for a single horse and wagon, lay against the near shore. Two cables hung slack above the river crossing.

For a field soldier, Corporal Voigt lived in luxury. There was a brisk fire on the hearth, he had a broken armchair to sit in, and a white pine table, at which he was playing euchre with a bony private.

"Evening, Andy," he said. "Help yourself to some coffee. This here's Ellery Channing Peacock. Came all the way down from Lowell, Mass., to help preserve the glorious Union and hang Jeff Davis. . . . That's another two bits you owe me, Ellery. Put the cards away now and get moving with the rations."

After Peacock had gone, Andy said, "You didn't have to send him out on my account."

"I didn't," said Joe. "I notice your gripsack's a lot fuller than it was. I can read sign. You got some food in there. Enough for two, maybe."

Mrs. Carey had been generous. Unfolded, a huge linen napkin disclosed a loaf of bread, a lump of fresh butter wrapped in a cabbage leaf, half a dozen eggs and a lordly slice of ham. Joe got out the skillet and they dined sumptuously. But even in a relaxed mood over fresh coffee, the corporal scoffed at Andy's first hint that they might lure Lance across the river.

"You're losing your mind," he said. "Talk sense. You can't disrupt a whole war just so one girl can see her darling brother."

"I'm thinking about one signature that will keep an old lady from starving. That's what I came here for, and I want it."

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Miss Blivens got the scare of her life when a speeding automobile barely grazed by her. She went to bed, shaking and quivering. The next morning she found that her hair apparently had turned white overnight. She sued the car driver.

"My hair was golden before the accident and it became white immediately afterward," she said, "so obviously the accident caused it."

"As she has no medical evidence to back up that assertion, her case should be dismissed," the driver's lawyer contended.

If you were the judge, would you award damages?

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The lady collected. The court accepted as fact her assertion that her hair turned white overnight from sudden fear. In its decision, it quoted Byron's poem, The Prisoner of Chillon.

Based upon a 1931 New York decision.

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"That's civilian stuff," said Corporal Voigt flatly.

Andy got up for another cup of coffee, dawdling deliberately, before taking a flanking approach. "Maybe you're right, Joe," he said. "Why should you care about a widow you never saw? But how about Miz Phoebe Carey? She'll be awful disappointed in you."

"Why, what'd I do?"

"Lance is her son, isn't he? You know how mothers are. The last thing she said to me was, she'd give anything just to see and talk to her boy, even if it was only for a minute. I said I'd ask you. And you told me yourself she's pining away for him."

"She is, for a fact," Joe admitted, deeply impressed.

"But never mind. If you can't, you can't."

"Wait a minute," Joe said. "I don't suppose a little visit between a mother and her son is going to bust up the Union. The thing is, will Lance cross the river? If he will, he's got to do it tomorrow, when there's no chance of an officer turning up from our company headquarters. They're all going to a wedding over by Sharpsburg."

"We can try, can't we?"

"I reckon so," the corporal agreed.

It was as simple as that, Andy thought, to move people to action, if you touched the right spring.

Joe planned the enterprise. For one thing, he would send Private Peacock back to Harpers Ferry early in the morning. "Ellery wouldn't approve of this operation," he said. "He worries a lot because nobody wants to win this war except him and Senator Sumner."

They needn't bother about the other men, strung out at posts up and down the river. The corporal and Andy would pull the ferry into midstream, fly Mrs. Carey's white napkin for a signal and invite Lance Carey to a parley.

"The flag'll fetch him," Joe said. "He's cavalry, and just naturally curious, like a Plains Indian or an antelope."

By a fitful change in the weather morning brought them a warm, sunny day. Private Peacock was dispatched with the wagon, and, while Joe Voigt inspected his posts, Andy shaved and put on a fresh shirt.

They whiled away the time playing euchre, Joe's passion. At two o'clock, when they hauled the ferryboat into the river by its overhead cables, Andy had won a dollar and sixty cents. That was reason enough to take the cards with them and to resume the game afloat.

The sun was hot on the water. Joe unbuttoned the collar of his tunic and bent to the task of winning his money back. Andy could not keep his mind on the hands. His thoughts concentrated on the desperate importance of persuading Captain Carey to cross the river. Not only for the settlement of the estate but because he found it so urgent to see Lucinda again.

"I'll order you up," Joe said, inspecting his cards. At just that moment, Andy, facing the Virginia side, saw a man ride down to the ferry landing. It was a civilian wearing a tightly buttoned black coat and fine gray trousers strapped under polished black boots. His dark slouch hat shaded a wary, resolute face with a wide mouth and a big chin. The horse was an ugly roan.

"Somebody's hailing the ferry," Andy said.

"Just when I got the right and left bowers," Joe complained. He turned, and, after a long look, said, "Why, it's the captain! What's he doing in civvies?"

"You mean Lance Carey?"

"Nobody else." Joe gathered up the playing cards, tied a string around them and slipped the pack into the top of his boot for safekeeping.

The horseman had dismounted, and the roan was drinking from the river. "Pull that ferry over here!" he called in a strong voice.

As soon as the flatboat touched the bank, Carey led his mount on board, and they pulled the ferry back into the river.

At midstream, Joe demanded, "Now then, what's going on?"

The captain looked at him coolly. "Button your tunic, corporal. An old dragoon ought to set an example of smartness. I don't know why I should be cross-questioned. You signaled for a parley, not I." His head inclined toward Andy. "Who's this gentleman?"

"You can talk in front of him. He's your Cousin Andrew, down from Philadelphia to see your family on legal business."

Lance Carey offered his hand. "A pleasure, Cousin Andrew," he said. "Davidson's Voltigeurs, wasn't it? A time-expired regiment at Manassas. You stayed behind and fought like a man. It made me proud of my kin."

"I don't know how you heard that," said Andy, expanding under the praise.

"We get very good intelligence from the district. Naturally, I followed your name with particular interest. How is the family?"

"They're in good health," Andy said, and went on to explain about the settlement of the estate. "That's why we asked for a parley. I thought you might talk to your father."

"I'll do what I can. Cousin Harriet was always very good to me. But you must remember, father's a civilian, and civilians can be difficult in wartime."

"Will you come up to the house with me now?"

"Now?" said Captain Carey dubiously. "I'm on a special mission at the moment. I hadn't even planned to come this way until I saw your signal." He turned to Joe Voigt, who was staring with disgust at the roan horse. "Not much to look at, but he'll take me where I'm going and bring me back. I'm not risking Rowena today."

"And just where might the captain be going?" Joe asked.

"I can't tell you that. But, for your information, I have a fixed rendezvous inside your lines in an hour and a half."

"You got a pass?"

"I have." The captain took a folded paper from his pocket. Andy looked over Joe's shoulder as the corporal examined it closely. Everything was in order. For twelve hours, from two P.M. to two A.M., Lancelot Carey, Esq., had permission to cross the lines of the Army of the Potomac on urgent business, using any available transportation, north and west of Harpers Ferry. By order of the provost marshal. Signed, stamped and perfectly regular, as Joe admitted, returning it.

"I wish I knew what's going on," he muttered.

"It doesn't concern you," said Lance, "and meanwhile, now that you've seen my pass, suppose you pull this ferry over and let me complete my mission."

"You going up to see your mother?"

"Naturally, since I'm here. I can take ten minutes."

Lance was his idea of a soldier, Andy thought, pulling on the cable. Just the way he stood by his horse's head, resolute but relaxed; the air of mystery and danger given him by his secret assignment and his reputation as an Indian fighter on the Great Plains; all these things, plus ten years' difference in their ages and his acceptance of Andy as a fellow fighting man, made a profound impression.

The ferry touched the Maryland shore and Captain Carey led his horse to firm ground. Then there was a sound of wheels on the curving hill road, and a light wagon came into view. Mrs. Carey held the reins, and beside her, with a shawl wrapped around his shoulders, was her husband. Lucinda jumped from the back seat before the wagon stopped and fairly flew across the ferry landing.

"Lance, Lance!" she cried, and threw her arms around her brother. "Are you all right? We didn't know what to think!"

There was a high pitch of excitement for the next five minutes, while Lance made the situation clear. Old Mr. Carey broke into an actual smile and looked ten years younger as he wrung his son's hand. Mrs. Carey dissolved in happy tears and kissed everybody all around, including Joe Voigt. First and last, there was a great deal of embracing. At one point, Andy found Lucinda's lips pressing his. He noticed she was wearing the miniature pinned at the throat of her dress.

"You're not angry?" he said, retaining her hand.

"I couldn't be mad at anybody now," she said. "Not even you. Let me go. I want to talk to Lance."

The corporal had retired to the doorway of his stone hut, and Andy joined him there. "It does a man good just to see Miz Carey's face," Joe said. "You going back home now?"

"Long enough to settle the estate. I figure I might re-enlist down here. Maybe in your regiment."

"You'd get a bigger bounty in Pennsylvania," Joe said practically. "But I reckon you're thinking of something else. Glad to have you along any time. You'll do."

Lucinda interrupted them. "Cousin Andrew," she said, "you're to come up to the house with us. Father says he'll be pleased to sign, as long as Lance is willing." She turned to Joe. "You, too, Corporal Voigt, if you'd care to take some refreshment."

"That's right kind of you, but I'm on duty," Joe said. "The war's still on, last I heard. I got to inspect my posts."

Riding up the hill road, with the horse laboring in the shafts, Andy and Lucinda sat together in the back seat. His hand tightened on hers, and she did not withdraw it. He had a wonderful sense of pleasure and security. A soldier, he thought, needed only a few simple things. A warm, dry shelter; enough to eat and drink; some hope of staying alive with honor; and the knowledge that somewhere a girl is specially concerned about him in a way that no one else can be.

"What I don't understand," Mr. Carey said to his son, who rode by the front wheel, "is why you're in civilian clothes, Lancelot, and with a special pass. Is your mission too secret to talk about?"

"As a matter of fact, sir," said the captain, "now that it's all in the family, so to speak, I don't suppose there's any harm telling you. I'm going to a wedding."

Andy was thunderstruck. The ladies uttered cries of astonishment and delight. "A wedding!" Lucinda repeated. "Who's getting married?"

"Friend of mine, fellow I roomed with at the Point. You remember, Shorty Willets. He's a major now, in the Michigan cavalry. The bride is one of the Hilary girls over by Sharpsburg. Things are slow around here. The action's down in the Peninsula. My general saw no objection to a visit incognito, considering the occasion. And neither did his brother-in-law, who happens to be Shorty's commanding officer. At any rate, the pass came through, and here I am."

Mr. Carey cleared his throat. "It seems an odd way to make war," he said dubiously.

"Yes, sir. It's an odd war. I reckon there'll be plenty of time for fighting, sooner or later. There always has been, in any campaign I can remember."

Mrs. Carey was lost in thought, checking through her extensive acquaintanceship in the countryside. "That must be Evalina Hilary," she decided. "Such a pretty girl. . . . You remember her, Lucinda."

"I don't remember anybody any more," Lucinda said forlornly. "It's ages since I've been to a party."

They had reached the house, and Andy helped her to the ground with his hands around her waist. "I wish we were going to the wedding," he said, "and you were wearing a blue dress with a wreath of flowers in your hair, the way I remember you at Cousin Harriet's dancing party."

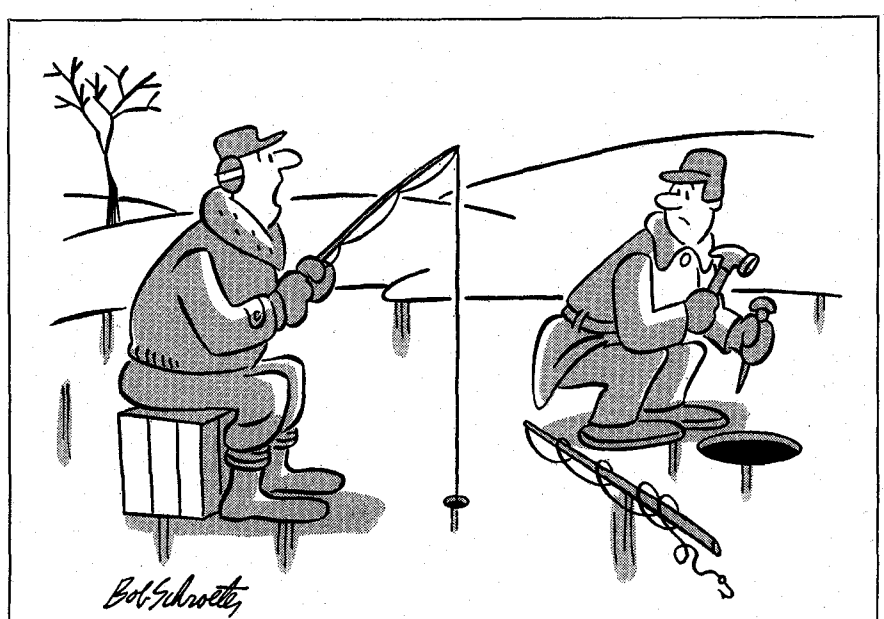
"I still have that dress," she said. "Oh, Lance, could Andrew and I go?"

"In ten minutes I'll have to be riding on," said Captain Carey. "I'm standing up with Shorty and I have to be early. But I reckon a best man can invite two guests. Why doesn't Cousin Andrew drive you over in the wagonette, and we can all come back together? That is, unless he's in a hurry to get up to Philadelphia with the papers we're signing."

"Of course, he's not," said Mrs. Carey. "Lawyers are never in a hurry. . . . Run, Lucinda, and put on your prettiest dress."

"The blue one," Andy said, "with a wreath of white flowers in your hair."

THE END



"I'm just fishing for eels."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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My Dad, Walt Disney (Continued from Page 24)

dimensional sound. He even had a projector which ran double-width frames, but the money shortage kept him from building enough cameras or wide-screen projectors to show Fantasia in that way. Otherwise, he'd have had the kind of big-screen presentation and stereophonic sound which has been hailed as the salvation of the motion-picture industry. As it was, the film had to be shown on a standard screen, but it did have his new sound effect.

Fantasia played very successful special-reserved-seat, noncontinuous-show engagements in New York, Boston and San Francisco. It ran for two hours and ten minutes, broken with an intermission. But this form of showcase release was too slow for the bankers. They pressed the Disneys to have Fantasia distributed under general release. Uncle Roy was sold the idea that an edited version of the film should be issued for showing in the ordinary, continuous-run way. But when he asked Dad to edit it, he refused. "Get anybody you want to cut it," he said, "not me. It ought to stay full length and have a class-presentation. It's not a boy-meets-girl or a Western."

"We should have stuck by our guns in spite of the pressure on us to try for quick money," Dad said. "But that period with the bankers on our necks was hectic. Roy went through as much hell as I did."

The bankers were in a highly nervous state of mind because the unsettling effect of the war in Europe had pushed down the market price for Disney stock. When the slump started, Dad thought, *It shouldn't be this low. It's worth more.* He asked market-wise friends why it was falling. "The war, partly," he was told. "And people want a quick turnover. If they can't get it, they unload. With most of them it's a gamble, not an investment."

Dad had between ten and fifteen thousand dollars in the bank, and when his stock hit eighteen, he began to buy. He bought more at fourteen, more at twelve and more at ten. Then he ran out of money. The stock finally hit three with a thud before it started to climb again.

What bothered Dad was the discovery that most, but not all, of his employees sold the Disney securities that had been given to them, instead of holding onto them. The reaction of his employees was hard for him to understand. It seemed to him that, of all people, they should have faith in the future of the Disney studio and should be the least likely to sell it short.

Still, employee reaction is a strange and incomprehensible thing. It can also be disillusioning to a greater or lesser degree. One of Dad's lesser disillusionments was tied up with a time when he had a little studio with only a few kitchen chairs and old benches for his people to sit on. The seats were hard, so Dad got some old cushions and pillows to pad them for the twenty people he had working then. One day Dad talked Uncle Roy into buying new rubber cushions for all hands, and everybody was grateful. Then one man quit. That left an empty chair, and one of the other men nabbed his cushion. The next thing Dad knew, everybody was demanding two cushions. He thought, *They were happy without any cushions. Then I gave them one cushion, now they want two.*

Time has a way, however, of dimming the memory of disillusion. Time has also proved Dad's thinking about Fantasia was right years after everybody else was telling him he was wrong.

In its cut-down, run-of-the-mill, strictly nonspecial presentation, the word for the success of Fantasia was "negative," or at best "iffy." But right now—in 1956—an astounding thing has happened. Almost fifteen years after its original debut, Dad has put that film back together, the way it was before the financial wizards began to tinker with it and water it down. Dad says, "The result has astonished everybody. At last, after all these years, Fantasia is having the kind of success the big, new, epic-type films are having. A new generation has discovered it and not in the edited version, but as I originally did it."

Late in 1941 Dad released Dumbo, a lovingly done story of a mother elephant and her baby. He had tried to bring this one in without spending a fortune. Bambi had cost $1,200,000, Fantasia had cost $2,200,000 and Pinocchio had cost $2,600,000. In planning Dumbo, Dad hoped to prove that he could turn out a picture for less than a million. At first he visualized it as running thirty minutes. But he added a little to it, and before long he had a sixty-four-minute picture which had cost $700,000.

When it reached that point he was asked, "How about adding another ten minutes, Walt, and making it a full-length feature?"

"No," Dad said, "this is as far as it'll stretch. Stretch it further and it won't hold together. Besides, another ten minutes would probably cost another half million dollars."

So Dumbo went to meet the public sixty-four minutes long. It made a lot of money, but not enough to get Dad off the hook. He had spent too heavily on other ideas.

Then, in the summer of 1941, there was a strike at the Disney studio. I'd better quote Dad on that because he was right there in the middle of it. "Two groups of artists were doing a lot of union organizing in Hollywood," he told me. "One group claimed that they had the majority of my artists signed, but the other artists in our studio said, 'Don't believe them, Walt. Take a poll; we'll show you.' And there were a few who didn't know which way to go. They signed with both sides. A labor organizer named Herb Sorrell came to me and said, 'I have your artists signed and I want to make a deal.'

"'But the law says you have to put it to a vote,' I said.

"'I don't go for that vote stuff,' he said. 'I fell for it once and I lost by one vote. After that, it took me two years to get the place lined up. I'll show you evidence that I have your artists, and you sign with me. If you don't, I'll strike you.'

"I said, 'I've got to live with all of my men, not just part of them, so put it to a vote through the labor board, and whichever way it goes we'll all go that way.'

"'I've warned you,' he said. 'I can make a dust bowl out of your studio. I can pick up that telephone and have you put on unfair lists all over the country. I've got connections.'

"'That may be,' I told him, 'but I've no right to sign over those boys to you. They've come to me from the other side of your jurisdictional rhubarb and told me you don't have them signed.'

"Next morning I got a telegram from Sorrell demanding immediate negotiations. Before I could turn his wire over to the labor-relations people for a decision, we had a strike. And he did have connections. Before he was through, the Disney studio was being called a sweatshop.

"Then the head of the other side came to visit me. 'I want you to know that

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

courses, my admiration for them is about zero.

ROBERT D. FIDLER
Gettysburg, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Knowledge or mastery of a subject is not necessarily an indication of the ability to teach it. I am a musician. I know many fine musicians who are utterly unable to teach! Einstein would probably have been one of the world's worst high-school-algebra teachers. For one thing, he would most likely have been driven to resign at the end of the first week of school by the discipline problem. I wonder if Faulkner, Hemingway, Dali, Rockwell, *et al*, would have been any better.

ROBERT O. BARKLEY
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Your inference in the editorial—that teachers should be judged and hired for their ability rather than for the courses they took—is worth plugging. . . . In order to give our young people the education which they and the whole world so urgently need we must have all the budding Einsteins, Hemingways and Rockwells whether "qualified" or not.

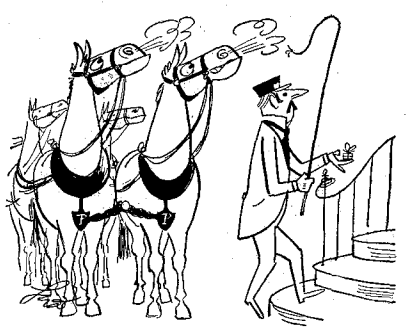
STEPHEN L. JACOBS
Gorham, Me.

Carriage Trade

Dear Sirs:

Read with interest THEY CODDLE THEIR CUSTOMERS [by Hal Burton, Nov. 24], the story of S. S. Pierce Co., Boston grocers. The anecdotes about the firm's relations with their customers caused me to recall a tale related to me back in 1916 by my late father, Malcolm Guthrie, an employee of S. S. Pierce Co.

It seems that one of the leaders of Boston society, a Beacon Hill resident, telephoned the store that her household was in dire and immediate need of one yeast



cake. Needless to say, the order was executed with S. S. Pierce's customary expedience, and the shipper sent out the one yeast cake as the sole cargo of one of the company's teamsters and his six-horse team.

LOUIS V. GUTHRIE
Quincy, Mass.

Pearson's Confessions

Dear Sirs:

Just this minute finished the last part of the Drew Pearson saga [CONFESSIONS OF "AN S.O.B." Nov. 3–24]. I am reminded of a fact learned in my youth, that usually an S.O.B. is someone you don't know personally. I honestly believe that this has been the case with Drew Pearson. Now that I have read his side I'm inclined to feel that he does have a side that I never knew until now.

J. L. MCCURDY
Sarasota, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

Drew Pearson in his S.O.B. story [November 24 issue] says he stood on the steps of the State Capitol building in Atlanta and answered a K.K.K. challenge before a howling mob. I was present. This "mob" consisted of approximately fifty people, as orderly as a church congregation and about as dangerous. There were twelve men on the capitol lawn—and Governor Ellis Arnall. The others were women and children.

JUDGE A. L. HENSON
Atlanta, Ga.

● *According to the Atlanta Constitution, Pearson attracted about 300 people. He was noisily heckled, but scores of people also shook his hand and asked for autographs.—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Reading and believing the story of S.O.B. Drew Pearson, I offer an epitaph, which I hope will not be used for many years to come:

"The body of the famous Drew
Pearson is beneath;
"He tried hard, and did many a good
deed.
"Being the victim of his apparent
targets' insolence,
"'Til the Lord claimed this Son of
Benevolence."

I could not write: "Here lies ——", as too many of his antagonists would abuse it in their folly.

CAPT. WILLIAM S. SCHLEGEL
Baltimore, Md.

Istanbul

Dear Sirs:

I am writing to express shocked consternation at the many avoidable inaccuracies and outright misrepresentations contained in Cities of the World: ISTANBUL, by James P. O'Donnell, Nov. 3. Among others:

No Turk has ever called Istanbul Constantinople since its capture by the Turks in 1453. . . .

There is no "European Quarter" in Istanbul. . . .

There are no spies disguised as guides that prey on the unwary visitor. . . .

[*And five pages more.—ED.*]

NEZIH MANYAS
Assistant Director
Turkish Information Office
New York, N.Y.

● *Mr. Manyas and Mr. O'Donnell are not as far apart as this correspondence indicates. It all depends on the point of view.*

Example: Although it may be true that no Turk has called Istanbul Constantinople since 1453, the rest of the world did until the International Postal Union changed the name in 1923.

Most non-Turks are concentrated in the European Quarter in the Galata and Pera districts, although lots of Turks live there also.

O'Donnell was talking about police spies; he courteously refrained from saying that Turkey is a "police state," as others have charged. —*ED.*

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you have our sympathy,' he said. Unfortunately, that didn't help much.

"Eventually Sorrell was hauled before the California Un-American Activities Committee and was asked some pointed questions. But that was in the future. At the time, I took photographs of those picket lines and studied those photos. I'd never seen half of the faces in them. They'd never been near my studio. When I showed them to the FBI and to the investigators for the California Un-American Activities Committee, I was told, 'The fellows in these photos have been in every strike Sorrell has called.'

"Since it wasn't an authorized strike, my artists walked right through the picket lines. All of the other union men who worked for me walked through those lines, too—even the musicians. But I was afraid that some of my people would be slugged, so I said, 'I'll close the place until the two opposing factions settle it.' I wasn't even allowed to do that. It seems that would have been called a lockout.

"Sorrell's group camped in front of the studio with a loud-speaker and poured abuse from it. One day, two or three carloads of men from the anti-Sorrell side drove up and encircled the Sorrell pickets. Somebody spilled gasoline in a ring around the pickets, lit a cigarette, held it ready to drop into the spilled gas, and said, 'Go ahead, buddy, repeat what you were saying into that loud-speaker.'" Telling me this, Dad smiled. "I wouldn't call either side gentlemen of the old school," he said.

My sister, Sharon, was too young to understand the trouble, but I got all fired up about that strike. My inner heat must have lasted a couple of years, for when I was in the seventh grade I did a "project" on Mr. Sorrell for my current-events class. I painted a title on my project cover in big red letters, with flames shooting from them, and at the end I wrote a fiery editorial, the gist of which was: "This man must be deported!"

While the strike was at fever pitch, the Government sent a man to Dad with a request. Would he tour South America as a sort of good-will ambassador? The plea was made on behalf of Nelson Rockefeller, the State Department's Co-ordinator of Inter-American Affairs. "Your pictures are popular down there," Dad was told, "and there's a Nazi influence which you can help offset. It would be nice if you'd go down there and meet people."

"I don't think I'd be much good at that," Dad said. "I'm no glad-hander. I wouldn't know what to do on such a tour."

The answer came back, "Please go down and see if you can find something you can make pictures about."

That suggestion appealed to Dad. He said, "I'd like that. I'd feel better if I could really do something, instead of just shaking hands and showing my teeth." But he pointed out to the State Department that he was in the hands of the bank. The Disney studio was heavily obligated, and he'd have to ask the moneylenders to approve a South American tour.

The bank officials were dubious. Dad was asked, "How do we know you'll make anything in South America that'll be worth a dime at the box office?"

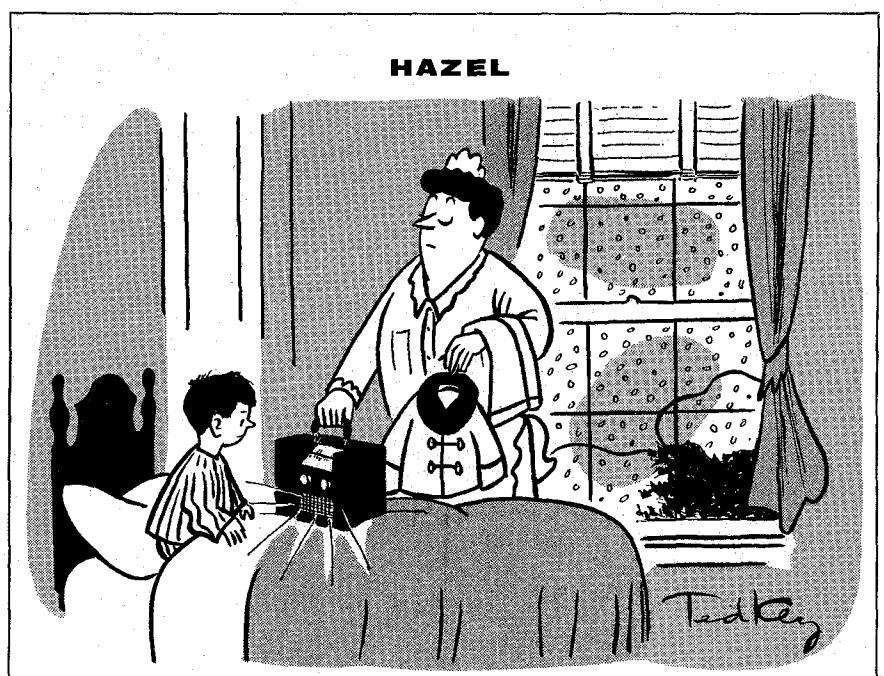
They were answered by a Government spokesman, "We'll underwrite Walt's expenses up to seventy thousand dollars and the cost of negatives up to fifty thousand a picture. And we want him to make at least four." Added up, this vote of confidence meant that the State Department would back Dad to the tune of over $200,000.

There was one hitch: the strike was still going on. But a Government official told Dad, "We'll take care of it while you're gone. We'll have the labor board get the warring factions together and settle things. You can quit worrying."

That's what the man said. Dad believed him, so he took off for South America with a crew of studio technicians. They'd have to shoot whatever they found, and make up a story line as they went along. And it had better be good; this one was for Uncle Sam.

The Disney troupe that left for South America in 1941 included my father, my mother and eighteen studio men. They had been sent down by the State Department to make pictures in several countries, and cement international friendship.

But Dad avoided the usual haunts of "good-will" missionaries. At his first stop, Brazil, he opened a temporary studio and invited local artists to drop in and see how he worked. He had a set thing he told United States ambassadors in every capital: "Please don't bother to entertain me. I'm here to get material for pictures, and I expect to be working hard."



"... The following schools will remain open—
Lowell, Cromwell, East Valley, Emerson. ..."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A dedicated group of fans followed Dad wherever he went; his co-workers referred to them as *El Groupo*. The members of *El Groupo* couldn't speak English. All they did was stand around and grin at Dad. He couldn't speak Spanish or Portuguese; whenever he was called upon for an impromptu talk, he stood on his head. This was his way of saying, "I love all of you." *El Groupo* was entranced.

At the end of six weeks, when the Disney expedition had covered the larger countries of South America, they departed on a steamer sailing from Valparaiso. Dad and his men held story conferences on shipboard every morning, and by the time they reached Hollywood, four separate pictures had been roughed out—one each on Brazil, Argentina, Chile and Peru.

But after this quartet of pictures was assembled, film distributors voiced objections. "If you try to release the Brazilian picture in Argentina," Dad was told, "they won't want any part of it. We know we can't sell the Argentine film in Brazil. The Peruvian one won't go in Chile, and the Chilean one won't go in Peru. You've got to splice these jobs together."

At first Dad had no idea how to roll four stories into one. What kind of connective tissue could be used? The answer was found in a lot of sixteen-millimeter film he'd taken of his artists at work in South America. He enlarged it to thirty-five millimeters, and ended up with a full-length documentary film. He called it Saludos Amigos. It became famous.

The U. S. Government, which had promised to underwrite the trip, didn't have to pay a nickel. Saludos Amigos grossed between $1,200,000 and $1,300,000. It was not only big in South America, it was big in the U.S.A. too.

Dad says, "When I got back to our studio, the strike had been settled. The method used to settle it was simple. The negotiators gave Herb Sorrell, head of one of the two labor groups which had been warring over the Disney studio, practically everything he wanted."

Regrettably, many people who had read Sorrell-inspired headlines in the papers swallowed the line that Dad was antilabor. He's never been anti-labor in his life, or anti-anything, except anti-anti-American. He's been pro-cartoon industry and pro-living-and-let-live. He'd worked with unions from the time he and Uncle Roy started their studio, but the unions had never bothered to draw up an agreement with the Disneys because Dad and Uncle Roy were little guys way out in the Hollywood boondocks. It hadn't seemed worth while to dicker with such small fry. But once Dad had had that strike, he said, "I don't want anyone in my studio who isn't unionized. Who isn't unionized around here?"

"The gardeners," he was told.

So he said, "Tell them to get themselves a union." His head gardener went to several unions, to find out what their wage scales were, and chose the one that scored highest.

In telling me about that strike, Dad said, "It was probably the best thing that ever happened to me, for it eventually cleaned house at our studio a lot more thoroughly than I could have done. I didn't have to fire anybody to get rid of the chip-on-the-shoulder boys and the world-owes-me-a-living lads. An elimination process took place I couldn't have forced if I'd wanted to. Our organization sifted down to the steady, dependable people. The others have gone."

It was a good thing the strike was settled before we got into World War II. When word came on the radio that the Japs had bombed Pearl Harbor, Dad was at home.

The next day he had a call from his studio manager, "Walt, the Army's moving in. I said I'd have to call you to see if it was O.K., and they said, 'Call him if you want to; we're moving in anyway.'"

That day 700 soldiers marched into the studio. They belonged to an anti-aircraft force stationed around Los Angeles to protect local aircraft factories. They posted guards at all the gates; Dad's employees had to undergo a security check. Dad's big enclosed sound stage was commandeered at once. "Get your stuff out," Dad was told. "We need this to repair equipment." Fourteen machine-shop trucks were moved into the space—they'd chosen the sound stage because they could shut it tight during a blackout and keep on working. Three million rounds of ammunition were stacked in some sheds in which Dad had parked automobiles.

The soldiers lived in the Disney studio for eight months. Dad had to double up his artists in the rooms left to him, so the Army men could have places to sleep. "It took the Government two years to pay us for the gas, electricity and heat they used," Dad says. "I didn't mind. It was exciting having them there. But I wish I could get creditors who'd give me that long to pay."

The day the Army moved in, Dad had a long-distance call from the Navy. "Mr. Disney," a voice said, "this is the Navy Department. We'd like to have you make some films for us on aircraft identification. We want the first films in ninety days and we want all of them delivered within a hundred and eighty days."

Dad gulped and said, "Yes, sir!"

"What will they cost?" the Navy spokesman asked.

Dad tried to work it out in his head. "Let's see," he said. "It will take about twenty thousand feet of animated film, and the cost ——"

He didn't get a chance to name a sum, for the Navy man broke in with, "We have a budget of eighty thousand dollars. Can you do them for that?"

Dad said, "I'll try."

"O.K., Mr. Disney, you can consider this a contract. We have been recording this conversation on tape, here in Washington."

"You've been telling me to go right ahead," Dad said, "but I don't know what to do."

"Just begin work anyway," the Navy man said. "We'll have somebody out there in about three weeks to tell you more."

He rang off, and Dad said out loud to nobody, "But where's my copy of that tape recording?" He had nothing to show that the Navy had promised him $80,000 or even that the Navy had made the call. But he got all the information he could from Los Angeles aircraft spotters about methods of aircraft identification, and started to make a training film. The Navy adviser showed up three weeks later.

Dad got out that series of films for the Navy on time. His total cost was $72,000, $8000 under the Navy budget. In the meantime, a lot of other command-performance Government contracts had come his way, and Dad was losing his shirt on them.

"I can't remember them all," he says now. "I had one phone call from John L. Sullivan, of the Treasury Department, who later became Secretary of the Navy. He was then an Assistant Secretary under Mr. Morgenthau. 'Mr. Morgenthau has some special projects for you to do,' he said. 'Can you take a plane tonight? This is important.'"

Dad flew east thinking, *Treasury Department—that must mean War Bonds*, and

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ıe began to mull over things he could do o help sell them. When he reached Washington he met Sullivan, Secretary Morgenthau and Guy Helvering, who vas Commissioner of Internal Revenue. 'We have a problem," he was told. "We vant to sell people on the idea of paying heir taxes."

"You're the United States Government," Dad said. "If people don't pay heir taxes, you can put them in jail."

"Impractical," Helvering said; "our new tax bill will give us fifteen million new taxpayers who've never paid income taxes before. I can't prosecute fifteen million people. We've got to make them understand that their taxes are part of the war effort."

"That's our problem," Mr. Morgenthau told Dad. "See if you can work it out."

That evening Dad went to Mr. Sullivan's house. Mr. Helvering was there too; and they told Dad in general terms what they wanted to put over in his film. Dad telephoned the studio and started some of his men working. Then the matter of delivery date came up. Dad's host said, "We must have this in the theaters in February, well before the March fifteenth tax deadline." It was then the eighteenth of December. That gave Dad about two months to complete a cartoon, process it through Technicolor and make enough prints to give complete theater coverage all over the country.

Before Dad left Washington, Secretary Morgenthau wanted to know how much it would cost. "I don't know," Dad told him. "All I can tell you is that my short subjects normally cost forty-three thousand dollars. This one may cost more because it's going to be done under pressure."

As Dad remembers it, he finally got a "letter of intent" from the Treasury, which had to do instead of a contract. When he got back to California, he called in a group of artists and story men, and explained what they were up against. After that, nobody had time to go home. They moved beds into the studio and stayed on the job, working eighteen hours a day until they got that film out. Dad stayed with them.

Before the picture was completed, Dad flew to Washington to describe what he was doing and see if any last-minute changes were wanted. To make everything clear, he brought his story boards along. The kind of cartoon stories Dad tells can't be written down. You have to draw the plot; then the drawings are tacked in sequence on panels called story boards.

Dad used a similar device in his early days, but his first true story boards were created for The Three Little Pigs. Artists sketched their ideas, and Dad tacked up the ones he liked. "This gag will go in here," he'd say. "And here we'll fill in with another scene." Somebody would sketch the fill-in, and in no time they had the sequence set. Story-board technique is used nowadays for live-action productions, too, and it's standard procedure on television networks.

When Dad brought his story boards to the Treasury, he was shown into an office where Mr. Sullivan waited with Mr. Morgenthau, his aide and a secretary. Just before he went in, Dad was warned, "Watch that secretary. She's influential."

Dad told Mr. Morgenthau that he was using Donald Duck as Mr. Average Citizen. Donald would do anything for the war effort except pay taxes—until it was explained to him what taxes meant. Then he switched his thinking and wanted to pay his taxes right away, if not sooner. Dad had Donald not only plugging for taxes but for the new, simplified tax form too. The film would show Donald coming in with headache pills and calculators and other gear, ready to make out his tax and the tax man saying, "You don't need those things. Throw them away. Just use the simple form, and here's how you do it." After that the Duck wrote down how much he'd made, added up his tax and subtracted for his dependents, his three nephews—Huey, Dewey and Looie.

"Now," the tax man told him, "for the most important thing of all."

"Yes?" Donald said.

"Get it in the mail," he was told. "Don't wait until the last minute."

The Duck saluted, and there were red-white-and-blue flags in his eyes. He folded his tax form and ran out to mail it. But he was in such a hurry that he whizzed past the mailbox all the way from California to Washington, and delivered his taxes to the Treasury Department in person.

Dad outlined this story to Mr. Morgenthau, expecting a pat on the back. When he was through, there was a little silence. The aide spoke up, "Somehow I'd visualized you creating a little character who would be Mr. Taxpayer. I feel that this treatment of yours is on the facetious side." Dad began to heat up under the collar.

Then the secretary said, "I don't like Donald Duck."

"I'm sorry you don't, but there are a lot of people who do," Dad told her. "You wanted me to get this message over, so I've given you Donald Duck. At our studio that's the same as M-G-M giving you Clark Gable. The Duck is well known to the American public and they'll go to the theaters to see him. At least they won't walk out on him, and I wouldn't promise they won't take a walk on Mr. Taxpayer." He went on, "By giving you Donald Duck I'll probably be hurting the Disney take in every theater where Donald is already booked, but I'm doing it because I want this to be successful. The best way I can tell the story to the public is to use a character they know. If you don't like it, I'll have to throw away half the picture. That means I can't get it done on time."

Mr. Morgenthau shrugged. "You know best, Mr. Disney," he said. "I leave it to you."

Dad said, "Thank you, Mr. Morgenthau," and walked out.

Dad got the film out on time, and it did the job it was supposed to do. As predicted, it also cut into studio income. Almost every spot which showed the free tax short canceled the regular Duck short it had booked. When the Music Hall played the tax film, they, too, canceled one of Dad's pictures, but the Music Hall sent him a check anyway. Not many did that.

The tax short was such a success that Mr. Morgenthau wanted Dad to produce more Treasury films. He called Dad back to Washington and asked him to work with Robert Sherwood, Wally Duell and other men he had on call. In the meantime, Mr. Morgenthau listed the money to pay Dad for his first Duck film in a "deficiency-appropriation bill." Don't ask me what that is. I don't know. But Dad says that Mr. M. went before Congress to get money for several other projects, throwing in a request for extra funds to pay for the Donald Duck film instead of paying from his regular operating fund.

The deficiency-appropriation bill hit Congress on a day when Mrs. Roosevelt was trying to appoint a dancer to a job. Including the Technicolor bills, the total cost of Dad's cartoon was $80,000; Dad's part of the cost was $47,000. So Congress was asked for $80,000 to pay for a cartoon Walt Disney had made. The Congress combined the dancer and the Disney cartoon in its collective mind and mopped the floor with both of them. Dad had broken his neck to get that tax short out, and all he got in return was post cards from people who thought he and the dancer were both boondogglers. He was called an "unpatriotic war profiteer."

Eventually, Dad got $43,000, which was $4000 less than the film had cost him. Uncle Roy said, "Let's take the forty-three thousand and forget it." So they took their loss and went right ahead making more propaganda films.

Dad made one pseudo-serious propaganda film, which was suggested to him, although he didn't want to make it very much. He was more at home with satire—fun-poking things that employed his trenchant wit. It was called Education for Death, and it was supposed to show Hitler twisting children's fairy tales into Nazi propaganda. Dad did much better with films he thought up for himself. His most successful anti-Nazi film was one featuring Donald Duck. In this one Donald sang: "*We heil, we heil right in der Führer's face.*" That song was easily the most popular number which ever armed our propagandists. The sound track was put into all languages, and copies were dropped behind the German lines for use by resistance fighters, who got a good laugh out of it.

During the German occupation of France, the manager of Dad's Paris office, a Frenchman—Wally Feignoux—stayed right in that city. The Nazis forced him to keep the Disney office open because they wanted to make Paris look like a place in which business went on as usual. Wally's office was in a building on the Champs Élysées which also housed the Gestapo. One day Wally was brought downstairs and told, "We hear that Disney is making anti-Nazi films. What about it?" Wally got out of that one by saying, "He's making insignia for troops to wear on their sleeves and paint on their airplanes." A German patrol car at the curb had a Mickey Mouse on it. War or no war, the Mouse was still an international symbol. Wally pointed to it and said, "Like that!"

The next time when Wally was called down, they took him into a projection room, turned off the lights and put Donald Duck on the screen. The Duck was singing, "*We heil, we heil right in der Führer's face.*"

"What about this one?" they asked.

Wally was licked. "I don't know," he said. "I'm here. Mr. Disney's back there."

But he knew what to do next. When he got back to the Disney office he scooped all of Dad's current films out of the vaults and hid them. In their place he put old prewar cartoons. He knew how the German mind worked: Gestapo snoopers would waste a little time reporting to their Paris chief, but they'd return with authorization to move into the Disney office and destroy any films they found there. Wally figured that while they were following routine, he had time to make the switch. He was right.

The Germans had reason to be suspicious. It was getting to be common knowledge that the Disney studio in California was practically a war plant. The men were doing live photography as well as cartoons to fill special needs. But most of Dad's studio workers were in the draft-age brackets, and they disappeared by the dozens every week. The manpower problem was a headache. The Navy and Army and other Government agencies were coming to Dad with one project after another; all of them were musts. "I'll try," Dad would say, "but when I put a crew on your job the draft may snatch them away." Dad says it was funny to hear an Army general exclaim, "They can't do that to us!"

A Navy commander said, "Walt, they've simply got to realize back in Washington that the work your men are doing here at the studio is vital."

So Dad said, "Come with me, and we'll talk to the draft board about a boy they're taking away from you and me right now."

The draft board let Dad come in, but they told the Navy commander he'd have to wait in the hall. "There were a couple of nice guys on the board," Dad tells me, "but one man, who wore an American Legion button, was a problem. Some of my best friends are American Legionnaires, to coin a phrase, but this one treated me as if I'd come there to save a slacker from the draft. I said, 'If you won't believe me, will you listen to the naval commander waiting outside?'

"'We don't want any more pressure,' the button wearer said. 'You're the employer. We'll talk to you.' In the end, I had to raise my right hand and swear that the films we were making for the Government were absolutely vital."

Before Dad went before that board again, he dug down into his collar box and found his Veterans of Foreign Wars button and put it on. And he faced that American Legion button man eye-to-eye and button-to-button while the Legionnaire carried on about "fellows who don't want to do right by their country."

"Look," Dad said, "there are other ways to serve. They're flying men in to my studio from the battle of the Coral Sea so we can make films on how to shoot down enemy planes."

Dad got so fed up that he finally suggested to the Army and Navy people with whom he worked that the draft boards be brought to the studio. "They think we're still doing Mickey Mouse," he said. Ironically, when he brought the board members to his studio he couldn't get security clearance for them. He could take them through unrestricted parts of his studio, but no farther. Dad was doing briefing films, and he had Norden bombsight films in work. The guards rebuffed the draft-board men Dad brought around. They were told, "You'll have to go through Military Intelligence and the FBI." After that, draft boards were more reasonable.

Lots of Dad's boys were snatched away from him, put into uniform and then sent right back to him by the armed forces. One day an officer called Dad and said, "Disney, we're sending you seventy men. We'd like to have you put them to work for us. I guarantee they're good—most of them are ex-employees of yours."

In all, Dad produced four hours of training film on the maintenance and operation of the bombsight; he did a series exposing mistakes that caused airplane crashes. He did briefing films for the Marine Corps to use in landing on certain islands in the Pacific—mostly islands he'd never even heard of. One film was about Saipan. Each landing group studied those films; the briefing was the same on all troop transports, so that each man who landed knew what he was supposed to do.

In one year the Disney studio turned out about 400,000 feet of film for Uncle Sam. As the daughter of one of the Disneys involved, I hope I'll be pardoned if I say that was quite a job. My Dad and Uncle Roy won't say it, but I will.

Editors' Note—The concluding article of this series will appear next week.

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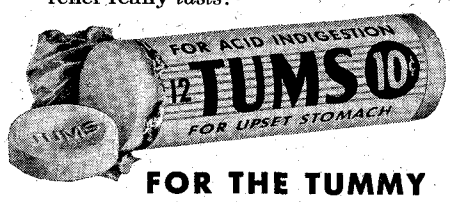

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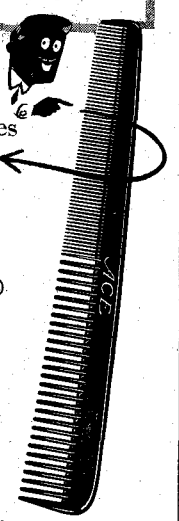

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Keeping Posted

The Story of a Many-Uniformed Man

Michael Gladych.

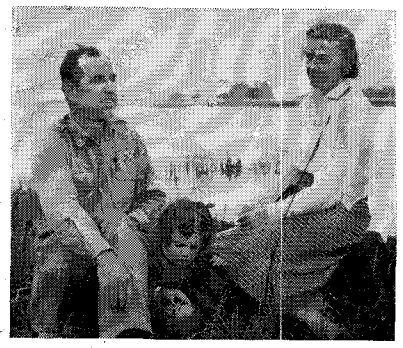
Michael Gladych, who portrays a fascinating American soldier on page 26, says that men in uniform are his pet writing subject—and maybe that's because the man has fought in four different uniforms himself. One is usually par for the combat course. But ponder this military biography for a moment:

Emerging from Poland's Air Force Academy shortly before World War II exploded, Gladych served (fighter pilot) in the grim Polish campaign of 1939; was interned in Rumania, and promptly escaped therefrom. Turning up in France, he joined the French Air Force—fighter pilot. Evacuated to England, he fighter-piloted for the RAF (squadron leader) until '43, when he was taken off operational flying, which rendered him very unhappy. Pretty soon Col. Francis Gabreski, USAF, invited Gladych to tie in with the 56th Fighter Group, 8th AF, an awesome collection of airmen whom the late Cecil Carnes wrote up in the Post (Airport of Aces, June 3, '44). Gladych's status with the aces was a bit unusual; he had his own fighter plane, you bet, and the honorary rank of major, but no insignia on his uniform, and no pay, except for a voluntary monthly fee from the Yankee senior pilots who chipped in to keep him in pocket money. When the war stopped, Gladych stopped fighting.

So this flier-aeronautical engineer emigrated to America, and it was a good deal that, being an alien, he couldn't work in aviation or join the USAF, for that resulted in his determining to become a writer—which he did, and pooh with language difficulties. His editor-in-chief has always been his wife; she composes juvenile books, and during their writing breaks she whips up admirable snacks like crepes suzette. The Gladyches and their two youngsters all go flying from their Cape Cod home, but papa, although a citizen now, hasn't got around to joining the USAF as yet.

The author wants to say that his current subject, the delightful Sgt. Dick Artesani, of Fort Devens, was reluctant to talk about himself, but was so eager to have his tank-company colleagues written up and so solicitous about the free-lance writer's economic welfare that he offered to pay Gladych himself if the story didn't sell. No complications—the Post paid him.

The Little Island That Made Good

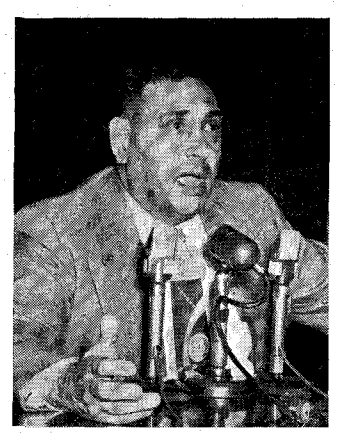


Charlton Ogburn and his folks.

In 1930, when Charlton Ogburn was a teen-ager, he took a winter trip to South Carolina and became so enamored with the coastal islands there that he bought one for twenty-five bucks. This body of land is composed of three acres of sand (low tide, that is) and it once had a palmetto tree, but the tree took off in a hurricane. Ogburn pays annual taxes of $1.06 and his total income from the isle to date is a hollow palmetto stump that washed up there and is now employed as a wastebasket. Ogburn's friends suggest uses to which the island can be put, but they don't make sense. What does make sense is that every year or so Mr., Mrs. and Miss Ogburn drive down from Vienna, Virginia, row over to their land, sit there, and love it. Another sensible thing: the island kept nudging Ogburn's imagination until eventually out popped the novelette on page 58.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Thief in Tax Agent's Clothing"



Now comes the shocking story of how tax agent Mordecai Miller salted away a fortune by shaking down terrorized taxpayers.

Report About a Boy in Prison

In the prison library: Robert Dale and William Morey.

You'll agree that it is heartening when a criminal in prison turns away psychologically from the mistakes he has made and fashions something wholesome and constructive of himself. Here is a case.

In 1951 William Morey, an intellectually brilliant teen-ager from a respected family in Ypsilanti, Michigan, went on a drinking spree and committed a brutal murder. He was committed to Jackson State Prison, and in 1952 the sensational case was analyzed in a series of Post articles by John Bartlow Martin. The studious Morey got to spending much time in the prison library, and there he became friendly with a young chap of similar interests, Robert Dale, of Flint, a convicted forger. Their reading led them to wonder if they, too, could write for publication; so presently they had a go at it, working together as a team, one doing an article or a story and the other criticizing it, or vice versa. Their subjects, mostly about outdoor life, were slanted partly for adults, others for juveniles. They combined their names into a would-be author, Dale Morey. Both being artistic, they illustrated many of their manuscripts.

After many rejection slips, Dale Morey began to break through and now "he" has about fifty major-magazine sales racked up. "His" latest illustrated juvenile book, tentatively scheduled for 1957 publication, is called Timothy, the Timid Tiger. If the book makes money, that will go toward Robert Dale's rehabilitation in free life—in about four years his term ends and the team breaks up.

Bill Morey is serving a life sentence. He will keep on writing. He says, "I hope someday to have freedom, but I know I'll have to earn it. I've done a lot of growing up. A decent place in society, respect, usefulness, to be with my family and perhaps have one of my own—believe me, that's worth working for."

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